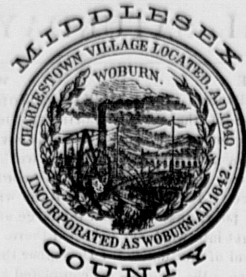


# WOBURN JOURNAL.



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NO. 16.

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## Poetry.

### AN OLD MAN'S NEW YEAR'S SONG.

I will not stir abroad to-day,  
But find at home what cheer I may.  
Old men are out of date;  
Who wants to see a grizzled pate?  
If silver hairs were locks of gold,  
I might be as I was of old;  
For then my head would all be hair,  
And that would make a happy year!

The old man now, the young man then—  
Are we the same or different men?  
One sits at home with slippers on;  
The other braves the driving snow;  
His light heart sums itself with wine—  
It will not warm the heart of mine;  
One sees the bride, one the bride,  
And each, in his own way, the year.

Where are the friends I used to know—  
No! I need not name them now;  
Those glasses filled with wine and ale  
Of olden times are not the same;  
"Dead rhymes with No!" the Master said—  
Himself among the Masters dead;  
Alas! no! dead and dead, and dead,  
Methinks all will be rhyme with Year!

Some one, perhaps, will care for me  
When I am no longer here;  
I hope my little man of ten,  
When he shall make his place with men,  
Will think of me in the grave—  
If only for the gifts I gave—  
And say, "If father was but here,  
It would be such a happy year!"

Peace, old man, peace! and cease this song,  
Which does the merry season wrong.  
You have the sweetness of regret—  
The friendship you remember yet.  
You have what time will not destroy—  
The love of your remembering boy:  
These surely are enough to cheer  
The morning of the earliest year.

R. H. STODARD.

## Selected.

### CLARA.

My sister Martha, she lived with me  
After our old folks died, and we did get  
On dreadful well together. I'd been married  
Then high about three years, and my Dick  
Was just beginning to run round,  
And Martha, she was going to be married.  
She was a kind of settle-down girl  
Always, so sober and staidlike, and she  
Did have the greatest knack for nursing  
ever you did see.

Then wasn't the days of women doctors  
and such like, or I calculate she'd  
have gone right off to one of them, 'colleges  
I hear tell on, and I seen writing M. D.  
after her name with as many flourishes  
as though she knew something; but,  
anyway, she did 't a sight of healing  
round the country, and folks thought  
there wasn't no one nowhere could beat  
her taking care of the sick, or laying out  
the dead. How she ever came to living  
Robert Gaylord, with his high-falooten  
ways, is more than I know; but, any-  
how, she was engaged, the 'lay set, and  
Martha had her dress made and all, when  
I and behold! at the last minute, off  
goes Mr. Gaylord and marries the squire's  
daughter, a young thing just from board-  
ing school.

Well, you see, it was a runaway match,  
and the squire he was dreadful mad,  
and he turned them out of doors when they  
came begging his pardon, and said, "Not  
one cent of my money shall you ever  
touch," and he swore awful. So Robert  
Gaylord and his wife they went off, and  
I never set eyes on them after. But  
Martha, you see, kinder took the thing  
to heart, and we wasn't a bit surprised,  
for she thought a sight of him. And one  
day she came to me and says—

"Mary Ann, I've been thinking, and I  
can't make it clear that my knack of  
nursing was given me for nothing. I be-  
lieve," she says, "it's the one talent  
the Lord has entrusted to my care, and I  
don't feel I'm doing right to bury it; and  
so," she says, "I'm going away. I've  
heard tell of good Sisters of Mercy do  
a powerful sight of good, and I'm going  
to join them."

Well, I was like one struck, and I  
tried awful hard to alter her mind; but  
it wasn't no use, for she was set on it.

So she went away, and was Sister An-  
gelina to the world after that; but to me  
she was always just Martha. I felt  
dreadful bad after she went, but you see,  
that year my girl was born, and what  
with the baby and taking care of the  
house, and looking after Dick, I hadn't  
no time to be fretting; but I called my  
girl after her, and that kind of comforted  
me.

So time passed on, and we didn't hear  
much from Martha, and you may be sure  
we were much surprised, when one day,  
about three years after she left us, who  
should come walking in but Martha her-  
self, looking dreadful strange in her plain  
black dress and big bonnet, though her  
face was as fresh as ever. But lands!  
we were more surprised to see her hold-  
ing by the hand a little girl not more  
than two years old.

Well, my way, we made her dreadful  
welcome, me and my man, but we did  
feel some curious to know about that  
young one. But Martha, she didn't say  
nothing about her, so my man and me,  
we did it say nothing about her. She  
was the cunningest little thing you ever  
knew, with big, black eyes, and hair all  
in a curl, and just the color of them dan-  
delions you see yonder. She wasn't a  
bit like Martha in the face, and didn't  
look no more like to be her child than you  
do. Bu, anyway, the neighbors  
sneered, some of them, and said, "It was  
mighty fine her going to join the Sisters,"  
and then they looked dreadful wise, as  
though they knew a sight more than most  
folks.

Well, Martha staid with me a week,  
and then she says:

"Mary Ann, I'm going to Rome."

"Gracious!" said I.

"Yes," said she, and laid her hand on  
the little girl's head, and said she, "the  
child's name is Clara, and she was a  
precious charge left me by a dying wo-  
man. My boy yow won't let me stay  
quietly at home, and I must go and fulfil  
him. I cannot take this little one with

me, and it would grieve me to have to  
put her in a public asylum. Will you  
take her, Mary Ann," she said solemnly,  
"and bring her up as your own, or as if  
she was my child? And the dear Christ's  
blessing will rest upon you, for He has  
said, 'Whoso shall receive one such lit-  
tle child in my name receiveth me.'"

I didn't want the young one, that's the  
truth; but I loved my sister, and there  
was such a light shining in her face as  
she spoke, that somehow I felt kind of  
awed like, and so I said:

"Yes, Martha, I will take the child,  
and the Lord deal with me as I deal with  
her."

So Martha went away that evening,  
and it was long enough, dear knows, be-  
fore I saw her again.

Well, I kept the little girl and took  
real good care of her, and gave her as  
good clothes as I gave my daughter  
Mattie, and sent her to school when she  
got big enough, and she grew as pretty  
as a picture; and sometimes I used to  
feel jealous when I saw how this little  
stranger set off her dresses, while Mattie,  
though she always looked clean and nice,  
never looked pretty. But if I said a  
word, Mattie would only laugh, and put  
her arms around Clara, and pet her as  
well as I could; for she was dreadful  
fond of her, and not one bit envious when  
folks praised Clara's beauty. Well, by  
and by, I said, "Don't you think it's  
time Clara left school?" for you see,  
Mattie left when she was thirteen, and  
here Clara was fifteen and going to school  
yet.

And my old man, he says:

"Yes; she's got too much learning  
now, and she'll never make no sort of a  
housekeeper if she don't begin to learn  
that soon."

But Dick, he speaks up and says:

"Let her stay at school a while yet,  
she writes awful pretty now, and reads  
a sight better than the parson."

But, said I, "No; I won't do nothing  
of the sort. There isn't no one round  
these parts who's got more learning than  
me, and I never went to school a day af-  
ter I was thirteen."

So I took Clara away from school, but  
I might as well left her there for all the  
good she was in the house, for she was  
never into it, but everlastingly a running  
off into the woods, picking 't wild flowers,  
she called them, but they wasn't  
nothing more than weeds to my thinking.  
Or most times, she'd have a book under  
her arm, and she'd do an awful sight of  
reading; or maybe she'd be out on the  
farm bothering my old man to know why  
he did this or did that, and pestering  
Dick with questions. It was enough to  
make a saint swear; but Dick, though he  
wasn't no saint, never swore none, but  
just explained everything to her as good-  
natured as could be. And when she was  
in the house, it wasn't no use to set her  
to work, for it seemed as though she  
hadn't no head for it; for when I left her  
churning, I'd find her reading when I  
came to get the butter, and the milk just  
the same as when I left it. And when I  
scolded, and sometimes I would pretty  
sharp, Mattie would say:

"Land, mother! she wasn't never made  
to work." And she would go and make  
the butter herself; and I never did eat  
such butter as Mattie made nowhere.  
It was just in everything. Clara was  
always reading, and Mattie was always  
doing her work, and saying as how she  
was best able to do it. And she would  
take Clara's hand and lay it on hers, and  
tell me to look at the difference; and  
sure enough, Mattie's hand would make  
two of Clara's, and left a piece over.

So they all helped to make a lady of  
her, and a lady she was, and always so  
sweet and ladylike you couldn't help lov-  
ing her. And by and by, you see, Wil-  
liam Parsons—he as keeps the store down  
the street—came courting her, and Dick,  
he begins to get awful shy, and didn't  
have nothing to say to her no way. And  
just then the war broke out, and the first  
thing I knew, Dick says, "Mother, I've  
enlisted."

I love my country as much as most  
folks do, and maybe more; and there  
wasn't no prouder heart nowhere than  
mine when Lee surrendered; and though I  
didn't believe in women meddling in  
politics, yet I wanted most dreadful bad  
last election, to vote for the man who,  
under God, saved our country. But, for  
all that, I've never seen no darker day—  
and I've seen some powerful dark ones—  
than the day my boy enlisted. My old  
man he says, "Dick, I'm proud of you."  
And Clara's eyes were shining like stars.  
But as for Mattie and me, we just set  
down and cried.

Well, Dick went off, and none of us  
thought the war would last more than  
six months; but you know how many  
silly years it took before the peace. But  
Dick he wrote pretty regular, and that  
was our comfort; but after the battle of  
Antietam we didn't get any letters, and  
by and by we saw his name down on the  
list of missing.

I can't tell you how I felt that day, but  
I acted most like to a crazy woman. But  
Mattie, she cried, and she cried, till she  
didn't seem no more to be alive; but Clara  
she didn't shed one tear, but looked so  
white and sat so still, that we thought  
she was dead.

And after that ever ything went wrong.  
My old man he began to get poorly, and  
the farm raised Dick. As to me, I lost  
all spirit, though I worked on. Mattie  
kept up wonderful, but Clara was just  
like a dead weight. "She ain't no use  
at all," Mattie said. "She ain't got  
nothing but them big black eyes and  
yellow curls of hers, and God help the  
girl if my old man dies and we have to  
shift for ourselves."

But I hadn't no heart to scold her, for  
she did try dreadful hard to work. But  
it wasn't in her, and she lost her pretty  
pink cheeks, and mornings I'd find her

sleeping like the dead—she who always  
used to be the first one rousing. Some  
times I thought she must set up nights  
reading, for her candle was always burn-  
ed out. And I used to wonder how she  
had the heart to be reading and we so  
worried.

Well, Dick didn't come home, and my  
old man kept growing worse. I knew  
there wasn't no hope, but I just shut my  
eyes to it. And one day he says to me,  
"Mary Ann," and his voice was as  
strong and clear, and most like it was to  
be when we were both young; and he  
was courting me—"Mary Ann," said he,  
"my old woman, I'm going to leave you."

And he took my hand and kissed me as  
though we were lovers, and so indeed we  
were—and he put his feeble arm around  
me and says, "Keep up your heart,  
wife, for I will be coming." "It's only for  
a little while, you know, and by and by,  
when your work is done, you'll hear the  
Lord a calling you, as I hear him calling  
me now. And don't you be afraid, wife,  
when you hear him, but come. I'll be  
waiting for you, Mary Ann, so don't be  
fretting. The same Lord will be with  
both of us, and he will never forget you."

He never said no more after that, but  
just went to sleep as it were, with his  
eyes on my face to the last. It was  
dreadful hard, and for the first time Mat-  
tie lost her spirit, while I was just broke  
down. The farm hadn't been paying ex-  
penses for a long while back, and we was  
owing the men their wages, and owing  
the doctor, and I don't know who we  
wasn't owing, and not one cent of money  
to pay with, and no way of raising none,  
except by taking a mortgage on the old  
house, and I did hate awful to do it, but  
there didn't seem no way of helping it,  
and while Mattie and me was a talking  
about it, and worrying as to what we should  
do—for we didn't think to ask Clara—she  
gets up and goes up stairs.

"And," says I, "I'm losing patience  
with that girl Mattie; she's gone off, most  
likely, to read now, and there's the fire-  
ing clean out for the want of wood, and  
the kettle needs filling for supper. For  
people must eat and drink, he they grieved  
or be they happy," says I. But  
while I was a talking, before Mattie had  
time to say a word—and if she'd said  
it, I know she wouldn't have said it—  
for Clara—we heard Clara coming; and  
she came up to me and says, "Mother,"  
says she, "I haven't been so idle as you  
thought; but in my own way I've been  
doing my own work, and here's the pay-  
ment."

And she put in my hands a roll of bills  
that was more than enough for the debts  
we were owing.

"Clara," says I, "where did you get  
this money, child?"

So she tells me as how she'd been sit-  
ting up nights, writing stories; and as  
how the editor of one of the newspapers  
had been paying her for them; and she'd  
laid all the money away for me. "For,"  
says she, "mother, I saw, long ago, this  
day coming. And now," says she,  
"mother, I've something else to say. You  
know how I was always bothering  
Dick with questions, asking him why  
he did this, and why he did that; and you  
remember, mother," says she, "the  
tears were in her eyes,—"how patient he  
always was with me. Well," says she,  
"I haven't forgotten a thing he told me;  
and I feel sure, if you will trust the farm  
to me, I can manage it."

Well, I hadn't much faith in her knowl-  
edge about farming; but Mattie, she had.  
So it was settled she was to take the farm  
and manage it for me. And she did.  
Early on us late she was going round  
Dick with questions, asking him why  
he did this, and why he did that; and you  
remember, mother," says she, "the  
tears were in her eyes,—"how patient he  
always was with me. Well," says she,  
"I haven't forgotten a thing he told me;  
and I feel sure, if you will trust the farm  
to me, I can manage it."

And sister Martha she saw how she was  
too old to be any more as nursing, and  
so she settled down once more at home  
with me, and it does seem dreadful good  
to have her.

And it do seem awful strange you had  
not heard tell of her before, for I thought  
every one round these parts knew about  
Clara.

Two SINGERS TO THE BUTTERNUT.  
—In our office we have two arrangements  
I have never seen elsewhere. Perhaps  
other countrymen may find them valuable  
suggestions. Over my desk is a box with  
six compartments, in each of which is  
placed the exchange papers for one day.  
On the arrival of the mail, the papers a  
week old are transferred from the pigeon  
hole to the waste basket, and the papers  
as they are examined, are folded to size  
and thrown aside. By this method the  
exchanges are preserved, and those of  
any day, in a week, can be had at once.  
The advantages of this plan over the ordi-  
nary one of putting them in a heap until  
it gets too large for convenience, and then  
destroying them must be apparent. I  
made an exchange rack from two starch  
boxes, which I bought of a grocer for  
fifteen cents. The size was twenty by  
fourteen inches deep. The wood of one  
of the boxes made the partitions in the  
other, two cents paid for the nails, and  
borrowing a little stain from a friendly  
cabinet maker, I constructed a useful  
piece of furniture at a very low cost.

Many valuable magazines and high-  
priced newspapers come to every country  
newspaper office in exchange. These  
usually are carried home by the editor,  
and thrown aside. There are twice as  
many as in our office, and I have organized  
a reading club, and turn my magazines  
over to it for the general good. We have  
a printed list of the "Journal Club," as  
we style ourselves, and one of these lists  
is pasted on the cover of each magazine  
as it arrives. When I have read it, I  
check my name, and pass it to the next  
on the list, and he pursues the same course  
and so on, until, even the devil, has  
had a chance. When a pile of magazines  
accumulates, we send them off to some  
public institution. By the plan we put  
it in the way of those who could not  
otherwise afford it, and encourage a love  
of reading among young printers,—a class  
that ought to be the best read in the world.  
—Country Editor, in *Roswell's American*  
*Newspaper Reporter*.

## A WHITE LIE.

There are different colors and degrees  
of falsehood, just as there are different  
colors and degrees of other sins. There  
is, blackest of all, the malignant hypo-  
crite and slanderer, who can twist truth  
into falsehood, and falsehood into seem-  
ing truth. And then there is the down-  
right liar who falsifies on purpose to  
deceive. There is another downright liar  
not quite so bad—he falsifies from a love  
of the marvelous, and a burning desire  
to appear what he is not. Some people  
lie because it is their disposition to be  
false. Others lie because they lack the  
courage to tell the truth. And there are  
other lies—sometimes called White Lies  
—which are mere lies of convenience. In  
their utterance there is no evil intent.  
They are told just as a man whisks an  
impediment from his path with his walk-  
ing stick. They are told to save trouble  
of explanation, or perhaps to avoid re-  
primand. At first a lie of this kind may  
not seem a very sinful thing; but unfor-  
tunately for the misguided mortal who  
entertains the potty sin, it is one that  
does not improve upon acquaintance. Like  
many another evil which might be  
mentioned, it is likely to grow to alarm-  
ing proportions and consequences. There  
is one safe ground—and only one—truth,  
absolute truth, under every circumstance  
and on all occasions.

Sarah Powers believed herself to be a  
truthful girl. She had not the disposi-  
tion to wittingly deceive. Had it been  
plainly intimated to her that she was a  
liar, she would have been shocked beyond  
measure; and yet her rule of life in this  
respect was not pure and unwavering, as  
we shall see.

"Sarah," said Mrs. Powers, coming  
into the room one winter morning, where  
her daughter sat, "did you see anything of  
a five dollar bill on the mantel shelf last  
evening?"

Her voice and manner showed that she  
was unpleasantly exercised.

"A five dollar bill," repeated Sarah,  
with open eyes. "No."

"You didn't see anything that looked  
like one?"

"Like a five dollar bill? Certainly not."

"I certainly left it in the sitting room  
on the shelf; and I know that I set the  
large glass lamp down upon it, so that it  
should not blow away. I forgot all  
about it until this morning. Oh, I must  
not lose it!"

"But, mother, five dollars is not such  
a large sum."

"Ordinarily, no, my child; but just  
now it is considerable. Your father's  
accounts do not balance so favorably this  
season as he anticipated. Do you think  
it could possibly have got knocked off,  
and blown away?"

We may as well remark just here that  
Sarah Powers had been speaking falsely.  
Falsehood was certainly not in the heart  
of the young and sunny-faced girl; but  
her tongue had spoken it. The facts  
were simply these:

On the previous evening Robert Veazie  
had called to visit Sarah.

Robert was a clerk in the warehouse of  
Powers and Dunbar, and was Sarah's  
accepted lover. He had displayed qual-  
ities of head and heart which had recom-  
mended him to the favorable considera-  
tion of the parents, and though he was  
poor, yet he had business tact and en-  
ergy. It was understood, however, by  
the careful father that there should be no  
formal engagement at present.

Sarah remembered that Robert had  
joined her on the piazza and had pre-  
sented her with a bouquet, after which  
he had gone into the house and sat  
together on the sofa and looked over an  
illustrated magazine. While thus occu-  
pied it had occurred to her that they  
could see better if the large lamp, which  
stood in the middle of the shelf, was  
moved out to the end; and she arose to  
do it. Upon lifting the lamp she saw a  
piece of paper whirl out and circle down  
until it was drawn into the fire of the  
grate directly beneath.

"What was that?" asked Robert, who  
had seen the whirling paper.

"I don't know, I'm sure. It burned  
up, whatever it was," answered Sarah.  
She saw the charred, tinder like frag-  
ments whisked up by the draft, and then  
she added:

"It was nothing of importance. It  
would not have been there if it had  
been."

And after this she resumed her seat.

Now Sarah remembered all this very  
well, but her first impulse was to avoid  
a disagreeable exposure, and if the bank-  
note had been destroyed, it had been  
through no fault of hers, and moreover,  
the loss could not possibly be helped.

Upon reflection, when Sarah saw how  
much trouble was upon her mother, she  
was sorry she had not confessed the  
whole truth at once. But it was too late  
now. She had taken the first false step  
and she could not retract without a dis-  
agreeable exposure.

"Who could have knocked it off?" she  
said in answer to her mother's last ques-  
tion, "and where could it have got blown  
off?" Certainly saw nothing of a bank-  
note.

Mrs. Powers searched in vain, and at  
noon she told her husband of the loss,  
when they both searched, and Mr. Pow-  
ers questioned his daughter—not with the  
thought that she had deceived, but in  
hope that some forgotten incident  
might occur to her. But Sarah dared  
not confess now. She lacked the courage  
because she was yet to realize how  
very small evils can grow to enormous  
consequences.

Mr. Powers returned to his warehouse  
in a thoughtful mood. He knew that his  
wife must have left the bank note under  
the lamp upon that shelf, and that it had  
been there on the previous evening. She  
was not a woman liable to mistake in

memory of such a matter. The only  
other person who had been in the sitting  
room from that time beside his daughter  
was Robert Veazie. Perhaps Robert  
might have seen the note. On arriving  
at the warehouse he called his clerk into  
the counting room.

"Robert, did you see anything of a  
five dollar bill on the mantel in my sit-  
ting room last evening?"

"No sir."

"You saw nothing that looked like  
one?"

The young man hesitated and colored.  
Then with a forced smile, said:

"Perhaps Sarah may have seen it."

"No. I have asked her, and she  
knows nothing about it." She saw noth-  
ing of the kind."

"I—I—certainly saw nothing, sir."

Mr. Powers was not at all satisfied  
with this answer, but he would not press  
the matter then. He dismissed his clerk,  
and sat down and reflected. And his  
reflections were not pleasant.

On the following day, Mr. Powers  
called Robert into the counting room  
again and bade him close the door behind  
him.

There was that in his employer's look  
and tone that caused the youth to trem-  
ble.

"Robert," said the merchant, sternly.  
"I gave that five dollar note to my wife.  
She placed it beneath the large glass  
lamp upon the mantel shelf in our sitting  
room. She did this before sitting down  
to tea, and forgot all about it until the  
following morning, and then it was gone.  
On that evening only you and Sarah  
were in the sitting room. Sarah saw  
nothing of it. Now what am I to think?"

"Are you sure Sarah knows nothing?"  
asked Robert, eagerly and excitedly.

"She declares positively that she  
knows nothing at all about it. I trust  
you would not have me believe that my  
daughter could—"

"Not not not!" broke in Robert,  
quickly. Then he gasped and trembled.  
"What more have you to say, Robert?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing!"

"You can leave me."

And the young man went out, pale,  
bowed and stricken. The merchant saw,  
and was sorry. It was a grief to him  
deep and heartfelt. Later in the day he  
went out and told Robert he might go  
home.

"I will send for you when I want  
you."

"Mr. Powers!"

"What would you say, Robert?"

"Nothing!"

"Then you may go. I will send for  
you when I am able to see you again."

And Robert Veazie went out from the  
warehouse; but he dared not go home  
then to his widowed mother. The fear  
that came crushing upon him was of  
Sarah. Did she love him so little that  
she could see him thus suffer and be silent?  
Was it possible that—but he  
dared not think. He must wait until  
these first overwhelming emotions were  
passed.

That evening Mr. Powers and his  
wife talked the matter over, and after  
long and careful deliberation it was de-  
cided that Robert Veazie should be de-  
mised the house, and of course that he  
must be discharged from the warehouse.  
They would not publicly expose this his-  
tory known crime; but they could give  
him their confidence never again.

And they must inform Sarah. This  
was the hardest part of all. They sent  
for her to come to them, if they would  
have it done at once. She came in and  
sat down.

"My dear child," said her father, all  
tenderness and compassion, "we have a  
painful duty to perform. We must tell  
you of Robert's entire unworthiness."

She clasped her hands and gasped for  
breath. "What did her father mean?"

He told her the story directly and  
clearly of his discovery of Robert's guilt;  
and he told how broken and penitent the  
young man had appeared. This latter he  
was acknowledged.

Pale as death, and with eyes frightful-  
ly fixed, Sarah asked if Robert had not  
mentioned her name.

"He only asked me," said the father,  
"if I had spoken with you, if you could  
not throw some light upon the missing  
money. I answered him promptly that  
you knew nothing whatever about it.  
His guilt was apparent from that mo-  
ment. His shame and remorse—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Sarah, starting to  
her feet. She stood for a little time like  
one frantic, with her hands clasped in  
her hair and her teeth set. Then she  
staggered forward and sank upon her  
knees at her father's feet.

"Oh, father, father!" she moaned,  
"have mercy—have pity—upon me!"

"My child."

"No, no; lift me up in your lap. Oh,  
I am a miserable, wicked girl. I did it  
all—I did it. Robert has suffered rather  
than betray me."

And when she could control her speech  
she told the story of the burning paper,  
and she tried to tell how she had been  
led to falsify and prevaricate.

That was not a time for chiding. Poor  
Sarah was like one whose heart was  
breaking. She had come now to think of  
Robert. He would despise her after this.

Mr. Powers looked at his watch.  
Presently he whispered to his wife, and  
then arose and left the house.

In half an hour he returned.

"Sarah," he said to his daughter, who  
sat with her head on her mother's shoulder,  
"Robert is in the parlor. Go and  
see him."

There was a fearful struggle, but the

better genius conquered, and Sarah went  
to her injured lover.

By and by both Robert and Sarah  
came into the drawing room. They had  
been weeping freely, but they seemed  
very happy, nevertheless. Sarah came  
and knelt at her parent's feet.

"Father—mother—will you pardon  
and forgive as Robert has done?"

"Yes, yes, my child."

"Then I will try to deserve your con-  
fidence henceforth. Oh, I do want to be  
happy once more, and never, never—"

Robert caught her to his bosom and  
held her there; and her father came and  
rested his hand upon her head.

"I know it is a bitter lesson dear  
child; but I believe blessing will follow  
it. It is possible that from this time you  
may be happier than you have ever  
been."

## THE ORGAN-GRINDER'S CHILD.

There is a happy land,  
For far away,  
Where saints in glory stand  
O'er the night of sin;  
Where the Savior King  
Laid his precious ring,  
Fratres, praise him here!

It was a little girl, the daughter of an  
organ-grinder.

Two men stepped out of a cave near by  
and stopped to listen. One of them was  
a septic.

"Where did you learn that song?"  
asked the septic.

"In the Sabbath School, sir," was the  
reply.

"And you don't suppose that there is  
a 'happy land,' do you?"

"I know there is," said the child, qui-  
etly, but decidedly. "I shall sing there  
some day. My mother said so. She  
used to sing to me till she was sick; then  
she said she wasn't going to sing any  
more on earth, but up in heaven."

The two men pined the poor little girl  
and followed her home. They gave her  
shoes and some money, and promised to  
come and see her again.

About a month afterward, they again  
called at the gloomy home of the organ-  
grinder, having missed the child from her  
accustomed place on the street.

They found that the old street mus-  
ician was dead and that his little girl was  
very sick.

She was filled with joy on seeing them,  
but supposing they had come to hear her  
sing, she said—

"I wish I could sing for you, but it  
hurts me. It won't hurt me when I sing  
up there, will it?"

One of the men, who had a tender  
heart, shed tears.

"Don't cry, don't cry," said the  
child. "I don't cry. I am so glad. God  
to get away from here. I used to be so  
cold in the long winter, for sometimes  
we had no fire, but mother used to hug  
me close and sing about heaven, and tell  
me the Savior would love me, and I shall  
sing there, and it won't hurt me, and I  
shall be so happy."

Then she was still for a little while,  
but presently the hands moved, the  
arms were raised, the eyes opened, and  
she said—

"I shall sing there."

Her voice faltered, her arms fell, a  
smile lit up her face—and the spirit was  
gone.

The infidel wept, and as he stood by  
the little street singer giving orders to a  
servant about her burial, he said—

"It may be that there is a better  
world than this, after all; I would give  
all I possess if, at the hour of death, I  
could be sustained by the simple faith of  
that child."

The man went out into the busy world  
again, but the words, "I shall sing up  
there," followed him like an echo, com-  
ing back to him in moments of dejection,  
or amid the quiet of his home, and in the  
broken slumbers of the night. Years  
passed, and he became a Christian. His







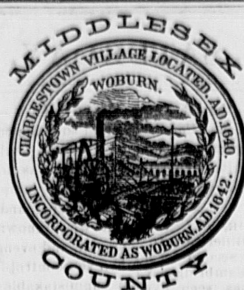








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## HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn Mass.

## Poetry.

Keep a Stiff Upper Lip.  
There has something gone wrong.  
My brave boy, it appears,  
For I see your proud struggle  
To keep back the tears.  
That's right. When you cannot  
Give trouble the slip,  
Then bear it, still keeping  
"A stiff upper lip!"  
Though you cannot escape  
Disappointment and care,  
The next best thing to do  
Is to learn how to bear;  
If when for his prizes  
You're striving you trip,  
Get up - start again -  
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"  
Let your hands and your conscience  
Be honest and clean;  
Scorn to touch or to think of  
The thing that is mean.  
But hold on to the pure  
And the right with firm grip,  
And though hard be the task,  
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"  
Through childhood, through manhood  
Through life to the end,  
Struggle bravely, and stand  
By your colors, my friend,  
For you will be proud  
Never to give up the slip,  
But fight on to the last  
"With a stiff upper lip!" - Phoebe Carg.

## Selected.

### LINA'S WALK FOR DAN.

I knew I was just as wicked as I could be,  
and the more I knew it the wickered I was.  
I had said my prayers for a week,  
I could count three lies I had told  
in the same time, and the way I snapp'd  
up the poor innocents who sat under my  
supervising eye at the Cross Roads school-  
house, was not at all creditable to my  
character as an angel, though it was not  
the least of my sins that I had allowed a  
certain young gentleman to inform me  
that I was one more than one recent  
occasion.

I took Dan's miniature that I had  
brought in the top of my trunk and put  
it at the very bottom, underneath every-  
thing else, and then I could not go to get  
so much as a pocket handkerchief, but it  
would be sure to be Dan's great honest  
eyes looking into mine, just as though he  
had not any eyes 'r anybody but me,  
and did not expect I had for anybody but  
him.

Then it did seem as though something  
possessed Dan to go on in every letter he  
wrote me just at this time, in the most  
astonishingly fervent way, about his  
faith and trust and confidence in me, and  
while I was reading it, it appeared to me  
that above every word there was this  
sentence written in great staring capitals  
"What if he knew?" And while Ray  
Marvin was looking at and talking to me  
as though I had just come down out of  
the skies, I felt as if I was too good for  
Dan, and when I was reading Dan's let-  
ters and remembering all I felt that Dan  
was too good for me. So I didn't have  
my comfort either way, considering I  
was over to the Cross Roads teaching  
that term for the express purpose of get-  
ting money to buy wedding rings to  
marry Dan.

The very first night I came home from  
the school room to my boarding place,  
little Min Marvin met me at the door in  
a high state of excitement, with the in-  
formation that "there was compy a  
coming," and entering, I found Mr.  
Marvin sitting at the kitchen in a  
manner decidedly confirmatory of the  
fact.

"Oh dear," said she, "I never was so  
worried up in my life. Here is John's  
sister Ray that has been all over the  
world, and seen kings and queens and  
the Lord knows what not, come and  
round me all in the ends, and John goes  
to the mill and Sam down in the woods  
he has been strolling round the fields a  
good hour, but he is coming back now,  
and I don't know who is to keep him  
company while I get supper, I am sure  
you will, Lina!" - adding this as if  
I knew thought had struck her. "I am  
sure you look nice enough for anybody  
to-night!"

That touched me. Wasn't I nice  
enough any time? I stole a quick, shy  
glance at the little mirror hanging on the  
ditch wall. There is no color I look so  
well as in pink, and if I live to wear my  
silk and velvet I don't believe I shall  
ever have a dress more becoming than  
that I wore that afternoon. The wind  
had loosened a little curl from my ribbon  
and it fell down over my forehead, but I  
couldn't put it up nor so much as smooth  
my collar.

"Way, yes, Mrs. Marvin," I answered  
"arrestingly," I had as lief sit in the front  
corner as anywhere, if that will do you  
any good."

"I should be ever so much obliged if  
you would, Lina," she answered. "It  
seems sort of unsocial like to leave him  
all alone so long when he's just come,  
doesn't it? It will look better to have  
somebody in the room if you don't say  
such."

Anybody would have thought this  
oung was the king himself, and I barely  
it to do him reverence. I have a temper  
but kindles at a spark, and I didn't care  
to say a word, but moved towards the  
door with my cheeks burning and my  
eyes blazing I knew.

"Ain't you going to brush your hair?"  
said Min after me. "There is a curl  
loose in front, and your ribbon looks  
just as if it was going to come off."

usually feel sort of diffident with such a  
man as Ray, that has seen so much more  
than you have."  
"I don't know as people that have  
seen a great deal of the world are any  
better than those that haven't," I said  
impudently.

"Quite the contrary, I fear," said a  
merry, mocking voice behind me.  
I knew of course that the owner of this  
voice must be Ray Marvin himself, and I  
turned quickly, wondering how much of  
our conversation he had heard.

"Yes, all about King Ahazuerus and  
your hair, which you would be very fool-  
ish to disturb for him or anybody else,  
for I'm sure it could not be improved,"  
he said, with a gay little laugh and bow,  
answering my look, for I hadn't said a  
word. "I was so dreadfully thirsty that I  
ventured into your kitchen for a little  
water, cousin."

Just as he took the water from her  
hand, in came John Marvin and Sam Dan  
the hired hand. No danger of their  
coming up behind anyone and not be-  
heard, I thought, as they tramped in with  
their heavy boots, and while the cousins  
greeted and shook hands with each other,  
I looked at them, John Marvin and Ray,  
and wondered why I never noticed be-  
fore how brown faced, and big-headed  
and awkward John was, John that every-  
body at the Cross Roads and thereabout  
called good looking.

Now I had always thought that if a  
man was straight, and hadn't sleepy eyes  
or red hair, or any special abomination,  
it was not so much matter about him  
otherwise, and as for dress, that was for  
women. But Ray Marvin stood be-  
fore me like a revelation. He was of  
nearly the same height as John, he was  
not much more slender; yet John seemed  
big and heavy and burly beside him. I  
could not tell how his figure differed, but  
it did, somehow, and so did his speech,  
just as if his words were rounded and  
shaped, where John's fell half formed  
from his mouth. His eyes were large  
and dark and soft, and his hair and beard  
brown and silky fine. Then his hands  
were white and nobody need tell me  
again that dress does not make any dif-  
ference with a man. "When I am Dan's  
wife," I thought, "he shall wear curls  
every day, and I know I can make a  
necktie like that."

And then suddenly, Dan's face and fig-  
ure seemed to rise up before me, and an  
evil spirit whispered in my ear, "You  
can never make a Ray of Dan, do you  
see how much more he is like John?"  
And I sighed and hated myself  
for the thought and the sigh, and then I  
wished I had been born somebody else,  
or somebody else had been something  
different, and so on, in a vague, restless,  
dissatisfied, miserable state of mind that  
lasted me till I decided to put off writing  
to Dan on account of being "blue."

And so I stayed down stairs, and Ray  
told stories of places he had visited and  
people he had seen, sitting at a table  
next me, it seemed, with some drawing  
paper before him, and all the while he  
asked, he would have a pencil at work,  
and once in a while, telling of some com-  
ical personage, he would say "illustrated  
edition," and pass me the paper with the  
very person, just outlined, but looking  
for all the world exactly as you would  
imagine he or she would look. I could  
not help laughing to save me, so I forgot  
all about being blue before the evening  
was half over.

Then for a long time he didn't give me,  
any pictures, but kept glancing at me  
and working and talking all the time and  
at last he handed me the paper.

My cheeks flamed in a moment, for it  
was my own face; but upon my forehead  
was a crown, and one little curl falling  
from under it, and beneath the picture he  
had written "Vashti!"

I didn't know whether to seem offended  
or not; but I was not really, for I  
thought he had made me quite as pretty  
as I was, and I should have been a dif-  
ferent girl from what I was to have re-  
sented that.

"You don't like it," he said, snatching  
it back hastily and crumpling it in his  
hand just as Min Marvin was coming up  
behind my chair. "Nor do I, it wasn't  
half pretty enough," and he looked at  
me with a strange, soft fire in his eyes.  
But he said this so rapidly and low that  
I am sure no one in the room heard a  
word he said beside me.

"What was that?" said Min. "Why  
didn't you show it to me, Lina?"  
"O," said Ray, answering for me, "I  
could see that Miss Bent thought that a  
failure, and I didn't want anybody else's  
looks condemning it. I'll make you an-  
other ten times nicer than that. But not  
to-night though. I am going out to have  
a smoke now."

"Why don't you smoke here?" said  
Min. "Pa does."  
They all laughed at this; but the evil  
spirit that I do believe took possession  
of me from the first moment I set my  
eyes on Ray Marvin, set Dan to work  
again. "I suppose he will smoke his  
pipe under my nose when I am his wife,  
the same as John does," I said to myself.  
And then, as the fragrance of Ray's cost-  
ly cigar came faintly through the open  
window, I thought I shouldn't mind it  
so much if he did, if he only smoked ci-  
gars like those.

"Real pleasant, ain't he?" said Mrs.  
Marvin, as I took my lamp to go up  
stairs. "He's going to stay a month or  
so. He's an artist, you know, and calls  
it handsome room here; but he can't see  
much except hills and rocks. Enough of  
the Lord knows. I should like to  
know if he's steady though."

And then, as I have said, I put Dan's  
miniature out of sight, as much as I  
could, and let Ray Marvin say things to  
me he ought not, one hour, and turned a  
cold shoulder to him.

Ray wanted to paint me, and said he  
was going to have me for a Jewess; and  
one day he said suddenly, "O of course I  
must paint you with ear jewels." And  
he came behind me and pinched my ear.  
"Way," he said, "they are pierced."  
Set a minute. And he ran up stairs,  
and came down, bringing the handsomest  
set of ear rings that ever seen. They  
might have been garnets, or perhaps rub-  
ies even - I don't know much about  
stones - but at any rate they were daz-  
zlingly beautiful to me. I remember as  
he held them up, the sun shone through  
them, and they were like great drops of  
flame.

"I bought them in Genoa," said Ray.  
"Who for I do not know. They were so  
pretty; and perhaps I might have a  
sweetheart some day." And all the  
while he was clapping them in my ears.  
"O Mr. Marvin," I said, a little trou-  
bled, but rather faintly, I will confess, "I  
can't wear them."

"O, surely, just while I paint." And  
there wasn't a bit more meaning in his  
tone than the words, though only a  
moment before I had trembled at every  
word he said, for fear of the next one,  
for of course all this time I meant to be  
Dan's wife.

After Ray had painted as long as I  
wanted to sit, I put up my hands to loo-  
sen the earrings.

"Oh, wait," said Ray; "just come  
and see how becoming they are. You  
can't think what a difference they make."  
And he led me before the glass. "There,  
said he, "did you ever look so pretty in  
your life? Wear them, Lina, while I  
stay. I like to see you pretty, you  
know."

I looked in the glass a moment. They  
were so beautiful, and Ray was right -  
they did become me so much. If I only  
could have such things; but still I raised  
my hand to take them out.

Ray caught my hand to hold it back,  
and just at this moment the door opened  
- and there was Dan, and he before the  
glass, with those earrings in his ears, and  
Ray holding my hand that I thought he  
never would drop.

I tried to laugh, to speak; but as true  
as I live I could not, and Ray Marvin  
never moved an inch, but stood beside  
me just as though it was his right instead  
of Dan's, who stood white as death, and  
as still, looking at us for a full minute I  
do believe. Then something terrible  
came into his face, and I heard him set  
his teeth together, but it passed, and he  
went out without a word.

As Dan shut the door, Ray Marvin  
laughed, a little low, soft laugh that  
I could hear through his face, and walking  
to the window, began humming a tune so  
unconcernedly as possible. And I knew  
that I had lost Dan that I loved, spite of  
all, and who loved me, and would have  
been true to me forever. And what had  
I got in exchange? The empty smiles  
and flattery of a man, who would whistle  
me down with the wind to-morrow. Oh,  
fool! fool!

There came a little note to me next  
day; "Lina," wrote Dan, "I heard  
about things over to the Cross Roads  
from Sam Dan, but I did not believe it,  
till I saw for myself. Good bye, Lina."

That was all. Well, I deserved it. I  
never was called very humble, but I  
thought that if Dan had only come to see  
me once more, or asked me a question, I  
would have gone down on my knees to  
confess and ask his forgiveness.

But Dan never came near, and a little  
while after I heard that he had left the  
farm and gone to Lynn shoemaking, and  
that his mother said it was all on my  
account, she knew, because he did not  
like to be where he could not help seeing  
me. You see, father's farm and his  
joined.

But he need not have done that, I  
thought, bitterly, for I had engaged for  
another term at the Cross Roads for the  
same reason. It seemed to me I could  
better bear never to see Dan, than to  
meet him as I did others. I had heard,  
too, that hard work was good for any-  
body that had a weary mind, and I often  
thought the winter school at the Cross  
Roads would furnish me with that. A  
man had always taught the winter term,  
and I don't know how they came to let  
me have it, except that I had got up  
quite a reputation for ugliness the term  
before.

all day long on the school room windows,  
and the air cut like a knife, for it was so  
still. John Marvin had been over to the  
Falls, and did not get home till we were  
at tea. "I tell you what, mother," he  
said, coming in, and stamping his big  
feet till every dish on the table danced,  
"it's cold - cold. I thought I never see  
them cattle walk so slow afore as they  
did to-night. I will not go to the Falls  
again with them such a day as this, if  
Kate's leg don't get well in six weeks.  
Has she had any oats to-night?"

"Yes, yes, John," said Mrs. Marvin;  
"you always think there is nothing done  
when you are not here. Hear any news  
over to the Falls?"

"Yes," said John, "they are all ex-  
cited over there about Dan Lowell. He  
came home from Lynn, the other day,  
said he did not feel very well, and his  
mother thought he appeared to have a  
fever, and sent for Dr. Case, and they  
said it turned out the small pox. They  
have all got it down to Lynn. I don't  
know what they will do at Dan's, for  
nobody will go there, of course, and his  
mother is a feeble old woman, as you  
know."

I suppose there was more said, but I  
do not think I heard it. I did not indeed,  
remember more, until I stood in my own  
room, and it might have been eight  
o'clock. I scraped away a little place in  
the frost and looked out of my window.  
The moonlight lay cold and bright on  
the snow fields that stretched away to  
the blue, frosty sky, glittering with ten  
thousand stars.

"I will," I said, "I will, if I freeze!"  
I put on my cloak, and my shawl over  
that, and my hood and mittens, and stole  
down the stairs and out into the stinging  
night.

It was five miles to Dan's, but I was a  
strong girl and a great walker. John  
Marvin's horse was lame, and if he had  
not been he would not have taken me, I  
knew; me, that they all thought didn't  
care a straw for Dan.

I shall never forget that walk. I did  
not meet so much as a dog on the road.  
Every creature was hushed but me. I  
could feel everything was cold - the  
sky, the stars above me, the snow be-  
neath me - my face, my hands, my feet,  
my very heart, even, for fever chills like  
frost. The cold bit, and stung, and nipped  
like some wild beast of icy tang and  
tooth. Still I walked on and on. And  
now I didn't feel so cold. Was it grow-  
ing warmer? What made me so sleepy?  
O, if I could only lie down and sleep. If  
I could only rest a few minutes, for  
surely it was warmer now. Everything  
grew dim, and vague, and far away -  
Dan, and his anger. Now the whole  
world seemed to swim and float.  
I must, I must sit down.

God only knows what heavenly mes-  
senger he sent to me at this moment in  
the shape of memory. Like an arrow, a  
little sentence that I had read sometime  
suddenly pierced my misty brain -  
"When a person is near freezing he be-  
comes drowsy. To yield to this for a  
moment is death."

I roused myself with a might effort of  
my almost conquered will, and I ran -  
as well as I could with my numb feet -  
for my life, and never stopped, or  
bated my pace, till I was safe at Dan's  
door.

There was a light in the upper room,  
and I did not knock, but went straight in  
and up to the chamber.

He was lying in the bed. He was  
asleep, and his face was as white as  
snow, and he was shivering with cold.  
His mother was sitting by the bed, and  
she rose up as I came in. "For Heav-  
en's sake, Lina Bent," she said in a whis-  
per, "where have you come from, and for  
what?"

"They said Dan had the small pox," I  
said faintly, "and I have walked from  
the Cross Roads."

She lifted her hands. "This bitter  
child," she said. "Poor child! poor  
child! And he hasn't got it, no more  
than you have. Just escaped a fever.  
Just because some body in Lynn has got  
the small pox they must set the story  
going that Dan has got it."

And she began to take off my shoes  
and stockings, and when my feet were  
bare I looked down and saw a great  
tear fall from her eyes on me, and I  
never felt, nor the touch of her hands,  
nor knew whether the water was hot or  
cold that she put them in. And I never  
saw my feet again till there was  
green grass on the ground instead of  
snow.

## WAS IT SARCAISM?

"Occupation?" inquired the jailer of  
the distinguished candidate for a striped  
uniform, who stood before him last Fri-  
day at the "the Island. The great con-  
vict had been hastily before answering the  
searching personal inquiry. Possibly his  
bulky form straightened up a little, and a  
ghostly gleam of what might pass for  
conscious pride shot across his face, or  
more likely - remembering the great car-  
cer behind him and seeing the ignominy  
before, recalling his own relations to poli-  
tics, to government, to the State, and  
knowing who and what were his oppo-  
nents, and, in a measure, his successors -  
more likely it was with a curled lip and a  
bitter sneer that he satirized his age and  
country when he answered "Statesman."

It may be that he swept the whole ho-  
rizon with his eye, measuring the statue  
of our entire category of statesman, and  
that apprehending from his own experi-  
ence their methods and their aims, with  
deliberation and purpose he named him-  
self as one of their number. But certainly  
he was now no chair warmer - that was  
with the dew of his youth. No freedom  
or foreman of an engine company now -  
that was but a stepping stone to the of-  
fices and the opportunities whose diligent  
improvement had brought him here. No,  
he was not either of these. What then?  
Gentleman? Ah! that was too common  
a term at such a place and on such a  
day. Half the thieves on "the Island"  
had perpetrated that joke on so-  
ciety. Nothing so common as that would  
do for this unbecoming felon. He might  
have touched his forehead and solilo-  
quized: "A thief among thieves; among  
them but not of them; how shall I dis-  
tinguish myself? I did not steal from  
pocket or person. I am no pickpocket  
nor rob bar or plunder men in the  
highway. I am neither burglar or high-  
wayman. I am not here for any such  
offense as the p-o-r devils who preceded  
me. My crime, if crime it is, has the re-  
spectability of seven figures in it, and the  
dignity of having been committed against  
government. It isn't treason; it must be  
statesmanship." And so, because his  
plunder was millions and his victim the  
public, he, the first seven-figure thief ever  
known and named, was at liberty to  
name the crime and designate the pro-  
fession. And he called it statesman-  
ship.

It may be that the New Zealander, who  
in some distant age, shall sit on a broken  
pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, contemplating  
the unfinished Cross Roads, and admiring  
the simple and beautiful operation of Mr.  
Richardson's process of specie resumption  
will have his attention drawn to the ruins  
of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, as  
the prison in which Government offenders  
were punished. In proof whereof, the  
blurred and faded pages of the records  
with the name of the convict, "William  
M. Tweed, Statesman," may be added.  
And if the inquisitive New Zealander shall  
pursue his researches into the history of  
Tweed's time and country, the quality of  
his statesmanship, the character of his  
prominent and successful career, the great  
enterprises carried on and the means by  
which they were forwarded, the methods  
of legislation, and the objects aimed at,  
the relations of the holders of public  
trusts to the public who trusted them, the  
atmosphere of government and the tone  
of those who administered it, it is pretty  
certain that Mr. Tweed's sarcasm, if so it  
was intended, will have lost its force.

But the wiser wonder will be, not that one  
of Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, as  
the prison in which Government offenders  
were punished. In proof whereof, the  
blurred and faded pages of the records  
with the name of the convict, "William  
M. Tweed, Statesman," may be added.  
And if the inquisitive New Zealander shall  
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which they were forwarded, the methods  
of legislation, and the objects aimed at,  
the relations of the holders of public  
trusts to the public who trusted them, the  
atmosphere of government and the tone  
of those who administered it, it is pretty  
certain that Mr. Tweed's sarcasm, if so it  
was intended, will have lost its force.

But if the New Zealander, spurred by  
this descriptive list of our great felon to a  
search through the records of Tweed's  
time for contemporaneous "Statesman,"  
shall marvel at their average height and  
weight, and at the classifications and defi-  
nitions of the age that produced them,  
what wonder will await him when he  
pursues his inquiry further to the records  
of the lives and public services of those  
who like Tweed before his keeper, named  
themselves "Christian statesman" in the  
periodical. Well, Tweed spared us the  
bitterness of that sarcasm. He did not  
call himself a "Christian statesman." He  
might, with equal propriety and truth,  
but he did not. Indeed he expressly took  
himself out of the category by his answer  
to the succeeding question: "Religion?"  
"None." Statesman he confessed him-  
self but nothing more. And we thank  
him.

As to this man, now at hard labor in  
uniform and under keepers on the Island,  
who does not wear diamonds and dispense  
patronage and hold a great city under his  
fat thumb any more, and who is not likely  
to turn upon his overseer with a grinning  
"What are you going to do about it?" or  
upon his keeper with a joke: "You know  
how it is yourself," - as to him - well,  
what did he mean? Was his last cyni-  
cal grin at the head of society that  
was about to shut him up? Or was he so  
misguided by his political associations  
and training as to believe himself a state-  
man? There's a color for either theory.  
And whichever is true, it is quite worth  
considering as a commentary upon our  
politics and our morals. "Statesman,"  
indeed! Well, look the country over and  
fix the standard - why not? - New York  
Tribune.

A good instance of epigrammatic  
quotation is recorded of Hamilton Rey-  
nolds, well known as possessing among  
other acquirements, and exceptionally  
great acquaintance with Shakespeare's  
works. He was present at Gore House  
one evening among a number of distin-  
guished men, and as the Countess of  
Blessington saw him at the door on his  
departure, she said, "I understand, Mr.  
Reynolds, that you enjoy the reputation  
of being able to give a Shakespearean  
quotation most suitable to every occasion.  
Come, what have you to say now?"  
"Madam," replied Reynolds, "without a  
moment's hesitation, 'I take my leave  
'Under the shade of melancholy boughs!'  
He bowed profoundly as he spoke, and  
departed.

PATCH JULY. - Patchouly is at the present  
time one of the most widely known, if not  
one of the most popular, scents in Eng-  
land. Its odor is one, which once known,  
is not likely to be forgotten, and although  
opinions may and do differ as to its fra-  
grance, it is very largely employed by  
perfumers, both by itself and in combina-  
tion with other scents, which modify in  
some measure its somewhat overpowering  
smell. Patchouly, or Poucha-pat, is the  
Hindustani name of the plant from  
which the perfume is obtained, which is  
known to botanists as  *Pogostemon Patchouli*.  
It belongs to the order  *Labiata*  
which furnishes us with so many of our  
aromatic plants, such as sage, thyme,  
marjoram, rosemary, lavender, mint,  
penroyal, etc. The patchouli is tall and  
shrubby, not unlike the garden mint in  
habit, with broad, egg-shaped, opposite  
leaves, about three inches long, and thick  
spikes of small, purplish-white flowers.  
It is a native of Penang, Siam, and the  
Malay Peninsula, and is imported into  
England from Hindostan and Bengal. In  
India it is a very popular perfume, being  
generally sold in the bazaars, besides be-  
ing used in tobacco for smoking, and for  
scenting the hair of women. It was first  
imported into England, until 1814, when  
forty-six cases, some containing fifty  
pounds, others one hundred and ten  
pounds, were put up for sale at Garraway's  
Coffee House. The price asked  
was only six shillings a pound; but there  
were no bidders, which shows that its  
popularity is of but recent date. This lot  
was brought from New York, to which  
place it is said to have been taken from  
China. It was first imported for the first  
time in the winter of 1814, in the green-  
house of a gentleman at Orleans; since  
then it has been in cultivation in many  
botanical gardens, and may usually be  
seen in the Economic House at K







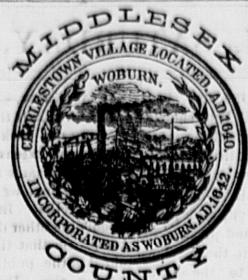








# WOBURN JOURNAL.



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NO. 18.

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Woburn, Mass.

## Poetry.

### UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's foot and a skin of wool,  
Faded, and soiled, and soft;  
Old things, you say, and so do I; but you're right,  
Round a woman's neck this stormy night,  
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like it's folly, but, mate, look here—  
When first I went to see,  
A woman stood on the far off strand,  
With a wailing ring on the small, soft hand,  
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before,  
She sat beside my foot;  
And the night before her yellow hair,  
And the dainty fingers soft and fair,  
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore;  
What, then, you found I there?  
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,  
A cottage empty and dark as night,  
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still;  
And the knitter had gone away to rest,  
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,  
Down in the church yard door.

## Selected.

### MY DIVORCE CASE.

I had been sitting alone, in my office in San Francisco, one pleasant summer morning, waiting for clients; but clients did not come, and I thought I should probably not lose much business, if I took a little stroll and enjoyed the fresh air.

So I turned the key in my door and walked slowly down the stairs. On either side of the street entrance were numerous painted tin signs of attorneys at law, and these, two ladies were so intently scanning that they did not notice my approach.

One was a gentle looking, pale little woman, about twenty-eight years of age, and her large blue eyes had a troubled, pleading look. The other was younger and exactly opposite in expression, a bright, saucy, intellectual looking brunette, whose countenance seemed to sparkle with spirit and energy.

I had time to make these observations while slowly making down the long flight of stairs, and I heard the younger lady say, "What can we tell by a name? If I could only see one of these men, I should know whether we could trust him or not."

I stopped where I was a moment after that, that I might not come upon her so suddenly as to let her suspect I heard her remark, and then went on down the stairs.

They both looked up at me as I was about to pass them. I felt the keen, and searching glance of the younger lady, and an afraid I looked a little. She seemed satisfied, however, with the result of her glance, for she said quickly, "Please, sir, can you tell me of any good lawyer in this building, one who could be trusted?"

I pointed to the names of several who stood high in the profession, in respect to ability, and then putting my finger on my own tin sign, said, "There's one whom I am sure you would trust, and who would be very happy to serve you."

"Then you are a lawyer?" she replied abruptly, and looked at me again.

Then, turning to her companion she said, "I think we will consult this gentleman." The little woman assented, and I invited them up to my office, where I gave them some chairs and then sat down myself, looking as professional as possible.

The younger lady cast a satisfied look at my law library, which I inherited from an uncle, and of which I felt quite proud.

Then turning to me she began; "It is concerning a divorce suit that I wish to consult you."

The little lady pulled down her veil and looked at the floor.

They sat near each other, and I saw the younger grasp the other's hand as if to give her strength.

"Do you know a man by the name of Benjamin F. Hale?" continued my client.

"Very well, by reputation," I answered.

"He is my sister's husband," she added (inclining her head towards the little woman as she spoke) "and I want her to get a divorce from him, though I hardly think I could have persuaded her to apply for it, if she had not become convinced that he was trying to get divorced from her."

Here the elder lady began to grow very pale. Her sister arose and coming to me, placed some papers in my hand.

"I was afraid she could not bear it," she said in a low tone. "I will come again to-morrow. Meanwhile, will you please examine these?"

I appointed an hour for my interview of the next day, and the two ladies left me.

I felt no more inclination to take a walk just then. I never had had so interesting clients before. The young lady need not have asked me if I knew Ben. Hale. Who did not know him in San Francisco? He drove the fastest horses, wore the flashiest clothes and jewels, had the heaviest moustache, and as he himself declared, wherever he went, he always had the "finest looking woman there."

I never knew before that he was married, though I had heard of his owning a fine residence just out of the city. He boarded at the first hotel in town, was a broker, speculated largely, and to all appearances, successfully.

The day before I had met him, riding with a very shrewdly dressed young woman of great physical attraction, but of a coarse, brazen expression; and if this little, pale eyed woman, and his wife and wanted to get a divorce, ap-

pearances indicated that she would not have much trouble in doing so.

Thus my thoughts ran on for a few moments, until I suddenly happened to think of the papers the young lady had given me, and I looked them over. They were letters. One was written by Mr. Hale himself, to his "dear Julia," but had evidently never been sent, through the post office. It was addressed to Mrs. Julia Kennedy, and was written at Oakland, Mr. Hale's country residence. It contained various expressions of endearment, regret that as Mrs. Hale was seriously unwell it would not do for him to leave her that night, but he should certainly be with her Julia the next day, followed by a host of lover like expressions, and the whole was signed, "Your devoted Ben."

The other letters were all from Julia. Neither the writing nor spelling evinced any refinement or culture. They were loving, foolish, and considering the fact that she was addressing a married man, criminal. In one she urges him to get divorced and marry her, as he had promised.

I put the letters very carefully away, thought the matter over, and then looked up the subject of divorce in my law books. As I was studying away, I came to see, Bailey & Ford's student. (Bailey & Ford were a noted law firm.)

"Hullo, Marston," said he, "What are you doing? Studying up divorce, hey? Let me tell you, you in New York, perhaps." Here, after slapping me on the shoulder, he took a chair and put his feet on the table, and then continued, "That's just the subject our firm are at work upon quietly. I'll tell you about it, but you must not leak a word. It seems that Ben Hale has a wife out at Oakland, a delicate little thing, whom he married for money, and he is out of patience waiting for her to die and leave it to him. So he has got all of it he could into his own hands, and applied for a divorce; hoping, if possible, to get the thing done without her knowledge. He promised the firm a good round sum, if they would carry it through successfully and secretly."

"Upon what ground does he expect a divorce?" I asked.

"Oh, desertion, of course. It seems that she has a preference for living at Oakland, while he has boarded in town several years. He says that he has witnessed to prove that she has refused to live in town with him."

Here my garrulous friend branched off on another topic, and soon after left me, little thinking how interested a listener I had been, nor that he had given me any valuable information.

The next day my fair client appeared at the appointed hour. This time she gave me her card, on which was engraved: "Miss Kate Lee," Boston Mass.

"After a little preliminary conversation, she told me her sister's story, which I will give as nearly as possible in her own words."

"To make you understand it, Mr. Marston," she began, "I must tell you Lucy's whole story. She was only eighteen, when this Ben Hale became acquainted with her. I was several years younger than she, but was more mature, even then, and I fairly detested the man whom Lucy seemed to love."

"I begged of my father not to let her marry him, but she insisted, and so did Mr. Hale, and he brought good references and seemed to have plenty of money, and so at last father yielded, and Lucy came away from home. She is only a half sister to me, and she had considerable property."

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"To make you understand it, Mr. Marston," she began, "I must tell you Lucy's whole story. She was only eighteen, when this Ben Hale became acquainted with her. I was several years younger than she, but was more mature, even then, and I fairly detested the man whom Lucy seemed to love."

"I begged of my father not to let her marry him, but she insisted, and so did Mr. Hale, and he brought good references and seemed to have plenty of money, and so at last father yielded, and Lucy came away from home. She is only a half sister to me, and she had considerable property."

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"Yes," said No. two, "but if I am to swear to having heard her say so three years ago, and that you've lived entirely away from her for three years, Hale, I want mighty good pay for it. A man can't afford to do such a job as that for nothing!" and No. two looked as sage as if he had been repeating a most orthodox proverb.

"If we come out all right, I can afford to come down handsomely," said Ben, "only you be sure you make your story straight."

"Let me alone for that," No. two replied, "but I warn you against that deuced sharp sister-in-law of yours." Ben swore a little about me here. "She's a perfect Tartar," said he, "I wish I'd finished up the business before she came here. I might have kept the newspapers away from Mrs. Hale for awhile and we might have finished the whole thing without her suspecting it."

I shouldn't have deserved my reputation for sharpness if I had failed to see this meant a divorce, and it made me so indignant that I sprang to my feet, upsetting my chair as I did so. I saw Ben rise, as he heard the noise, and start to come into the house. I set up the stairs, slipped out of the study up stairs to my room before he reached the study door. I sat down in my room and thought it over, and made up my mind that Lucy must get a divorce from Ben, and the sooner the better.

"I had seen Ben riding out with a flashy young woman, when I was in town shopping, and have since found out that he has got possession of all Lucy's property except the place at Oakland. I broached the subject of divorce to Lucy as gently as I could. She would hear nothing of it at first, but when I repeated the conversation I had overheard, and telling her it was her only way to keep her good name and her property, I finally obtained her consent."

"She afterwards told me that she had found letters from one 'Julia' in Mr. Hale's coat pocket."

"The last time he was at Oakland Lucy was ill, and he wrote the letter I gave you yesterday. I saw him hand it to a servant to mail, and as soon as I could, without being seen, went and told the man to let me take it, and I would save him the trouble of going to the post office."

"Of course I kept the letter, and gave it to my sister as soon as she was well enough, and what I have told you, and these letters, are all the evidence that we have."

"Don't say it is not enough, please, for Lucy must get a divorce!" and here my client stamped her little foot, to emphasize the matter.

"Oh the monster!" she continued, "to think how he has treated Lucy, makes my blood boil. It makes me detest all mankind, it does, begging your pardon, sir, and I'm thankful my father's illness prevented my seeing any more of the case."

My client paused. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes sparkled with intense excitement. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a woman, in spite of the harsh things she had just been saying against her own sex.

I told her that Mr. Hale's reputation was well known in the city, and that I thought her sister would have no trouble in obtaining a divorce; that I had reason to believe that Mr. Hale had already made preparations for a suit against his wife, and that my advice would be to have him informed that Mrs. Hale would resist an attempt for divorce on his part, but would procure one herself from him, if he would only come to reasonable terms."

"Yes," said Miss Lee, "we must get one from him, not from us." I wanted to smile at the bitter earnestness of this remark, with its "we" and "us," but I did not, my client was not in a mood for smiling or being smiled at. So I told her that I would see Mr. Hale or his lawyers and find out what arrangements could be made, and inform her."

"Would it be too much trouble for you to come and tell us, when you get any news?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "I should be very happy to do so."

My client then wrote Mrs. Hale's street and number on a card, which she handed me in the most business like way, then quickly bade me good morning and was gone.

I rather dreaded calling on B. F. Hale. I am not naturally a timid man, but if there is anything in the world I dislike to encounter it is a "swell." I couldn't afford to be swelled if I would, and I'm sure I wouldn't if I could.

I had seen something of the airs of B. F. Hale, and I knew how intensely disagreeable he was, and probably would be, when I went to interview him.

I thought over very carefully what I would say to him and what he would probably say to me, and how I should answer it, etc.

Then I studied my law books, and went and consulted an old lawyer in the building, who had been very kind to me, after which I determined to find B. F. Hale at the earliest opportunity.

I went to his hotel that very evening, but he was out driving, of course, the waiter said.

I found out when and where he could be seen the next day, and at the time indicated I was on the spot.

There were several others standing round in Mr. Hale's office, but soon he turned to me with "Well, what is it?" accompanied by a look which said, "Be quick about it!"

I told him it was necessary I should see him alone.

He stepped into a side room at once, and I followed him.

I handed him my business card, and then said, "I understand, Mr. Hale, that you have applied for a divorce from your wife."

"Who told you that?" said he sharply. "I have it on good authority, and I wish to inform you as Mrs. Hale's attorney."

ney, that she proposes to dispute any such right on your part."

"Oh, she does, does she. Let her dispute then, I have evidence enough."

"But, sir, she has evidence enough also to bring a suit against you."

"Precious little evidence she can have! I've always treated her well."

"I know the ground of your suit against your wife, Mr. Hale, and you cannot sustain it."

"Cannot, eh? Seems to me you are rather airy for a young sprig. Don't flatter yourself that you are going to get rich out of this suit. Mrs. Hale does not keep a great deal of cash on hand, and I shall not feel inclined to give her an extra allowance for this. If she then placed at my card and said, 'If you have nothing further to offer, I will hear it at my office, which is in the same building as that of your lawyers. Good morning!' and I left him, thankful at least, that I had not allowed him to annihilate me with his insolence."

I was not aware that he had any residence there," I answered; "but for all information on that subject, I refer you to Mr. Hale himself."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Hale does not own his country seat himself?"

"I mean to say nothing at all about it," I answered shortly.







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# WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1874.

NO. 19.

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**Woburn and Boston Express.**  
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1873, he will run a  
**Daily Express**  
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## Poetry.

### THE CHURCHY SONG.

Apron on and dash in hand,  
Over the old churn I stand—  
Cuckoo!

How the thick cream spurts and flies,  
Now on shawl, and now in eyes—  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Ah, how soon I tire! get;  
But the butter lingers yet—  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Aching back and weary arm  
Quit robb'g of their oil—  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

See the golden specks appear!  
And the churn rings sharp and clear—  
Cuckoo!

Arms that have to drag began,  
Work on, you will soon be done—  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Rich flakes cling to lid and dash;  
Hear the thin milk's watery splash—  
Cuckoo!

Sweetest masts to the ear,  
For it says the butter is here—  
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

—St. Nicholas for February.

## Selected.

### THE POSTAL CARD.

"What have you there, Kittie?" asked

meek little Nellie Andrews, holding out

her hand to receive the parcel held toward

her.

"Oh, a lot of postal cards," answered

Kittie, with a twinkle in her black eyes.

"Guess for what?"

"I know. You are an 'un. I want you to

learn Latin, French, German, and

Spanish dictionary, I suppose."

"Yes, Nellie, darling, presently. First

though, I want to tell you something.

You know Charlie Blair, and what ex-

quisite teeth he has!"

"Yes, many folks declare he has a re-

ceipt from Dr. LeBlanc, for the payment

of seventy-five dollars for a set of teeth

for somebody."

"Oh, nonsense! I know his teeth the

good Lord gave him. Well, last week,

he was absent from his office five days

with a bilious attack. Saturday, when

he came back, there on his desk he found

a postal card. Of course all the gentle-

men round had peeped at it, for they

were nearly convulsed with laughter,

when Charlie walked up to the desk and

took up the card.

Uncle says they just shouted out when

he laid it down and turned to look at

them. Oh, with such a comical expres-

sion he read out:

"DEAR CHARLIE:—Your teeth are

not lost. John found them in the bath

tub after the water was left off. The stu-

pid fellow forgot to mention it until

now. How sorry we are that you did

not keep a prisoner, so long, and still

more regret the great and unnecessary

expense you had to incur.

Yours,  
A. B."

"Oh I declare that was too bad. His

absence from the office made it seem all

the more funny. It must have been

from some one of the clerks."

"No; Uncle says Charlie thinks it is

from Will Lawson or his cousin Howard

Marcy. So I am just going to set those

young gent's brains to puzzling. It would

be no use to send Howard a love missive

for he cares more for his cousin Annie

than for any one else in the world. He

would know well enough she would not

send him one, and would not care to find

out about any one else. So what shall

we do?"

"I know Annie's folks are awfully

opposed to her having him only just be-

cause he is poor. Indeed he is a splen-

d fellow, and if Mr. Lawson thought

there was any chance of his ever becom-

ing rich he would like him well enough,

I'm sure. Kittie, I will get a pen. Now

how will this do?" Nellie asked a few

moments after, passing a slip of paper to

her friend, on which was written:

"HOWARD MARCY, Esq.—We have

been expecting to hear from you

relative to the funds in our hands. We

have now \$18,000 uninvested. Please to

let us know by return mail what dispo-

sition to make of it.

Respectfully yours,  
ROADS & MEANS,  
Counsellors at Law.

"Oh, Nellie, if I was not fearful it

might raise hopes in the poor fellow, I

should say it was just the thing. But

don't you think it would be a pity?"

"Oh, I think he would be likely to

build much on it. Now I'll write a little

verse of pure sentiment. You may send

either you choose."

"No; I will send the one you have

written. I've an idea that it won't do

my harm, and I know that it may help

him. I will tell you how—"

think Annie loves me a little; more than

girls are apt to love their cousins. I'm

glad we are distantly related, or the old

gentleman might add that for another

reason. Indeed, if I only had the

means to buy that exquisite little pearl

ring, I would find out if she loves me as

I hope. Oh, if I had a slight streak of

good fortune would come to me now, I

think never could any man appreciate it

so truly as I. Well, it is no use to sit

up in this warm room, growling over

what is inevitable. I will go down and

be happy while I may."

Sweet Annie Lawson was sitting just

where Howard Marcy expected to find

her, on the shaded porch, looking very

lovely, but a little sad, he thought.

However, she managed to call up a smile

to welcome Howard.

"What is it, Annie, that is troubling

you?" he asked, seating himself beside

her, and endeavoring to take her hand.

Annie drew it quickly away, at the

same time glancing anxiously into the

library window where her father sat

writing.

Howard understood the meaning of

her sadness.

"Will you come for a short walk, An-

nie?" he asked.

"Poor girl! she could no longer dis-

guise her sorrow. The tears filled her

eyes as she whispered:

"I don't dare. I wish I might—"

Another look into the library window,

another little sigh—almost a sob—and

Howard felt that a crisis in his love mak-

ing was about approaching. Would it

be life or death to him? What had he

to hope for? Surely that evening was

the gloomiest of his life. Miserable

enough he went back to his room.

"It is no use for me to struggle against

fatigue. I wish now I had been content

to stay at home, with no higher thoughts

than working on a farm. No doubt I

should have been happier far. Poor

dear mother encouraged me on this. She

thinks I shall succeed, and make a

famous lawyer," she writes. Well, well,

for her sake I will struggle on."

Just then Howard saw Annie's father

going down the street. Determining to

have some understanding with Annie,

he hurried down stairs to meet her

in the hall.

"I was just going to call you, How-

ard," she said.

"And I was coming to try to cast the

shadow from your brow, Annie," How-

ard answered, holding out his hand.

She placed hers in it, saying:

"It would be too cruel to give you no

explanation of my changed manner, How-

ard. Papa—well you know, papa—

thinks—"

Here Annie faltered and stopped, her

face crimsoning as she turned it away

to her confusion and tears.

"Yes, darling, I know. Your father

thinks I love his child; and does Annie

think so too?"

Gently he turned her face towards his,

and looked earnestly into her beautiful

eyes, "tell me, Annie?"

"I know you do, Howard," she an-

swered low.

"Yes, more than all the world, An-

nie."

"I know it, Howard, and can't help

being so glad of it."

"You darling girl! Now I shall not

care how dark everything looks, for

with Annie's love to bless and guide me,

I shall be sure to succeed. You do love

me, Annie?"

"I cannot help it. But I ought not to

listen to you, or tell you that I do love

you, because papa said such dreadful

things—that I must not allow you to

love me—that he never, never would

listen for an instant to such a thing; he

would just as soon see me dead—but

he is coming back, Oh, I'm so

sorry, and so glad, too! Mamma loves

you. May be all will come right. We

will hope and pray."

"God bless you, darling," Howard

said, as she hurried away.

About noon next day, to Annie Law-

son's amazement, when her father came

home to lunch, he said to Mrs. Law-

son: "You have not spoken to Howard

about leaving, have you?"

"No, not yet. I hate so to do it; I

wish you would reconsider it," Mrs.

Lawson was saying, when her husband

exclaimed:

"Reconsider it! I'm sure I don't wish

him to leave. Can't imagine why you

should. And now I think of it, I do not

see why on earth you put him in that

back room. The front chamber in the

third story is far pleasanter. You seem

to forget wife, that Howard is my re-

lative—very distant, to be sure, but near

enough to be entitled to some feeling and

consideration. I've not been coming well

for a week past, or I should have looked

more to his comfort. By the by, Annie,

I think you treated Howard rather

strangely this morning. As our guest,

if nothing more, you should at least be

polite."

Annie's eyes and her mother's grew

larger every moment as they listened,

yet scarcely believing their ears.

"What are you staring at, I would

like to know?" Mrs. Lawson snapped out

looking from his wife to Annie. "I

suppose, if my eyes had not been opened

at last, that before twenty-four hours

you would have driven my cousin from

the house."

All the time during his talking he had

been pulling over the papers in first one

pocket and then another, until the con-

tents of six were emptied upon the ta-

ble.

"Lost, as sure as fate," he said.

And when his wife and daughter

started up to help in the search, inquiring

if it was of much importance, Mr. Law-

son answered:

"No; only a business notice. I sup-

pose another will come."







**DRAMATIC.**—The dramatic mentioned last week will occur Thursday evening, in the Town Hall. Tickets to be had at the P. O. "Among the Breakers" is a thrilling drama, and the young people will succeed in pleasing a very large audience, we hope.

**Fast Lexington.**  
DANCE.—Adams Engine Co., No. 1, had a ball Wednesday evening. There was a large party and a very successful time. Friends were present from Arlington, Waltham, Watertown, Malden, Charlestown, and other places. Dunbar furnished the music, and the party took supper at the hotel.

**CHIEF JUSTICE WAITE AND HIS FAMILY.**—A relative of Chief Justice Waite writes as follows in regard to his ancestry and connections:  
Now that the Chief Justiceship of the nation has been amicably settled, and as Mr. R. M. Waite of Ohio has been selected to fill that important position, it may be of some interest to know his ancestry, and I will endeavor to give the public a ray of light upon the subject. The Waite family descended from the English, having immigrated to this continent in the year 1635 and settled in Charlestown. Being of an ambitious turn of mind, they afterwards removed to the town of Malden, which consisted at that time of a large tract of territory, but has since been divided into a number of different towns. Therefore the Waite family were the first settlers of the town of Malden, Mass. From that place they have emigrated to various parts of the United States, principally to Rhode Island and Connecticut. It was in the latter State that our Chief Justice was born. The name is spelled three different ways—"Waite," "Walt," "Wait,"—either being correct.

We have noticed in the metropolitan journals a disposition to encourage young men in the country from leaving their farm homes and coming into the cities to seek their fortunes. Evidently the editors of the great dailies forget that they were once young men devising all sorts of plans by which to evade work. They want to keep young men. There is no chance for young men in the country to get before the public. They are kept down by disagreeable duties. Let them come into the city and see life. Let them stand on the curb stone at the corners all Summer till they grow corn on the soles of their feet. Let them attend lot sales and beer saloons where free lunches are served, and enjoy themselves that way. There is always something to be done in the city. After the young man gets tired standing on his corns, and gets sent out of the free lunch establishment a few times on his ear, he can steal an overcoat. There is always a chance for a young man to steal an overcoat in the city. Overcoats are among the wisest things for young men who stand around all Summer. They must have been originally designed for them, and it is certain that they get their share of them. Let the young men in the country come into the city and see life.—Pittsburg Leader.

**DECORATED CHINA SETS CHEAP.**—We recently called the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Richard Briggs, 137 Washington street, Boston, who is offering decorated dinner and tea sets at greatly reduced prices. The plan which he has adopted for the first time in this country, of offering really desirable China sets at very low prices, is meeting with great success, and we advise all to avail themselves of the rare opportunity to supply their table with a handsome service for about the usual cost of ordinary white China.

**New Publications.**  
A GAZETTEER OF THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, with numerous illustrations and a map, by Rev. Elias Nason. Boston, B. B. Russell & Co. 1873.  
This work presents in alphabetical order, a clear and concise topographical description and brief historical and statistical notes of the counties, cities and towns of Massachusetts. From a somewhat hasty examination of the work we conclude that the author has done his work well. Illustrations of noted places, and the residences of noted men are scattered through the work. It will be found very interesting to one who can devote time to its perusal, and of great value to any who may have occasion to consult its pages. Any information about the State or its component parts, the little republics we call towns, can be obtained within its covers, and the book will be almost indispensable to all who desire to know about our State. The book is neatly bound, contains 576 pages, and is sold by subscription for \$3. The agent is in town, and will be pleased to receive your name.

**BOSTON ALMANAC.**—This comprehensive volume for 1874 is upon our table, and we cheerfully commend it to our readers. You can find anything you want within the covers. The U. S. State and City Governments are given; the County officers, churches, societies, express companies, and the business of Boston arranged alphabetically, with many other items of interest to make up a complete work. A valuable map of Boston including the territory lately annexed, accompanies the volume; price, cloth, \$1.00, gilt, \$1.25. Sampson, Davisport & Co., Publishers, 341 12 Washington street, Boston.

**The Nursery.**—Notwithstanding the Sudbury street fire, that destroyed considerable property belonging to the publisher of this juvenile, the delightful work comes to us for the month of February as fresh as ever. The pictures are as pretty as pictures can be. How the little ones will clap their hands when they look at them. Send in your names to John L. Shorey, Publisher, 363 Broadway street, Boston. Terms \$1.50 per year.

**St. Nicholas** for February opens with a charming little poem by W. C. Bryant, and then on the very first page the stories begin with a well told tale of the little girls, "Blanca and Beppo," by J. S. Stacy, full of the flavor of youthful chivalry, and illustrated by a most exquisite engraving by Miss Scamell. Among the other short stories we have "How the Heavens fell" by Rosalind Johnson, illustrated by H. L. Stephens; "How Jane had her own way" by Miss M. N. Prescott; "What St. Valentine did for Milly" by Susan Coolidge;—all good and each one with a character of its own. Besides these, there are the three serials, "Fast Friends," by J. T. Trowbridge, illustrated by White; "Nimpo's Trouble," by Olive Thorne, with a drawing by Miss Hallock; and "What Might Have

Been Expected," by Frank R. Stockton, with an illustration by W. L. Shepard, and one by Sol Eytinge. Among the pictures is a very curious and amusing drawing by F. Beard, showing how little boys may change into frogs if they play leap frog too much. There are useful articles on the Value of Light, Wood, Carving, and about that curious animal, the Mongoose. G. S. Stephens, who has written so much for "Our Young Folks," describes a "Moose Hunt" in Maine; and there is a short resume of Stanley's recent book for boys, bringing in some startling adventures with wild animals in Africa, with pictures that will charm the heart of many a youngster. A poem, "What's the Fun?" by Olive A. Wadsworth, illustrated by eight appropriate cuts, gives, in a lively and rollicking style, an idea of the fun that may be had in each of the months of the year. There are also poems by Celia Thaxter, Silas Dinwiddie, Mary E. C. Wyeth—who contributes some baby valentine verses; and a humorous ballad by Theophilus Higginbotham, called "Mild Farmer Jones and the Naughty Boy," which is illustrated by a very funny illustration by Hopkiss. Two pages for little folks are given this month; and there is some capital talk from "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," a lively personification of the parson, by G. B. Bartlett, well known in this connection to the readers of "Our Young Folks"; and a well filled Riddle Box. The Frontispiece, by W. Brooks, entitled "Being of an ambitious turn of mind," is a drawing picture. This number of "St. Nicholas," like the last, while it keeps its individuality in every particular, shows a decided disposition to accept of every advantage offered by its late absorption of "Our Young Folks." The old readers of the latter magazine will recognize several of the familiar characters in this number of "St. Nicholas," which, by the way, abounds in illustrations, there being no less than fifty pictures in it of the most good, and some of them remarkably fine.

**ADVICE.**—There is so much of beauty and artistic excellence in the February number of this magazine, no lover of the fine arts can afford to allow it to remain a closed book. The privilege held out for the New Year, in the January number, of a volume of surpassing worth and taste, is sustained in this issue. A dozen beautiful pictures embellish its pages, more than half of which are original American views. Mr. W. M. Cary has a spirited full page picture of "Antelope Hunting on the Plains"; the hounds are in full pursuit of a herd of deer, which are coursing like the wind over the foot hills at the base of the Rocky Mountains. Mr. John Hows has a series of five pictures, which he drew in a summer in the region of the famous Juniata River in Pennsylvania. One of these is a grand and massive white picture, representing "The Juniata River, near Huntingdon, Pa.," showing a deep cut through the rocks on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad. Two large companion pieces, "The Juniata River, near Lewisburg, Pa.," and "The Juniata River, near Johnstown, Pa.," show the river winding its way through the hills, and the other charming sketches, full of beautiful water, cloud, and foliage effects, are sketches of the river "Lehigh," "Susquehanna," and "Juniata River near Lewisburg." No finer series of pictures of American scenery has ever been published. Mr. John S. Davis contributes a terrestrial sketch of the village "Nether do well," "An Idle Dog," which is true to life, as well as being graceful in pose and composition. Speech has a fine picture of Scotch grayhounds, "Gentlemen of Leisure," and "Lindarella," is one of those fairy like pictures, after Leighton, representing a pretty maiden sitting by the open fire. The other illustrations are a large handsome picture called "The Old Bible," by G. Wagner, a child reading to her grandmother; a sweet picture of a young lady seated on the downy bank of a stream, "A Child no more," a maiden now; and a dashing sketch called "Budding Genius."

**THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH** is a most useful publication, devoted to a subject of vital importance, affecting the interests of all human beings in every relation of life. We therefore commend it to the attention of every reader. As a first-class magazine, it will pay in any family. The February number contains many important articles among them we would name Occupation, as Affecting Health; Drink, Death-Rate and Pauper-Rate; Disease and its treatment; Agassiz—of What Did He Die? How two of the best material of manufactured, and of reasonable price. Also all the needed material of the instruments, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise. For sale at 30 COURT ST., Boston, by J. C. RAYNES & CO.

**Guardian's Sale of Real Estate.**  
By virtue of a license from the Judge of the Probate Court in and for the County of Middlesex, I shall sell at public auction, on the premises, on Tuesday, the tenth day of February, next, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, all the right, title and interest, to and in, and to a certain lot of land containing about one acre, with the buildings thereon, situated on New Boston street, in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, viz: Western by lot of land, north and easterly by land of John A. Wright; easterly by lot of land of John A. Wright; and southerly by lot of land of John A. Wright. Terms at sale.

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**Dr. Earle of the State Lunatic Hospital** at Northampton, in his clear crisp report to the trustees, thus hits off the mania for "blooded stock," as indicated by the great sale made in New York recently, which sale attracted purchasers even from England. "Several little ones who have been here were ready at any time to present a check for a hundred thousand or a million dollars to any one of their friends and acquaintances; and one man invited the whole household to accompany him free of charge, to a journey round the world in a railroad built by himself, and to cross both oceans upon substantial stone bridges; but no one of the hitherto 2400 inmates has ever offered \$40,000 for a cow?"

**AN INCIDENT ABOUT THE SIAMSE TWINS.**—The Salem Gazette of Aug. 10, 1873, recorded a fact that the death of the Siamese Twins invests with interest for the present time. It reads:  
"Chang and Eng, the Siamese Twins, were arrested on a warrant for breach of the peace at Lynnfield, on Monday last, and bound over to their good behavior, and to keep the peace in the sum of \$200."

They had been stopping for a few days at the Lynnfield Hotel, enjoying themselves fishing on the pond and shooting in the woods, with a young Englishman as an attendant.  
They were much annoyed by the eager curiosity of visitors, who disturbed their intended seclusion. Col. Elbridge Gerry and a Mr. Prescott, of Stoneham, went towards them in a field, but were warned to keep away. Irritating words followed, and the twins, after firing a blank cartridge, struck the colonel with the butt of a gun. Hence the arrest, trial and sentence.

**Married.**  
In Bedford, Jan. 12, by Rev. E. Chase, Mr. Geo. A. Butters, of Lexington, and Miss Margie C. Dutton, of Strong, N.H.  
In Arlington, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. M. Pinotti, Mr. Patrick E. O'Brien, and Miss Mary E. Ryan, both of A.  
In Arlington, Jan. 19, by Rev. G. W. Carter, Mr. Knoll Farmer, of A., and Miss Julia C. Pratt, of Salem.

**Died.**  
In Woburn, Jan. 20, Anna Mahel, daughter of Geo. W. and Ella P. Westworth, aged 5 months.  
In Woburn, Jan. 20, Margaret, wife of Alexander Fredrick, aged 2 years.  
In Burlington, Jan. 16, Frederic W. Ingram, aged 23 years.  
In Roxbury, Mass., Jan. 11, Lena, wife of Horatio Moore, and daughter of Rufus Lovering of Woburn, aged 23 years, 3 months, 4 days.  
In Arlington, Jan. 20, Mrs. Sally James, aged 88.

**Special Notices.**  
Miss Mary P. Meade of Hingham, a pupil of Prof. L. W. Wheeler, of Boston, wishes to take a limited number of pupils on the piano and voice. Terms, fifteen dollars. Hours from 1 to 5 P. M., on Saturdays, at O. Green's room, No. 6 Railroad street, Woburn.

**LOST.**  
On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11th, between the Congregational Church and Green Street, a dog, the finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Haystack Store, near the depot.

**A FUR CAPE.**  
The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving it at Haystack Store, near the depot.

**E. PRIOR,**  
Real Estate and Insurance Agent,  
Auctioneer & Collector.  
OFFICE: 194 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN. 116

**For Sale at a Bargain**  
A good, second-hand PIANO  
Rosewood case, four round corners, in splendid condition, at  
O. GREEN'S, No. 6 Railroad St.,  
Woburn. 126

**JOHN JAMESON,**  
Counsellor at Law.  
14 Pemberton Sq., Boston.

**CORNETS, ALTOS, BASSES, BARITONES,**  
And all other Band Instruments.  
Violins, Violas, Violoncellos, Double Basses, and all Orchestral and Solo Instruments.  
Splendid Large Music Boxes.  
Dramas and Plays for \$35 to \$300.  
The best Guitars for guitar players. In fact all musical instruments of the best material, perfectly manufactured, and of reasonable price. Also all the needed material of the instruments, Violin and Guitar Strings, and all Musical Merchandise. For sale at 30 COURT ST., Boston, by J. C. RAYNES & CO.

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**EAT TO LIVE!**  
Write to A. S. & W. G. Lewis & Co., 25 Long Wharf, Boston, agents for F. F. Smith & Co. CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, for their  
PAMPHLET ON FOODS,  
with important Extracts from Science, Hygiene, and other Scientists. Sent Free. Read it and save your HEALTH and MONEY. 119

**U. S. Postal Cards**  
50 Cts. per HUNDRED.  
Sent by mail or express. Address G. W. Simmons & Son, "Oak Hall," Boston. Samples sent. 118

**Dancing School**  
Central House, - Woburn,  
Friday Evenings.  
MRS. BEAMAN  
Will receive new beginners joining the last half hour, at 7 o'clock. Admitted pupils meet at 8 o'clock. The First Assembly will take place on FRIDAY EVENING, January 24th, at 8 o'clock. Tickets, \$2.00 for course of Four, Ladies Tickets, 50 Cents.  
B. F. TAYLOR, Agent.

**Don't Forget**  
TO CALL AT  
"Woburn Bookstore"

AND BUY AN  
**ALMANAC**  
AND  
**DIARY**  
For 1874,  
and subscribe for some good  
**NEWSPAPER**

**ALMANAC \$2.00 A YEAR.**  
AND  
**DIARY**  
For 1874,  
and subscribe for some good  
**NEWSPAPER**

**MAGAZINE,**  
and buy a box of  
**Initial Stationery**

containing 24 sheets of good  
note paper, and 24  
envelopes, for  
20 cts, 25 cts, 30 cts, 35 cts.

**Sparrow Horton,**  
165 MAIN STREET,  
Woburn, Mass.

**BROWN'S EXTENSION HOD**

**HILL & BABIDGE,**  
240 Main Street, Woburn, Mass

**Don't Spill Over!**  
A new and valuable improvement in Coal Hods, to prevent spilling the coal when filling any kind of receptacle.  
Made by HARTFORD STAMPING CO., Boston, Mass., and for sale by  
JULIA A. DEAN, Guardian of said Minors.  
Woburn, January 23d, 1874. 123

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**Decorated Dinner & Tea Sets**  
The subscriber will offer until the 1st of February next, his entire stock of Decorated Dinner and Tea Sets, at  
DUNCAN MACFARLANE,  
Agent of Estate of Michael Minchin,  
SILAS DEAN, Auctioneer.  
Woburn, Jan. 6, 1874.

**Woburn Journal,**  
**Insurance Broker.**

**TERMS:**  
Boston Office 85 Devonshire St.  
(CORNER OF WATER.)  
Woburn Office 181 Main St.

**WATER RATES.**  
AT STORE OF F. W. HAMMOND. 91  
The 1 1/2 lbs for water and for service pipes are now ready, and all water takers are hereby called upon to make immediate payment for service pipes, and the first semi-annual installment of the water rates. Payment must be made at the Water Board Office, Bank Block, between 3 and 12 A. M.  
E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

**G. F. SMITH & Co.,**  
Watchmakers & Jewelers,  
DEALERS IN  
Watches and Jewelry.  
No. 187 MAIN STREET,  
WOBURN, MASS.

Watches Clocks and Jewelry promptly repaired and satisfaction guaranteed.

**GENTLEMEN BOARDERS WANTED.**  
A few gentlemen of respectability can be accommodated with board and room, at the corner of Main and Green Sts. Apply to Miss ANNA FRENCH, Corner of Main and Green Sts. Woburn, December 15, 1873. 25

**Cemetery Lots For Sale.**  
The Cemetery Committee has laid out, and now offer for sale, a large number of new lots, at prices varying from \$20 to \$50. Inquire of  
P. L. CONVERSE, Cemetery Committee.  
L. H. ALLEN, Cemetery Committee.  
L. L. WHITNEY, Cemetery Committee.

**House For Sale.**  
A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the home-stead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms see, apply to  
LINCOLN EMBERSON,  
90 Main Street, Woburn.

**CAYFORD & HALE,**  
CIVIL ENGINEERS & SURVEYORS,  
OFFICE—Near the Depot,  
ARLINGTON, MASS. 37

**PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE.**  
No. 1 Bulfinch Street, Boston.  
When a thing is counterfeited, it is a proof of its excellence and popularity. The Peabody Medical Institute is a case in point. Founded in good faith many years ago, and devoted to the study of the kind to the country, its success and ever-increasing popularity finally caused its name (Medical Institute) to be printed and adopted by a lot of impostors, quacks, empirics and pretenders, who have been endeavoring to cheat the public by selling under stolen name. The founder of the Peabody Medical Institute can in no way be held responsible for the misdeeds of the name of a reputable and well-known course of instruction and legitimate medical institution, which has been from the start specially devoted to the treatment of nervous diseases, and affections, from whatever causes proceeding. During its existence there have been issued from it several medical publications, dated recently a work on "Diseases of the Nervous System," which have almost a world-wide circulation and popularity. These publications sufficiently attest the high character of the Institute under whose patronage these medical works were published. Mention is made in the work that several of the eminent physicians, who have stolen its name, have their names put on the title of setting their hands in the personal institutions of the Commonwealth.—Boston Herald.

**Sacred Music Books.**  
**THE STANDARD.**  
A collection of Sacred Music for Choirs, Conventions and Singing Schools.  
Price \$1.50. \$13.50 per doz.  
By F. O. Emerson, Editor, and H. R. Palmer of Chicago.  
Prof. Emerson in the East, and Prof. Palmer in the West, are quite unequalled as leaders and composers. THE STANDARD, the result of the united labors of these men, cannot fail to be used universally in the whole country.

**Baumbach's Sacred Quartets,**  
Baumbach's New Collection,  
Baumbach's Motette Collection,  
Baumbach's Second Motette Collection,  
Baumbach's Third Motette Collection,  
Baumbach's Fourth Motette Collection,  
Baumbach's Fifth Motette Collection,  
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# "OLD SAM."

People who live in the Bowery, or the vicinity of Hester street, New York, or who have had occasion to be much in that locality, will probably remember a hobbling old man, somewhat lame, and supporting himself on a stick, who was often to be seen there on Sundays as well as week days, some two years ago. He was decently dressed, but was only known as "Old Sam." He was supposed to live in New Jersey, but no one precisely knew. He was generally taken for a farmer, or for a resident in some little outlying place. People called him also "Lame Sam," and whoever heard his ever quiet mode of speaking, and saw the friendly smile that was always lighting up his face, must have taken him for a very harmless man. And whoever met him on Sundays, venturing his way to church with a most devout aspect, must assuredly have thought that he was a very good old man, who was going thither out of pure piety.

But "Lame Sam" was very little of a saint; on the contrary he was a most ardent scoundrel, who, to get money, was capable of any wickedness, and only went to church for bad motives. In everything he did he had a dishonest object in view, and although he was generally considered as a good old man, he was, in truth, nothing else than a crafty, deceitful scoundrel, and the confederate of a notorious forger, burglar and safe thief, named Crosby.

Sam had been running his evil course for some years, and had systematically circulated counterfeit money wherever occasion had guided him in his wanderings; a proceeding which was easy enough to him with his seemingly honest face, and an aspect from which one would have thought that he could not say "boon" to a goose. And fortune favored him so well, and so long, that he succeeded in accumulating a sum of money, which enabled him to buy a fine farm in Quakerstown, which brought him in a handsome return.

Sam was always at work, for the circulation of counterfeit money continued to remain his sole occupation. But he conducted his vile business so cautiously, so craftily, and under such a pious air, that it never occurred to any one to take him for what he really was. And so, as he hobbled about from place to place, he was always the subject of a friendly good word; until one day the chief of the United States detective police, Colonel Whitley, conceived a suspicion against him, and thus the man who had for so many years been cheating people with false money began to be watched.

As before remarked, Sam always carried a thick stick, which, as he said, he could not do without, because he was so lame that he therefore required a strong support. Wherever he was seen, where ever he went, sitting or standing, he had the stick constantly in his hand. He never let it go from him. But one day, the thought occurred to the detective who was entrusted with the case, that there must be something more about that stick than at first appeared, and he determined to come at the truth of it.

About that time there was a large number of counterfeit notes of various denominations in circulation in New Jersey, and down as far as Maryland. The detective officer, working under the assumed name of Rugg, found out that Sam often paid bills in that direction.

So the officer scraped an acquaintance with Sam. At first, meeting him on the road, he would go with him, then he very soon took a journey on the railroad with him, and the two were constantly in bar rooms and beer houses together. He drank and gossiped with him, and thus the acquaintance grew thicker; at last, on one occasion, Sam was observed to pass a counterfeit ten dollar bill in a hotel, and soon after to repeat the action in another house.

Now the officer went to work. Sam was travelling about in New Jersey, but Rugg was watching him unobserved; and one day, just after Sam had come out of a hotel in a country place, the detective went in and asked whether Sam had spent any money there.

"Yes," answered the landlord, "fifty cents. He is an old miser—never stays through the night."

"What money did he give you?" asked Rugg.

"A ten dollar note,"

"May I see it?"

"Yes, here it is," answered the publican, taking the note out of the till.

"The note is bad," Rugg quietly remarked.

"The devil it is," cried the host.

change it. Sam gladly seized such a good opportunity to do business, and he gave Rugg two counterfeit five dollar bills, for thought he, the fellow is so drunk he will not know a bad note from a good one.

Rugg now begged Sam to go to the store with him, then they would go on together, and, as they set off, Rugg noticed as if for the first time, Sam's stick. "What a curious stick," he stammered. And so saying, he took it out of Sam's hand, looked at it on all sides, and examined it to see if the large top unscrewed. It did; he screwed it off, and found that inside a string was fastened.

Sam was now on thorns, but he was a cunning fellow, and knew how to control himself.

Rugg pulled out the string (which had a knot at the lower end) and fell a little roll of bank notes. He pulled again, another little roll fell out, and then another, till altogether there were twelve rolls of five and ten dollar bills.

Rugg, who still pretended to be drunk, laughed aloud, apparently at the quantity of money he had pulled out; while Sam was confounded, and hardly knew what to say.

"Hallo! you are rich, old fellow, very rich," said Rugg.

Sam collected his notes together again. "Do you think they are all good ones?" asked Sam, soon recovering himself.

Rugg looked at the notes and replied: "Yes, indeed, they are all good," while he had noticed at a glance that they were all new counterfeit bills of the kind recently put into circulation.

"It is curious," said Sam, "I have carried that stick more than twenty years. It belonged once to my father, who is dead, and I never in my life knew that the head would unscrew."

"Twenty years?" stammered Rugg, "and you have had it all the time?"

"Yes, it has never been out of my possession."

"It seems to me," remarked Rugg, still feigning drunkenness, "that your notes were not printed at that time."

That was a delicate question; but Sam went on as if he did not hear it, and when he had gathered together all of his notes, he said, "You wanted to go and buy something in the store; let us go and do it, and then we will move along together."

"So we will," said Rugg, making an effort to stand on his legs.

So they went to the store.

When they had entered, Rugg asked the storekeeper whether the old man had bought any calico of him.

"Yes, about an hour ago," answered the storekeeper.

"And with what did he pay for it?"

"With this note," replied the man, showing Rugg the note he had received from Sam.

"It is a bad one," remarked Rugg, quietly.

"Bad," cried Sam, "that is not possible. Then I will very soon take it back to the place I received it from. I am an old man, and have not very good sight. Is it not a shame to cheat an old man like this?"

Saying this, he wiped the tears from his eyes. Then he looked about in his pockets and brought out ten good one dollar bills, and laid them down, apparently very much enraged at being cheated. He was on the point of going away, when Rugg, who now seemed to be sober again, asked him whether all his money was like this, which to him seemed closely to resemble that which he had seen in his stick, to which Sam replied:

"Indeed, I cannot say, for my eyes are very bad."

dren and happy people among us they have no idea. The Sunday school here is no national and peculiar institution, that I wonder it has not got into literature. The number of people, the country through, who have recollections of them, must be very great. In the days when school discipline was severe than at present, a boy's reason for liking them was that they did not "lick" and "keep in." But the man who looks back upon these festivals will remember some impressions more exalted and mystical than any he has known since. There was a pale little girl, with a demeanor of almost severe purity, and a face quite grave and intense, who, on Sunday mornings was hid from him too often by intervening and constantly interrupting heads, and bonnets. The breeze that swung the branches into the open windows, rattled the Bible leaves, and blew a keen of her yellow hair over her temples. Then there was a boy of fifteen who was the secretary, and who wore coat tails, and who was a very great personage. With book in hand and pencil behind his ear, he went among the girls and gathered penicils, and received the offering of the pale little girl, apparently unconscious that she was unlike the others. This boy was marshal and wore a rosette upon excursions, and when a missionary came to address the school, he rose and moved a vote of thanks.

Wild and thrilling emotions! There was but one unpleasant thing about the Sunday school, that to-morrow was Monday and that the sight of the pale little girl and the pleasant hubbub about Jonah and Elijah, would be exchanged for the long, dark school room, and the desks and the blackboards, and "What place was celebrated for its manufactures, and what place for the intelligence of its inhabitants?" the odious smell of slates and slate pencils; the master's ruler over the hands, and his cane over the legs.

But Sunday schools have of late years become much prettier places than they were fifteen or twenty years ago. The changes in the manner of conducting them, and the adorning and beautifying the rooms seem to mark in our recent religion some *delicates* toward the warm coloring and light heartedness of South-  
Europe. At present they fit them up with furniture, nice furniture, and warm colored carpets, and the walls are decorated with mottoes and texts of Scripture in red, blue and gilt. They sing sweetly and heartily, and the conversational hubbub of voices is very bright and exhilarating. The confusion of tongues and subjects when one sits in the midst of it, is agreeable. A little boy near you spells out, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." In the Bible class, a young collegian of an investigating and somewhat skeptical turn of mind, is confounding the wisdom of his simple minded teacher, who is really in much awe of him, expostulates with his erudition, and logical superiority, and warns him that too much learning has made him mad.

Over the way the bears are devouring the boys who mocked Elijah; while a fair little group of girls at you left are taking down the priests of Baal to destruction which they and their teacher, in a rather matter-of-course and apathetic manner appear to approve. Considering that so many human beings are cut to pieces, the look of mild and tacit acquiescence in the young teacher's countenance is rather dreadful, and it is some-  
what strange that the scholars should inspect each other's dresses and exchange confidences, and that their faces should fall into an absent, and far away expression.

They have none of these pretty things in England.—*Scribner's for February.*

GREELEY AS CHESTERFIELD.—While I was in Washington, Horace Greeley used occasionally to visit us there. I remember that he once breakfasted with me, if I recollect aright, tea-to-ate. Mr. Greeley had long before this discarded Graham bread and a vegetable diet, and had grown to be a very hearty devourer of animal food. After breakfast I lighted a cigar and offered one to him, although I knew he did not smoke. Of course he declined it. He was in capital humor, and turning to me he asked me if I knew that he claimed to be the most polite man in the country. I told him that I recognized his many excellent qualities, but was not aware that he was especially remarkable for the graces of politeness. He assured me that he was, and told me that he had never been beaten in politeness but once in his life. That happened, he said, many years ago, before the day of railroads. Early one morning he left Bagg's Hotel at Utica, in a stage coach westward bound. There was but one passenger beside himself, a gentleman of a very prepossessing appearance, with whom he soon fell into conversation. After a while the stranger slowly, and as it were, mechanically, drew his cigar case from his pocket, and opening it, tendered it to Mr. Greeley, who declined the proffered offer. The conversation was resumed; and presently the stranger, extracting a cigar from the case, placed it in his mouth and returned the case to his pocket. Another interval of talk ensued, when the stranger, abruptly, but deferentially, remarked to Mr. Greeley, "I hope, sir, you have no objection to a cigar." "None in the world, sir, when it is not a light," replied Mr. Greeley. "Oh," replied his companion, "I had not the most remote idea of lighting it." Thereupon Mr. Greeley felt that he had been conquered in politeness, and afterwards ascertained that the victor was the famous Captain Sherman of Lake Champlain.

It is well known how soon drooping old flowers are restored on immersing their stems in water, and how rapidly the water is exhausted from a vessel, although the mouth is wholly closed with a few stalks, say of mint or other herbaceous plants. It is now proved that the power to draw up the water comes from the leaves. These pump it up and throw it off into the air in an invisible form. Every square inch of leaf lifts .025 of an ounce every twenty-four hours. A large forest tree may thus pump up and throw out into the air eight barrels a day.

The Danbury man says that a New Haven officer spent last Sunday in Slawson and attended church. When the contribution box came round he was in a dose, but on being nudged, hastily exclaimed, "I have a pass."

CONTENT OF COURT.—Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves, the one on a chair, the other on end, directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you the witness?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify."

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"Nothing," replied Mr. Hawley. "He comes when I comes. He goes when I goes."

"The animal must leave the court. It is contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him, instantly."

Mr. Rawley had been frequently in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had a slight taste of the sessions; so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been; and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to prevent it. There's the animal, and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin agin it. I knows what contempt of court is; and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg!" said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove that dog."

Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions, and, receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir," he resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger.

Walker a thin man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, very mildly.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home!"

Bitters rose stiffly, and went out, first casting a glance at the man with the wig for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and was soon after seen from the window walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—*From "The Attorney," by John T. Irving.*

A writer in the *London Society* propounds the following plan of silencing that worst of social botes, the anecdote-monger. "Cross-examine him," he says, "on all the salient points of the anecdote. Demand the why, the how, and the when. Suggest that some other course than the one pursued ought to have been taken, and sift the affair as if you were the sternest historical critic. If the relator and his friend Fred Cooper, were thrown out of a dog cart, inquire whether they were driving a horse or a mare; ask who made the dog cart, and what was the height of the wheels. Request him to draw a plan of the spot at which the upset occurred, and be particular in your curiosity as to the harness and the weather. I can confidently, and from experience, recommend this as the most effectual course."

After the Declaration of Independence in the United States, each State commenced the task of drawing up and passing new laws and a form of government to replace those which they had destroyed. During this time there were tedious and bitter debates in the Pennsylvania Assembly, and at the end of two or three months they found themselves saved just where they started. Meanwhile everything went on as usual in the community; there was no trouble, no public disorder of any kind, and one day Franklin said to the representatives or deputies: "Gentlemen, I would call your attention to the fact that while we are here in a state of perfect anarchy, the people are conducting their affairs as usual. Take care! If our disputes continue much longer, they may find out they can do without us."

An advertisement for a district school teacher in New Hampshire concluded in this way: "N. H.—No man need apply who wears a shawl."

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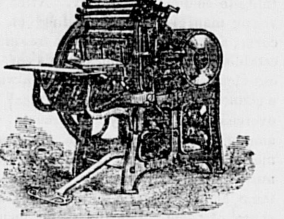
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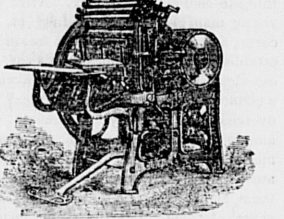
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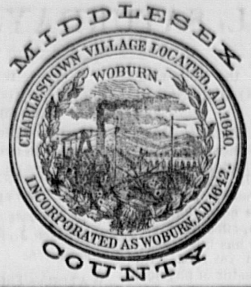
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1874.

NO. 20.

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## Poetry.

### APPRECIATION.

How every soul on earth is pleased with praise!  
How glows the heart, when we good deeds have done.  
And some old friend upon his neighbor says,  
"His father should be proud of such a son."

Perhaps in quiet way we sought to find  
The hidden sorrow of some patient friend—  
Perhaps to heal the trembling hands in ours,  
And sweet and tender sympathy to lend.

What joy, then, comes to us when he looks up,  
And placing both his trembling hands in ours,  
Gives us the right to share with him the cup,  
And shows his thanks in tears, his healing showers.

We pass along life's road—we find it rough;  
So, stooping, we pick up a little child.  
We save him from his cares. It is enough  
At first to keep him safe and undisturbed.

But when to manhood's years he doth arrive,  
And to his battle turns with flag unfurled,  
What bliss to hear "Dear Guardian, I will strive  
To do thy goodness honor in the world."

We give the world a book, a work of art,  
And to his battle turns with flag unfurled,  
What bliss to hear "Dear Guardian, I will strive  
To do thy goodness honor in the world."

Appreciation causes nobler deeds;  
Praise leads to broader life and greater soul;  
For some new work the past one still succeeds,  
And renders life a sweet, attractive whole.

Then show your interest, even in little things.  
And to all deeds, attribute motives true;  
Not only mutual pleasure from it springs,  
But for reward, God will appreciate you.

### Selected.

## HETTY'S DOUGHNUTS.

The long rays of the afternoon sun slipped in at Mrs. Baxter's open door, danced gaily over the spotless floor of the ample kitchen, darted in and out for a moment or two among the highly polished things which stood in orderly rows on the dresser, and then suddenly plunged there, as if they had at last found what they were seeking, and had no wish to wander more. They could not well have found a fairer resting place than those same rich braids, red in the shadow, and gold in the sun, unless they had chosen the long soft lashes, or the roguish dimple, or the soft, pink cheeks, or the rosy lips. But not the lips were being constituted but an uneasy resting place, for they were in tolerably constant motion. Not that any one who heard Hetty Morriess speak would have wished her to be silent; still, silent she seldom was—at least in her waking hours.

At the moment when the sunbeams first pointed her out to us, as she stood at the great table rolling out dough, her sleeves fastened up, and her round white arms here and there dabbled with flour, scarcely whiter, she was softly talking to herself.

"Dear me! I shall never get these miserable doughnuts done by tea time," she was saying, as she cut off a strip of dough and gave it an airy twist; "and that horrid fat gets hotter and hotter every minute. The last two kettlefuls are utterly ruined."

"If that is 'utter ruin'" remarked a masculine voice, "I am willing to take it off your hands. Pass me the pan, Miss Hetty." And the vines trailing over the east window were gently moved aside, and a dark, curly head, adorned with two or three shavings, proceeded to insert itself into the open window, as if a portrait had suddenly pushed its way into a frame.

Hetty tossed her head. "No, I thank you, Mr. Kennedy," said she, with another twist of the light dough. "Uncle Baxter knows to a doughnut how many there should be in a batch; and if there were one missing, I should suffer for it."

"Oh, nonsense!" said her companion. "He is not so bad as that. Tell the truth, Hetty, and it is you who grudge me the poor satisfaction of a solitary cake. Never mind. There's a good time coming soon, when they will be every day affairs with me."

"What do you mean?" asked Hetty, pausing with her fork in her hand.

"What should I mean, except that I am thinking of getting married?" replied the young man in the window, brushing off a shaving as he spoke.

"Oh, I hadn't heard," observed his companion, returning with supreme indifference to her rolling pin.

"Haven't you?" I am surprised at that," was the reply, "for it has been all over town for the last fortnight."

"I wish that you were not so fond of those silly jokes, Frank," said Hetty, decidedly.

"I will agree to abandon the habit from this time forth forever," he replied, looking very handsome and penitent; "that is, if you will give me a certain slight token that I am forgiven."

"What shall it be?" she asked, with a deepening blush and a very encouraging smile.

"If you love me, my dear, bestow on me that crispy doughnut which adorns the top of your plate," he responded, theatrically, striking an attitude as he spoke.

Hetty's heels clicked expressively as she walked to the pantry door, her head high in the air.

"Help yourself," she said briefly.

"Thanks!" responded Frank, reaching a long arm in at the window and over to the big table. "It is more convenient than I thought. I could easily have the whole panful."

No reply.

"Dead silence."

"Come here, little girl, and give me a better token of forgiveness."

"Help yourself," was the demure response.

With an agile spring Frank perched upon the window sill, when from the upper regions a voice, clear and sharp made itself heard in the succinct inquiry,

"Cakes done, Hetty?"

"Yes, aunt. Do you want me?" asked the girl, darting to the door.

"Come up," was the rejoinder; and Miss Hetty, looking triumphantly back as she attained a secure position in the doorway, had the satisfaction, due to a mischievous heart, of beholding a discomfited countenance disappear from the window, as Mr. Frank Kennedy dropped down on the outside. The vines rustled for an instant, and then were still. Hetty closed the door, and the sunbeams and the huge pan of doughnuts had the big kitchen all to themselves.

Mrs. Baxter sat examining a chestful of woolen clothes, in the cool solitude of the north chamber.

"Those pesky moths have got in here, after all," she remarked, as her niece entered the room. "Look at that garment, now, and she exposed to view an ancient garment completely riddled with holes. 'You just sit down here, Henrietta, and sort out all the stockings into that basket by themselves. You'll have just about time before you set the supper table.'"

Hetty sat down as directed, and was soon deep in a musty heap of stockings and flannels.

"There's Will Lowry going by," said her aunt, pausing a moment in her occupation and glancing out of the open casement. "I must ask him about Aunt Eliza. Good evening, William," she called, leaning over the sill, and addressing a good-looking, broad-shouldered young fellow who was passing the gate.

"How's all the folks, particularly your Aunt Eliza?"

All the folks are well except Aunt Eliza, and she's better," replied the young man, pausing in his walk to prolong the interview. "Aunt Martha is going to have a sewing society up there tomorrow."

"They'll eat her out of house and home," rejoined the old lady, rather grimly. "That reminds me, William, I promised to send your aunt some of my yeast cakes, and if you don't mind a bundle, you might take them along with you. They are on the kitchen table. If you'll just step round to the back door, you'll find them quite handy."

"I'll just run down and get them for him," proposed Hetty, anxious to escape from the wool chest, and not at all averse to a little flirtation with Will Lowry.

"You just stick to the stockings, Miss Morris," answered her aunt, promptly. "Let him wait on himself."

Presently the last pair of stockings was laid away, and then her aunt said: "Now get the tea and be quick about it too, Henrietta, for I see father's wagon driving round to the barn now."

Hetty flew down to the kitchen, hurriedly put the tea to draw, and neatly set out on the white cloth, snowy bread, golden butter and crimson jelly, all made by her own deft fingers. Then she ranged before her uncle's plate a huge platter of cold boiled beef, a dish of cold potatoes and another of pork and greens. Then, standing at one side, she glanced critically over the generous board to see if all was complete. Something about the arrangement struck her as faulty; but at first she could not satisfy herself as to what it was. At last a light broke in on her mind.

"How near I came to forgetting the doughnuts! How uncle would have fretted to be sure. I am glad I thought before he came in."

So saying, she took a plate and went into the pantry. Not a doughnut was to be seen. She examined the cupboard under the milk shelf. There was a bread box, a jar of cookies, and two lusty loaves of gingerbread, but no doughnuts.

She brought a wooden chair from the kitchen, and stood there to search the topmost shelf.

There she beheld only pots and preserves, together with some dried fruit, all very much covered with dust, but no doughnuts.

She pulled out the big pie board from behind the door barrel (the pie-board made by Frank at the age of ten years—his earliest essay in the carpentering line—and which warped past all using within the first month of its existence). No doughnuts—nothing but two or three colobes, against which she promptly registered a vow. As she was replacing the board a thought darted through her mind which caused the smiles to fade quickly away, and a frown of annoyance as quickly succeeded them.

"Frank! That is the reason he went home so early from his work, is it? How silly of him to play me such a trick. If he only knew how cross Uncle Baxter can be when he is vexed. What shall I do? And poor Hetty began turning over in her mind all sorts of excuses for the non-appearance of her uncle's favorite delicacy, none of which would do in the least, and in the midst of which she heard his rough voice in the kitchen.

"Supper ready?"

"All ready," she answered faintly, from the depths of the pantry, and hastily cutting several thick slices of gingerbread, she hurried out and took her seat at the table.

"What time did Frank go?" inquired her uncle, of nobody in particular, at the same time heaping his plate with meat and vegetables.

Hetty said nothing, and her aunt replied:

"Somewhere between five and six; I don't know exactly."

"Did he get through with that door before he went?" demanded the rough voice again.

"He did," replied Aunt Baxter, concisely.

Hetty breathed more freely.

"What that fellow does with his time is more than I know," growled Uncle Baxter. "It's lucky for him he's working by the job, or he'd hear a piece of my mind."

Farmer Kennedy's "woman-kind," as he was wont courteously to term it, the ladies of his family, understood his ways, and usually passed over his ebullitions of temper in silence, knowing that he would doubtless set himself into better humor in due course.

"I believe he spends half his time gossiping with the women," he continued, rightly surmising that the subject was distasteful to his wife and niece, and therefore doggedly pursuing it. "Has he been in here this afternoon, Henrietta?"

"No, sir," replied Hetty, boldly, though a recollection of Frank's parting attitude came over her guiltily, as she spoke.

"Well, see that he don't then, and you just lend to your work," was the surly rejoinder, and the old man subsided into a discussion of his dish of greens.

For a few minutes silence reigned about the table, Aunt Baxter, with the policy induced by long experience, and Hetty because her angry tears choked her utterance. Presently a subdued conversation commenced and was for some time carried on in an undertone between the aunt and niece. Suddenly came the awful question, which had all the time been hanging like a doom over poor Hetty's head.

"Where's the doughnuts?"

"They were just done, and quite hot," replied Hetty, flashing crimson. "The gingerbread is fresh, and I thought you would just as lief have it to-night."

"You know better," amiably returned Uncle Baxter. "Just you step quick and get some."

Hetty mechanically arose to obey, when her aunt quietly observed:

"It seems a pity to let the gingerbread dry, but I suppose Aunt Samanthy will be glad of it."

"Aunt Samanthy won't get it, then, that's all," rejoined her lord and master, quite unconscious that this was precisely the response she wished and expected.

"Sit down, Henrietta, and another time don't eat gingerbread, when there's fresh doughnuts in the house."

"So that danger was over, but in proportion as her fear of her uncle's displeasure unoppressed away, her indignation against Frank Kennedy increased. She could not readily forgive him the scolding she had received, or the more formidable one she had escaped.

"I think I'll run up to grandma's," said Aunt Baxter, the next day, as they left the dinner table. "If you can clear away the things alone."

"Oh I can do that easily enough," replied Hetty, with alacrity; for the poor child had been planning all the morning how she could get an opportunity to replace that dreadful missing dish.

"Very well," said her aunt; "and if you want something to do, you might sort the rest of those flannels."

"I want to gather my dress skirt," said Hetty, faintly, blushing as she did so at the deception.

"Well, I don't care, so you're not idle," and Aunt Baxter walked heavily and respectfully out of the gate adorned with her Sunday bonnet and best mantle.

No sooner did the gate click behind her than Hetty felt to work with the greatest energy. Eggs were beaten, spice measured, sugar and shortening weighed and worked into the dough, which had been surreptitiously rising behind the kitchen door since morning. The fat was tested, and the strips of the soft yielding mass speedily reappeared in crisp, brown twists piled up in a large yellow dish, which dish was speedily placed out of reach from the open window. The young lady did not even swing her work to-day, but frowned blackly instead, as she drew from table to stove. The frown deepened perceptibly when just as she was contemplating the last of the golden brown cakes, a well known voice from the window was heard exclaiming:

"Heaven defend us! What a capacity Uncle Baxter must have for doughnuts, if he has eaten all you made yesterday, and now demands more."

This was too much. Hetty felt the blood leaping through her veins.

"Mr. Kennedy," she said, icily, "it is possible to carry a joke too far. I am busy this afternoon that I cannot stop to hear you talk nonsense." With which cutting quotation, she turned with much dignity to leave the room, and presently found herself wildly struggling with the door latch, which with the usual perversity of inanimate things, chose this inauspicious moment for sticking fast.

"Won't you tell me what I've done?" pleaded the delinquent, seizing his opportunity.

"I don't care to discuss the point," replied Hetty, still fumbling with the obdurate door latch.

"How unfair you are!" he broke out, impatiently. "You accuse me of some mysterious offense, and then utterly refuse to allow me to defend myself?"

"I don't accuse you of anything," said Hetty, shaking the door furiously. "I know that you consider joking at every time and on every subject perfectly allowable; but when I have told you fairly what uncle can be when he is vexed, I did think it very cruel and inconsiderate that you should set him on me just for a silly trick."

"I give you my word, Hetty, that I had no idea of your uncle's really grudging me those cakes, if that is what you mean, or even knowing anything about it," Hetty elevated her eyebrows. "Of course I know he is stingy and all that, but I had no idea you were in earnest when you said he would visit it on your head. My taking them at all was only a bit of fun."

"And a very stupid bit of fun," interpolated Hetty. But just before the door yielded to a particularly vicious twitch, and Hetty rushed up stairs.

The tea things were hurriedly washed up and put away that evening, and Mrs. Baxter set forth sedately through the village street, for it was conference meeting night. Who does not know that meeting well, with its swinging kerosene lamp, whose light seems always in your eyes, whichever way they turn, until you close them for relief; the solemn countenance of the good deacon who "leads," the doubtful hymn; the awful pauses; the long personal gratitude to some long winded, prosy brother, who rises and "fills up the time," after a deathly pause of unusual duration; and the blessed period which closes the service and removes the restraint that for two hours has bound the senses of all present. The closing prayer is offered, and the words spoken which dismiss the worshippers, who stream out into the narrow aisles, the older ones gravely exchanging bits of local gossip, the younger, to whom this is the moment of culminating interest, wishing, fearing and hoping. The girls cast blushing glances toward the phalanx of tall youths on either side of the door, and the youths, having already made a selection, only await opportunity. Happy those whose no disappointment awaits; for almost there must be some "previous engagements." Then comes the delicious saunter homeward through the soft evening, the elders having considerably gone on before; the lingering at the gate while the trees softly whisper overhead, and the good night, though they had not exchanged a glance. Alas, that youth comes but once, and will not return after disappointments have taught us to value aright its sweet dream life.

Hetty walked demurely out of meeting that night at her aunt's side, conscious, though they had not exchanged a glance, that Frank Kennedy was awaiting her. A little lonely sense of separation from him came over her, but it did not soften her resentment. It had become a regular thing for Frank to walk home from meeting with her; she was vexed with herself when she thought how regular it was. As this thought passed through her mind, she became aware, though her eyes were cast down, that Frank was approaching her on one side, while Will Lowry was offering her his arm on the other. P'xing a cold look on the former—a look which cut him to the heart—she turned with one of her brightest smiles to the latter, and with a "Thank you, Mr. Lowry," she walked away with him, leaving Frank gazing after her with a look of pain and perplexity mingled.

As for Hetty, though she talked and laughed in her gayest tones, and leaned on Will's arm and glanced up in his face in her usual coquettish manner, her heart was heavy within her, nor did she feel happier, though she became much gayer, when, a few minutes later, Frank passed her with Selma Burton clinging to his arm confidentially.

"Is that an engaged couple, Miss Morris?" asked her companion as Selma's lips tingled away in the distance.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Hetty with a light laugh; and then the conversation drifted into the usual talk of two young persons taking the longest way home under the stars on a balmy summer evening. They stood for some time by the gate, trying to distinguish various constellations in the sparkling heavens—so long, in fact, that Frank Kennedy, returning no doubt, from similar astronomical researches with Selma, heard Hetty's clear laugh, and paused for a moment, half intending to join her. But his better judgment prevailed, and he walked away and disappeared in the darkness. Then Will and Hetty exchanged a good night over the low gate—several good nights, in fact—and then parted.

Everything had gone exactly as Miss Morris wished. She had crushed Frank to the earth with her scorn, and she had shown him that she was by no means dependent on his attentions. Certainly no one could ask for a more devoted suitor than Will Lowry. Everything he had said during the evening had shown her plainly that she had but to stretch out her hand and take him. And how manly and handsome he was. "I will take him too, if he offers himself," said Hetty to herself as she put out her light. Then she very conscientiously cried herself to sleep.

The next day passed like a dream to her. She performed her usual duties as if she were somebody else. Frank was still at work in the barn, having not quite finished his job; but he did not once look towards the house, as far as Hetty could see—much less come toward it; and she noticed that he had left off the customary whistling over his work. Even Farmer Baxter could not complain of any neglect on that day. Just at six o'clock, while she was setting the table, feeling thoroughly wretched and forlorn, her heart gave a great bound. There he stood in the doorway. She had been feeling all the afternoon that if he came to her again, in spite of his offences, she could not resist him. She was too unhappy without him, and now he had come, as she had hardly dared hope he would do. She hastily summoned up all her pride, that her surrender might not be too sudden or absolute, and went forward with a rigid air quite contradicted by her rapidly beating heart.

"This is the key to the tool house," Hetty said, placing in her outstretched hand a cold door key, instead of the fervent clasp she expected. "Tell your uncle I've not through. Good night," and he was gone before she could form a reply.

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"This is the end of everything," said poor Hetty to herself. "Now if Will Lowry comes I will accept him."

Will Lowry did come in this evening, but she had no opportunity of carrying out her resolution, as his aunt came with him expressly to see Aunt Baxter, and they all sat together in the sitting room, except Uncle Baxter, who audibly slumbered on the kitchen lounge during the entire call, greatly to the mortification of his niece. What that young lady said and did during the evening she could not tell. She was living over and over that cold parting with Frank Kennedy, and feeling again the chill of that disappointing door key. As the visitors turned to go, Will remarked—

"Aunt Martha, you have nearly forgotten your errand."















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**POULTRY AND EGGS.**  
B. F. COLEGATE,

## Poetry.

**THIRTY-FIVE.**  
As one who climbs a mountain steep,  
And pauses on his way  
With backward glance his path to sweep—  
So would I pause to-day.

Half way! and looking down the road,  
The snow that hushes my feet,  
The wayworn thorn, the tremulous load,  
Make this short rest seem sweet—  
Half way.

Half way! a hush obscures my sight;  
My eye grows dim with tears,  
As, looking down from this height,  
I count my hurried years—  
Half way.

Ah, how low bright and happy seem!  
Their graves are strewn with flowers;  
But others around me in their gloom,  
And bring back heavy hours—  
Half way.

How many a treasure from my grasp  
Has slipped along the way!  
Father! thy strong and steady clasp  
I seek now to-day—  
Half way.

Half way along! I look above,  
But nothing can I see;  
My Father's guidance and his love  
Are all to me—  
Half way.

Half way! and may I never count,  
My three-score years and ten;  
But looking down on life's rough mount  
Think that the night is near—  
Half way.

Aye, looking down! I fear my feet  
Will slip and stop for rest so sweet,  
And drop life's weary load—  
Half way.

## Select.

**DUDLEY'S ESCAPE.**

"Well, Master Dudley, and what news have you now? How fares the cause of his Majesty the King?"

The speaker was a Worcestershire squire. The person whom he addressed was a man of fine presence and military bearing, of good descent, yet with a decided business turn. His father had been a nobleman, and at the same time an iron manufacturer. This son had left Oxford at twenty to assume direction of his father's forge and furnace. In such work he was deeply interested and actively engaged when the great civil war broke out—the war between Charles I. and the people of England. Dudley had, by reason of birth and education, espoused the cause of the King, and had risen to the rank of general of artillery. After many successes by the Parliamentary army a lull had fallen, which was broken in 1648 by tumults and uprisings in Wales. The influence of this commotion had extended through England, but the vigorous measures of Fairfax, the Parliamentary commander, had compelled the concentration of the insurgents at Colchester in Essex. Against them a strenuous siege was being carried on by Fairfax at the time our story opens.

"Ill enough, Master Hodgson," was Dudley's answer. "Our friends are hard beset in Colchester, and the Round-head Cromwell is sitting down before Pembroke. Yet both places make gallant resistance, and the right cause may yet triumph."

"Twere a good deed now to raise troops here in the west and strike a blow for King Charles while the crop-ears are busy elsewhere."

"Yes, neighbor, you have reason on your side, and my blood tingles to recover for his Majesty something of what he has lost in these evil times. But how, and at what cost?"

"So Dudley rode forth, along his neighbors. 'Harcourt,' he said to one who had been a major in royal forces during the struggle, 'end in 1648—'

'Harcourt, shall we not make head once more for our good lord and King? He hath right to our swords and lives; and it is to our shame that we lie still when our friends elsewhere are in peril for the cause.'"

"With all my heart, Dudley," was the answer. "Yea, I will ride with you to rescue the country side, and take the field against the frantic rebels, whose success has made them more insolent than I can bear."

They rode together, therefore, and gathered about them many more gentlemen and their adherents, until they could number two hundred men.

In the neighborhood of the village of Madeley, in Staffordshire, the place where John Fletcher lived and wrote more than a century later, was a wood called Bosco Bello. The rendezvous of Dudley and his friends was appointed there for safety and secrecy until such time as, being drilled and organized, their forces might be fit for some feasible purpose.

But, in the meantime, the adherents of the Parliament had not been idle either.

One bright morning a company of Puritans marched into the wood with the firm purpose of destroying the "malignants," as they termed them. In vain Dudley and his fellow officers urged their followers to the conflict. The desperate intensity of the Parliament men was not to be withstood, and in comparatively a few minutes they were wholly triumphant. Many of the poor fellows who had meant to fight for the divine right of kings, lay dead under the trees of Bosco Bello, and of those who remained alive, nearly all were taken prisoners. Among these were the officers and men of mark with Dudley at their head.

"So, Master Dudley," said the leader of the successful party, "here is but an ill end of your misplaced loyalty. A man like you had better have feared God, and fought for the Parliament, than to be misleading tenants and servants to death for a traitor and a tyrant."

"False traitor, thou," cried Dudley; "on thee and such as thou, be the curse of all the bloodsuckers and the desolation made in this fair country!"

He would have gone on in his passionate utterances, but the Puritan commander cut him short.

"Take master Dudley and his fellow malignants to Worcester," said he; "he once fortified it against us; now that it is in our hands, let him test its strength as a prison."

So Dudley and Harcourt and Major Elliott and others, were taken away to Worcester, which Dudley had indeed strengthened and fortified for the King, but which had since fallen into the hands of his enemies. The treatment of the captives was far from gentle, for those were rough as well as earnest times. When they reached the city they were conducted to the prison like dangerous felons, and strict measures were taken for their safe detention.

"Let double guards be stationed at the prison doors, to be relieved every four hours. Double guards likewise at every gate of the city, and strict watch at every outlet, that no knaves and traitors may escape."

Such were the orders given in the presence of Dudley and his companions, who were then pushed into the courtyard of the prison, and presently locked in a large upper room. There they were left to such meditations as the place and circumstances might suggest.

Immediate escape was what they suggested to Dudley. He looked carefully for means to that end.

The window was barred with iron; Dudley, helped by his comrades, climbed up and looked out. Far below lay the roofs of the adjacent houses, which, as always in the crowded old walled cities, stood close together, and were even, in some cases built against the very walls of the jail.

"If I had but a knife or a dagger, and you would bear me up," said Dudley, "I would soon dig these bars from their bed, and risk the life to the tiles below."

But neither knife nor dagger was in the company. They had been too thoroughly searched and completely plundered. Wherefore, Dudley came down again, and sat among his fellow prisoners, helpless but not hopeless. Revolving many things in his mind and looking all about he spied a steel knee buckle, worn by Cornet Hodggets, a young man who had fought beside him for the King in more than one occasion.

"The very thing," he exclaimed; "Hodgets, give me but that buckle, and I will make such a hole in this den as shall give us all our freedom."

The buckle was quickly torn off and put into his hand. "Now, Elliott, man, lend me your broad shoulder, for a standing place, and I will begin my operations."

"Nay," interposed Major Long, a wise old soldier, "you surely will not work at the window in open daylight. He will see you from the street below, and so your hopes will be defeated."

"You say well, Major," was the reply; "but I'll ascend up and try which is the softest stone in the case."

This he did. The sharp corner of the buckle soon made an impression upon the soft stone in which the bars were set. Dudley was satisfied that two hours' work would suffice to open a passage. He made a careful survey of the neighborhood, and noticed in what direction the open country lay nearest at hand, when he was contented to wait for night.

The long summer twilight came, and waned. As the shadows grew thick, the royalist climbed up again, and began his work. By and by the moon looked in.

"You will be discovered," boded the old major. But friendly clouds rolled up and covered the moon, save for a few occasional glimpses.

"How goes it now?" inquired Elliott, and after what seemed a long interval, in which gentle showers of dust and lime had been falling steadily upon his head, "Have a little patience, good Elliott," was the response; "this bar is almost unseated."

Presently the bar was entirely detached from its setting, and a man could easily pass through the space thus made.

"Tis a long leap to the house tops, but I'll venture it," said the sturdy Dudley.

"Follow me, comrades, as you best can. Here is no time for ceremony."

With that he crept out of the opening, and holding to the stone sill by his hands, lowered himself as far as possible, then let go his hold and fell upon the tiles with a thud that was heard by his companions in the prison. A silence followed.

"I fear he hath taken some hurt," said Long. "He was ever over bold. Climb thou up the window, Elliott, and see if he be dead or alive."

Helped by the others, Elliott did so. In the darkness he could barely distinguish a shadow from the window.

"Hie, Dudley," he cried, "art hurt, man?"

"Nay! Safe and well so far, but waiting for the rest. 'Tis no great fall. Come on, and leave to the Roundhead curs their empty room."

Major Elliott turned back and held council with his comrades. They united in urging him to make the attempt to escape, although they, for various reasons, could prosecute it no further. Thus encouraged, the soldier followed Dudley's example, and in a few minutes stood beside him.

The city was altogether quiet. A few lights might be seen twinkling from windows here and there, and the steeples of a great church were illuminated for some reason. Otherwise all was dark.

"The houses continue in a direct line to the city wall," remarked Dudley. "If we can but reach that undiscovered, I make little doubt that we can get away."

"Heave with you," replied Elliott. "Tis but a bold push, and if we fail, our case can be but little worse."

Creeping carefully along the roofs, they set forward, and in a few minutes reached the wall of the southern side of the city, not far from the river front. The street was closed by a gate whereat double sentries were stationed. The adventurers heard their step, the rattle of

their matchlocks, even their voices, as they spoke to each other in subdued tones. When these were hushed, they heard the Severn flowing through the night. There was a sense of freedom in the sound, that made them more resolute than ever to obtain their own liberty.

The only possible way of escape was over the wall and that was extremely high. To drop from it involved great risk of life or limb. Even if that peril were escaped, the noise would certainly attract the attention of the vigilant guards, and swift pursuit, if not death from their matchlocks, was inevitable.

For a moment they were brought to a pause; but Dudley's fertile mind conceived an expedient. He went to a window in the room on the slope most distant from the guards. There was no light in the room nor any sign of occupation. He shook the casement gently; there was no token that any one heard him. The window seemed to be securely fastened; but Dudley had his steel buckle, and with it he cut away the lead that held one of the diamond shaped panes in its place. He then removed the glass, thrust his hand through the opening and drew the bolt. He stepped softly into the chamber. The moon was struggling with the clouds and sometimes overcoming them, so that it was not absolutely dark. With cautious movements the royalist advanced until his hand rested upon a bed. If it were occupied, and the sleeper, being awakened, should give the alarm! But it was empty.

Dudley stripped off his sheets and blankets, and carried them to the window Elliott answered his whispered call, and took them from his arms. Ensconcing themselves behind a chimney, the two soldiers applied themselves to tearing the articles into strips and knotting them together. Soon they had a long and strong rope.

"If they be Roundheads we have robbed," his lawful spoil of war," whispered Elliott. "And if they be no less than the King's side, they will count it no loss if it have helped his poor servants in their need."

One end of the rope was fastened securely around the chimney, the other was thrown over the wall. "Go you down first, Elliott," urged Dudley. "Make no stay for me, but hasten directly to London. There or elsewhere, we shall surely meet, if we both get safely from here."

The soldier went to the edge of the wall, running his hand along the rope. He tested its strength by two or three pulls, and then committed himself to it for the descent. Hand over hand he went down, bracing his feet against the wall. The cord swung loose, and Dudley, watching above, knew that his friend was safe on the solid ground. A great creak in the city struck "two!" A sentinel cried "All's well!" The call was repeated from gate to gate around the circuit of the walls. Dudley swung off the parapet. A minute and he was free, standing in the open country with his face towards London.

Notwithstanding his counsel to the contrary, Elliott had waited for him. They set out together. But Dudley did not fancy a journey of a hundred miles on foot.

He proposed a visit to the stables of some of the nearby farms. Passing through the fields with that intent, they found one horse grazing already saddled and bridled; no unusual thing in those troubled times, when no man knew at his own life, or for the good of the cause he espoused. This animal Elliott took, Dudley going on to the stable, where he soon provided himself with a spirited steed.

He rode down to the Severn, where a bond in the river brought him in full view of the sleeping city. He turned in his saddle to look. The moon came out from behind a dark bank of cloud. The image of walls and roofs and spires was faintly reflected in the swift current. The light in the illuminated steeple shone through two round windows that had a grotesque resemblance to glowing eyes. But they did not discern the escaping royalist. No outcry rose on the silence; no sound that indicated discovery or threatened pursuit. With a sigh for the friends left in captivity, Dudley shook his bridle, struck his horse with the whip and galloped swiftly towards London and liberty.

"It is related of the mother—a good old unsophisticated soul—of one of our famous low comedians, that she would never go a second time to see her son. Having seen him once, she returned home hurt and indignant. 'What!' she said, 'you don't see how all those people make fun of you? The minute you appeared, they all began to laugh at you. Now, just look at — People don't laugh when he plays; and that is just what I should like to see with you.'"

A beautiful instance of unanimity of spirit and perfect accord of views is seen in the case of a certain married couple in Maine. It was a cold morning, and he wasn't going to get up and build a fire. Her opinion and intentions coincided precisely, and for just thirty-nine hours there was nobody got out of that bed. Then the wife, not wishing to appear obstinate, yielded, and they ate a large breakfast.

The Portland Advertiser says a young and popular unmarried pastor of a church, not a thousand miles from this city, recently received a "call" to another, and when it became known that he had decided to accept it, one of his flock, a middle aged, unmarried lady, exclaimed, "I am glad of it, for we shall probably have a married man, whom I can love just as much as I please."

## VESTOL'S GRIT.

The following interesting account of a young Quaker who could not be induced to fight in the late war, though conscripted, is from the pen of a prominent citizen of this State—a leading member of the bar of an adjacent county, and an ex-Judge Advocate and officer of the Confederate States army in the late war. It is a faithful narration of one of the most interesting and curious events of the war:

I have just read in the Banner of the 10th inst. a fragment of Gov. Foote's reminiscences, headed, "How a Quaker Refused to Fight." As I am familiar with the facts and circumstances alluded to, and as the case greatly interested me at the time, I have thought it might be of some interest to your readers to go into details more than is done in Gov. Foote's brief allusion to the case.

The young Quaker alluded to is T. H. Vestol, who lived near Columbia, Tenn. When Gen. Bragg's army was at Shelbyville, Tenn., young Vestol was conscripted and sent to that place; he was assigned to duty in the Fourth Tennessee regiment, commanded by Col. McMurray, of Nashville. He reported to the regiment as required to do, but utterly refused to perform military duty of any character or description. Neither by threats nor persuasion could he be induced to alter his determination. The officers of the regiment were as humane as they were true and gallant, and, after every effort had failed to induce Vestol to perform the duties of a soldier, they gave the matter up in despair, and told him to leave and go home, which he did. But shortly thereafter another conscript officer came along and Vestol was again duly enrolled as a conscript, and ordered to report at Bragg's headquarters. Not being ready just then to leave his home, he asked and obtained the time of two weeks within which to report, some citizen of Columbia—Chancellor Fleming as I now remember—going his security that he would report at the end of the time. Before the two weeks had expired, Gen. Bragg had fallen back to Chattanooga. All alone and on foot, Vestol went to Chattanooga, and reported at Bragg's headquarters. By a most singular coincidence, he was again assigned to the Fourth Tennessee. Col. McMurray, from his Shelbyville experience, knew he had a tough customer to deal with. He concluded he would try the force of moral suasion, so one day he sent for Vestol to come to his quarters, and undertook to convince him from the Scriptures that he was wholly wrong in his ideas and position. But the young Quaker was rather too much for the gallant Colonel in the Scripture argument, and the Colonel sent for his Chaplain to talk to Vestol and convince him that he was altogether wrong in his refusal to fight or to perform military duty. The Chaplain came and opened the argument after this wise: "I wouldn't give a cent for a religion that is opposed to my country."

Said Vestol, "I wouldn't give a cent for a country that is opposed to my religion."

The argument lasted for some time, but left the young Quaker unconvinced, and determined to do no military duty of any description. He refused to police the camp, or do the least thing that could be tortured or construed into military duty. At last, Col. McMurray, wholly unable to do anything with Vestol, sent him to brigade headquarters. Here he was reasoned with, and every effort made to induce him to go and perform the duties of a soldier, but he was firm and inflexible as the everlasting hills. He was told that if he persisted in his course he would be subjected to severe punishment, and finally would be shot for disobedience of orders. He replied that they had the power to kill him, but neither the Federal nor Confederate army possessed the power to force him to abandon his principles, or prove false to his religion. I remember endeavoring to persuade him one day to pay the \$500, which the law provided a Quaker might pay, and be exempt from military duty, and asked him if he couldn't raise that amount and pay it, and thus get rid of the troubles that I plainly saw ahead of him if he persisted in his course.

He said he could raise the money, without any difficulty. "But," said he, "suppose I pay the Confederate Government \$500—that will enable them to employ some one else to fight, and it will be equivalent to my hiring another man to do what I think is wrong to do myself. I can't do that."

I then said to him: "Suppose I could get you the position of nurse in a hospital, to care for the sick, would you be willing to do that?" He said, "I regard it my duty to do all I can for the sick and afflicted in either army, but if I were to take the position of nurse in a hospital, I would thereby occupy the place of some other man who would go out and fight, and so declined to do that. Learning from him that he knew how to make pottery or earthenware, I told him there was a manufactory of that sort in Georgia. 'Now suppose you could be detailed to work there, would you not be willing to go?' He replied: 'If it is to a private establishment, I will go; but if it is a Government establishment, I can't go.' Everything that could be constructed, directly or indirectly into military duty, he refused most emphatically to engage in. He was only about 18 years of age. I soon became satisfied that he acted from principle, and would go to the stake, or meet death in any shape it could assume, rather than sever one particle from what he conceived to be his duty. It was the sublime exhibition of moral courage I had ever witnessed, and was the more remarkable from being found in a boy of only 19, away from his family and friends.

I asked him one day if he had no sympathy in the contest—if he had no preference as to which side should be successful. "O yes," he said, "I should prefer to see the South victorious, as I live in the South and among Southern people." I heard a gentleman say to him, "Vestol, did you ever exhibit any emotion about anything in your life—did you ever cry in your life?" "Oh, yes," he said, "I have cried in my life."

"Well," said the gentleman, "I would like to know what were the circumstances that caused you to cry." "Well sir," he said, "when I left home to come here my mother cried when she told me goodbye, and I cried then." "Yes," said the gentleman, "and if your mother were here now, and could see how you are situated, she would tell you to take your gun and go out and do your duty as a soldier." "No, sir," he quickly replied; "the last thing my mother said to me was to be true to my religion, and I mean to do it." It was during his stay at Gen. Maney's headquarters that Vestol had his interview with Gov. Foote. Gov. Foote was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress, representing the Nashville District, and was a candidate for re-election, being opposed, as I now remember, by Col. Savage. The soldiers from Tennessee in the army were allowed to vote, and the Governor was out-electing among the soldiers. While at General Maney's headquarters, some one pointed out Vestol to Governor Foote, or introduced Vestol to him as a Quaker who wouldn't fight, when the following conversation occurred between them:

Gov. Foote: "What, young man, won't you fight—you are a stout, good-looking young man—is it true that you refuse to fight?"

Vestol: "Yes, sir."

Gov. Foote: "Why, you are all wrong about that. Suppose you were to marry a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and some ruffian were to come into your house and grossly insult her, wouldn't you kill him?"

Vestol: "No, sir."

Gov. Foote: "Jumping up from his seat in a very excited manner—"Why, I'd kill him in a minute."

Gov. Foote: "Young man, you are all wrong about this matter, even from a Scriptural standpoint. When Christ was upon earth, he directed his disciples to pay tribute to Caesar. The money thus paid went into the Roman treasury, and was used in carrying on the wars of the Roman people."

Vestol: "No, sir; you are mistaken about that. The Temple of Janus was closed at that time, and there were no wars going on."

Gov. Foote: "I believe he knows more about it than I do. I don't know whether the Temple of Janus was closed then or not."

Such was substantially the interview between this remarkable boy, and this remarkable man. Perhaps two more opposite characters, in many particulars, never came in contact.

Gov. Foote, as before stated, was at that time a member of the Confederate Congress. Whether he voted for the conscript law, the officers appointed under which he denominated the "bloodhounds of the Davis despotism," I know not. It was passed during the time he was a member of the Confederate Congress, whether with his sanction or not I have no means of ascertaining. One thing is certain—he used all his power of persuasion to induce Vestol to bear arms on the side of the "Davis despotism," and was seeking the votes of the soldiers who were bearing arms on that side, and obtained the votes of hundreds of them with the understanding—implied at least—that he was in full accord with the south in her struggle. On no other ground could he have received a vote.

But to return to the young Quaker. His case was an extraordinary one, that Gen. Polk wrote the facts to the War Department at Richmond, but never received an answer, so far as I am advised. Vestol was ordered to Knoxville and from that place he found his way to the Virginia army, and was assigned to the Fourteenth or Seventeenth Tennessee regiment. I do not now remember which. Here he was ordered to military duty, but firmly refused as he had done before. The Brigadier in command, knowing nothing of his history and antecedents, ordered him to be bayoneted for disobedience of orders, and the bayonet was applied to him repeatedly. He bore it with the spirit of a martyr, and the soldiers, seeing that he would die willingly in preference to sacrificing his principles, refused further to punish him. No punishments or threats could shake the settled purpose of his soul for a moment. He was under arrest all the while. Frequently on retreats, his guards would lose sight of him, but in a day or two Vestol would march up alone into the camp.

He made such an impression on me, that after the war was over, I inquired of all those who I supposed would know what had become of him, and whether he had survived the war, but none of them could tell me.

In the year 1871, I was sitting in my office one evening, when a young man walked in and spoke to me, and asked me if my name was not so and so. I told him yes, and asked him to take a seat—like I would talk to him in a few minutes as I was engaged just then. He remarked that he didn't believe I knew him. I looked at him more closely, and told him I did not. He asked me if I remembered a Quaker at Chattanooga that refused to fight. I at once recognized Vestol, and was really glad to see him and made him give me a history of

his ups and downs in the army after he parted with him at Chattanooga. He told me he was in Castle Thunder for a while, at Richmond, but was finally permitted by the Secretary of War, to go down to North Carolina to school, and was there at the time the war closed. Feeling that his education was not sufficient, at the close of the war he went to Rhode Island, and there continued his studies and taught school a portion of the time. He informed me that it was seven years from the time he left his father's house to report to Gen. Bragg at Chattanooga, before he returned to his paternal room. He had invented a mode for taking off and putting on wagon bodies, for which he had obtained a patent, and was selling the right when I met him.

I suppose he is still living in the neighborhood of Columbia, Tenn.—Nashville (Tenn.) Banner.

**THE FOX HOUND.**—The old savage ideal of beauty was the lion, type of massive force. That was succeeded by an over civilized ideal, say the fawn, type of delicate grace. Its cunning, breeding and choosiness, through long centuries man has combined both, and has created the fox hound, lion and fawn in one, just as he might create noble human beings, did he take half as much trouble about politics (in the true old sense of the word) as he does about fowls. Look at that old hound, who stands doleful, looking up at his master for advice. Look at the severity, delicacy, lightness of every curve. His head is finer than a deer's; his hind legs tense as steel springs; his fore legs straight as arrows; and yet see the depth of chest, the sweep of loin, the breadth of paw, the mass of arm and thigh; and if you have an eye for form, look at the absolute majesty of his attitude at this moment. Majesty is the only word for it. If he were six feet high, instead of twenty-three inches, with what animal on earth could you compare him? Is it not a joy to see such a thing alive? It is to me, at least. I should like to have one in my study all day long, as I would have a statue or a picture; and when Mr. Morrell gave (as they say) two hundred guineas for Hercules alone, I believe the dog was well worth the money, only to look at. But I am a minute philosopher.—Canon Kingsley.

This is the experience of a woman in Bridgeport Conn., who believed readily all she read in the papers. She had read in half a dozen journals the following recipe, and had resolved to give it a trial. We refer to the recipe which says that a "tablespoonful of sawdust placed in each boot will keep the feet both dry and warm." The husband of this Bridgeport woman was always complaining about cold feet, and so the other morning she poured two tablespoonfuls of sawdust into his boots. The result rather surprised her. He slipped on his boots, ate his breakfast, and started for his place of business. He had not gone twenty-five yards from the house before he retraced his steps and commenced to orate on profane history. He then assisted one of his boots off with the toe of the other, and kicked it against a \$10 mirror, while its mate struck his seven year old son on the head and made him yell lustily. His wife, seeing that something ailed her husband, asked, "What's the matter, dear?" He said something that sounded like "Jam it!" gathered up his boots and replaced them on his feet, and shot out of the house with his feet clear up to the roots of the hair on his head. His wife thinks maybe she used the wrong kind of sawdust.

**PAPER BARRELS.**—L. L. Thompson, of Port Byron, N. Y., has lately invented an improved paper barrel out of straw board. Instead of "setting up" the barrel at the man







1. The first step is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

ASK FOR ONE OF OUR CALENDARS.















The flower table, under the superintendence of Miss Day and others, on which the music box was displayed, attracted considerable attention. The Wheel of Fortune, in charge of Misses Cutter and Whittemore, was the centre of attraction for the children, and some of the older people were also induced to try their luck. Those who desired to refresh the inner man, found a table loaded with everything which the most fastidious taste could desire. The persons who were the lucky holders of the numbers which drew the prizes were as follows: Albert Wins, 4, music box; Mr. Edward Russell, carriage robe; Mr. Henry Swan, barrel of apples; Mrs. Wm. Patten, sofa pillow. The guess clock was drawn by Mr. C. C. Sawyer, he coming the nearest to 5:37 1-2, the time at which it stopped. Guess candy, 0 lbs, Mr. Stephen Locke; Guess Barrel of Apples, Mrs. T. P. Peirce, who guessed 350,—just the number contained in the barrel. The picture voted for, fell to the Universalist Sunday school, they receiving a majority of ten votes over any other school voted for. The articles remaining at the close of the fair were sold at auction. The receipts were over \$800. The floor was cleared about half past ten, and those who wished joined in a dance which was kept up until a late hour. The music was furnished by E. J. Hamond's Band of Boston, 5 pieces.

**SCHOOLS.**—I learned from the Minute-Man, a few weeks since, that the member of the school committee whose term of office expires this Spring, would not be a candidate for re-election. This is well. We trust he has more lucrative employment elsewhere, and that we shall now have one of our clergymen on the committee to take his place.

The intellect of the scholar "has been excessively crammed for the last few years, while too little prominence has been given to the manners, the morals and the physical health and growth of the pupil. Indeed, I was startled not long since by being told that a majority of our school committee did not themselves observe the Sabbath—were not known as pew holders in any sanctuary; but instead of treading the aisles of the church on Sunday, they roamed the fields and enjoyed themselves generally.

While we would accord to them the largest personal liberty, it is wise for us to build meeting houses and support ministers, to organize Sunday schools and require the attendance of our children, and with no little labor and expense, endeavor to keep in motion the machinery for religious and moral instruction, without our efforts receiving any support, sympathy, or even countenance from the school committee, the appointed guardians of our youth? Our tax payers were amazed a year ago by a call from the school committee for four or five thousand dollars more for the support of our schools than former appropriations. Many failed to see the necessity or propriety of such a large expenditure, but by consent of action, previously arranged, a vote was obtained to appropriate the entire sum (\$13,500) asked for. A vote was also passed that the school committee should not exceed their appropriation. Well, now what would their constituents say, if they were told this same committee had actually expended some hundreds of dollars more than that large—that unprecedented appropriation of last spring, and that they had requested the creditors to keep back their bills till next year, till another appropriation has been made by the town? Is this honest? Is not this a further proof that the committee have not paid sufficient attention to morality? Let us exchange a lawyer for a clergyman, and see if there is not a better husbandry of our money and our morals. We will grant the retiring member of this board has been diligent, active and efficient, excessively efficient, some have said. We very much regret that he felt it necessary to say at the recent examinations, that scholars who had gone from the public schools to the private (Miss Nash's) school, and afterwards returned to the public schools, were found to have fallen two years behind their class. Miss Nash's reputation as a thorough, successful teacher, is too well established in this town to be shaken by such a remark; but it might wound the feelings of one of the most meritorious, as well as one of the most brilliant teachers it has possessed. A PARENT.

Did you know that those people who had so much to say about nothing going on, duldest place in the world, &c., &c., were folks who do not go to anything that is going on in town. I think it is good enough for those people that did not attend our late dramatic entertainments, to lose the chance of hearing such excellent music and singing as was given us by the pianist and the U. B. S. Quartette, surprising some of the oldest inhabitants by their harmony and power of execution. It alone was worth the price of admission. We would like to hear them often, is the sentiment expressed by all that we have met that were present. It is too bad that we cannot have better and newer scenery, for our company are worthy of better. No one can speak disparagingly of any one of the company; and it would not be right to select one from the number to praise above the rest, for all were deserving credit. With the exception of all hands coming out of the water or heavy rain storm perfectly dry, nothing was left out that any one would notice, unless anxiously disposed to find fault. From Mother Carey to the chickens and Biddy with the imitable brogue, all were excellent. Most of them were old stars in this community, and it would be needless to try to add to their deserving popularity. Mr. Send and Larry are always welcomed as old friends to the public. We are glad to see the new comers to town taking an active part in our entertainments. Not long ago we used to hear our young folks complain that they were over-worked. We always hail with pleasure any acquisition to the numbers of those who work hard to please the fun-loving public, and we are also happy to see that the additional force is not a whit behind the older ones. It may be that some people are still sympathizing with our old friend Danduckey, for losing his picnic. But to these people we would state that Mother Carey and her family after their happy reunion, gave a picnic, and invited

all their friends of the stage, and Danduckey and Mrs. Muffit were present. A bountiful and goodly repast was furnished, and all were sorry when they left the house and said good night. But there must be an end to all good times, and also an end to this communication.

N. Joy Dir.

**The Selectmen meet to-night (Saturday), Feb. 14, to draw the warrant for the spring meeting to be held Mar. 2nd. It will be a full meeting, and will be called at 9 A. M., in order that the business may be finished in one day.**

**Married**

In Woburn, Feb. 14, by Rev. E. L. McClure, Timothy Lynch and Mrs. Mary Shaw, all of Woburn.  
In Woburn, Feb. 14, by Rev. John Quail, of Woburn, Michael Gallagher of Winchester, and Mary Gallagher of Woburn, both of Woburn.  
In Woburn, Feb. 14, by Rev. J. M. Finetti, John Lennon and Ann Harvey, both of Lexington.  
In Philadelphia, Jan. 13th, Charles E. Wyman, formerly of Woburn, to Miss Jennie Philpot of P.

**Died.**

Date, name and age inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Woburn, Feb. 12, Wm. Tild, aged 81 years, 10 months. Funeral Monday at 1:30 P. M., from the Church in North Woburn.  
In Woburn, Feb. 12, James N. Parker, aged 24 years. Funeral Tuesday at 10 A. M., from the Church in North Woburn.  
In Woburn, Feb. 13th, Mrs. Mary A. wife of Rev. J. M. Finetti, aged 55 years. Funeral at the house, Tuesday next, at 2 P. M., relatives and friends invited.  
In Woburn, Feb. 13th, John, son of Michael and Margaret O'Leary, aged 4 years.

**Religious Notices.**

Rev. Mr. Wagner, of Melford, will preach at the M. E. Chapel next Sunday, on exchange.

**Special Notices.**

**WINCHESTER LIBRARY.**  
The citizens of Winchester are informed, that on and after to-day, the Town Library will be open Saturday afternoon from half-past two on through the usual period in the evening—the afternoon for the special benefit of ladies and children.

BY ORDER OF TRUSTEES.  
February 6, 1874.

**AMERICAN SILKS,**  
\$1.75 PER YARD.

**LYONS SILK**  
1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00  
per yard.

**Real French Prints,**  
25 cts. per yard.

**Jobs of HOSIERY**  
AND  
**UNDERVESTS**  
at half price.

**C. A. SMITH'S,**  
177 Main St., Woburn.  
250,000 COPIES SOLD!  
OF  
**Richardson's New Method**  
FOR THE  
**PIANOFORTE**

THIS THE PAR EXCELLENCE OF ALL PIANO METHODS, MAINTAINS THE FRONT RANK, AND ITS SALE EXCEEDS THAT OF ALL OTHERS—FOREIGN OR AMERICAN—COMBINED. THE PUBLISHERS CLAIM IT AS ANNUAL SALE OF 250,000 COPIES IS INDUBITABLE PROOF OF POPULARITY AND SUCCESS. THE METHOD IS SIMPLE, EASY, AND INSTRUCTIVE. IT IS A NEW METHOD, JUST ISSUED, CONTAINS "SCHUMANN'S EXERCISES" AND THE "FAMOUS" EXERCISES OF THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO. IT IS A NEW METHOD, JUST ISSUED, CONTAINS "SCHUMANN'S EXERCISES" AND THE "FAMOUS" EXERCISES OF THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO. IT IS A NEW METHOD, JUST ISSUED, CONTAINS "SCHUMANN'S EXERCISES" AND THE "FAMOUS" EXERCISES OF THE ART OF PLAYING THE PIANO.

**Town Warrant. Great Bargains**  
—IN—  
**Boots and Shoes, HATS AND CAPS.**

The subscriber will sell his entire stock of Winter Goods at VERY LOW PRICES, FOR THIRTY DAYS.

**Men's & Boys' Winter Caps,**  
50 Cents to \$1.00

**Men's Shirts and Drawers,**  
40, 65, 75, and 85 cents.

**Boys' Shirts and Drawers.**  
Men's Cardigan Jackets, \$1.25 to \$3.00.  
Men's and Children's Cardigan Jackets, \$1 to \$1.50.  
Men's and Boys' Wool Socks, 25 to 35 cents.

**Buck Gloves and Mittens.**  
Men's and Boys' Wool Gloves and Mittens.  
Ladies' and Girls' Kid Mittens.

**A. WOOD,**  
182 Main Street,  
WOBURN.

**A. BUCKMAN,**  
DEALER IN  
**Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.**  
160 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

**TO LET.**  
House on Summer street, Six Rooms. Apply to C. P. JAYNE, No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

**FOR SALE.**  
A FRENCH ROOF COTTAGE HOUSE, with seven rooms, well finished and convenient, three minutes walk from Depot, Churches and Schools. Situated on Railroad street. For terms apply to C. P. JAYNE, No. 2 Wade Block, Woburn.

**Dancing School**  
Central House, - Woburn,  
Friday Evenings.

**Woburn Tea Store.**  
Choice Teas a Specialty.  
GIVE US A CALL.  
**H. F. SMITH,**  
WOBURN TEA STORE,  
100 MAIN ST., WOBURN.

**C. P. JAYNE,**  
**REAL ESTATE**  
AND  
**MORTGAGE**  
**BROKER.**  
Rents and Bills Collected,  
TENEMENTS TO LET.

**MESSRS. CUTLER BROS. & CO.**  
In ordering another small lot of your invaluable Vegetable Pulmonary Balm I should like to tell you what I know about it, in order that others may have the benefit of my EXPERIENCE.

Since this Balm first came to my notice in 1848 I have kept it constantly in the house, never allowing myself to be out of it for a night. In all these TWENTY-FIVE YEARS it has not failed in a single instance in my own case to give the desired relief, and I will say the same in regard to my mother, who

**LIFE WAS SAVED**  
by it, as I cannot but think. Here was a case of Consumption of the Lungs, and although attended by the best physician, she was supposed to die. I sent her a bottle of your Balm, and soon had the pleasure to hear that she was much better. She continued taking it for a while and got

**ENTIRELY WELL**  
and is living now, which fact is to be ascribed mainly to the use of the  
**VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM.**  
Very truly yours, J. C. CAPIN,  
Boston, March 15, 1873.

Price in large bottles, which are much the cheapest, 50¢. As there are many worthless imitations, be careful to get the genuine, which is prepared only by CUTLER BROS. & CO. Successors to Bro. C. & Co., Wholesale Druggists, proprietors of the Free Gold Medal Cooking Extract, Pure Spice Mustard, and other choice goods for family use. Get Cutler's Balm, and you will find it a most valuable remedy for all kinds of Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. One Quart for One Cent!

Shredded Carrots for Blane Mango, Gravel, &c., one of the cheapest and most delicious articles of food in the world. A few cents worth will make a dinner for a family, and for invalids and children it is unrivalled. Put up in packages suitable to make 10 quarts, for only 10 cents. Sold by grocers and apothecaries.

**EAT TO LIVE!**  
Write to A. S. & W. G. Lewis & Co., 58 South Street, Boston, for their CRUSHED WHITE WHEAT, for their

**PAMPHLET ON FOODS,**  
with interesting Extracts from Silliman & Johnson, with interesting Extracts from Scott Free. Read it and save your HEALTH and MONEY.

**UNION**  
**Safe Deposit Vaults,**  
40 State Street, Boston.

**SAVES TO RENT at Ten Twenty to One Hundred Dollars.**  
SPECIAL DEPOSIT of Stocks, Bonds, and other Valuable received.  
COLLECTIONS and REMITTANCE of Interest and Dividends attended to.  
INTEREST allowed on Deposits of Money subject to Check at Sight.

**HENRY LEE, Manager.**  
**U. S. Postal Cards,**  
50 Cts. per HUNDRED.

Sent by mail or express. Address G. W. Simmons & Son, "Oak Hall," Boston. Samples sent 10¢.

**Woburn Journal, Insurance Broker.**

**TERMS:**  
\$2.00 A YEAR.

**Water Rates.**

**G. F. SMITH & Co.,**  
Watchmakers & Jewelers,  
Watches and Jewelry.

**No. 187 MAIN STREET, WOBURN, - MASS.**

**House For Sale.**  
A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the home- stead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to LINCOLN EMMERSON, 23 Main Street, Woburn.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

**WIRELESS.** Application has been made to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased, to Samuel H. Polson, of Winchester, in the County of Middlesex; You are hereby notified to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against granting the same. And the said Probate Court is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper entitled the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

**WIRELESS.** GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

**Commonwealth of Massachusetts.**  
MIDDLESEX, ss.  
J. H. TYLER, Register.

**WIRELESS.** Helen E. Richards, formerly Helen E. Rice, the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased, and you are hereby notified to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said Administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the newspaper entitled the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

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J. H. TYLER, Register.

**WIRELESS.** Helen E. Richards, formerly Helen E. Rice, the Administratrix of the estate of said deceased, has presented for allowance the account of her administration upon the estate of said deceased, and you are hereby notified to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge in said County of Middlesex, on the fourth day of February next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said Administratrix is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the newspaper entitled the Woburn Journal, printed at Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court.

**WIRELESS.** GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four.

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which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its REMEDIAL ACTION upon the  
**LIVER, KIDNEYS and BLOOD.**  
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Sold by GEO. S. DODGE, 183 Main St., sole agent for Woburn.  
DR. R. D. HOWES, Sole Proprietor,  
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# NEW RAILROAD PROJECT.

A series of articles have appeared in the *Stoneham Sentinel* favoring a railroad from Wakefield to Woburn. The first article appeared Dec. 27th. We copy them entire for the benefit of our Woburn readers.

The exceeding feasibility of constructing a railroad to connect Stoneham with Salem by way of the South Reading Branch road, is a subject to which our attention has lately been called, and still more apparent are the advantages which must accrue from the construction of such a road. These of our residents who are at all acquainted with the topography of the eastern section of the town are aware that from the northern border of Smith's Pond in Wakefield, to the vicinity of Farm Hill station, in Stoneham, there exists a continuous depression running between the adjacent hills, with but a slightly ascending grade. This valley slightly skirts the northern border of Cobby Hill, crosses Washington street between the residences of Messrs. Combs and Reed, and continues on toward the coal yard of Cyrus Patch. One need but glance at this route to be convinced of the comparative inexpensiveness of its construction. The land damages would be light, the land being mostly of poor quality and not readily available for other purposes. By connecting with the South Reading Branch road at Wakefield Junction, a direct railroad communication would be effected with Salem, and from thence coal, lumber, grain and every kind of commodity now consumed by our people could be transported hither in less time than by the Lowell road on which we now depend, and which besides has other disadvantages. The numerous bridges that span Charles River are the cause of many vexatious delays in the transportation to the cars, which delays would be wholly avoided by the Salem route. The connection of the two towns of Wakefield and Stoneham by rail would be no inconsiderable advantage, and the necessity for constructing a horse railway would be obviated. By continuing the road to Woburn, that town might be made to share in the advantages of it to an equal, if not greater degree than ourselves. The exceeding feasibility of the plan, together with the promising nature of the advantages attainable, make this project at least worthy of an investigation.

Two weeks ago we published an article in reference to the feasibility of constructing a railroad from Wakefield Junction depot to Stoneham and Woburn, enumerating the advantages of such a road to the inhabitants of these two towns. The comments elicited by the article go to show that we are not alone in the advocacy of the views we then expressed. Among the considerations which we urged, were the feasibility of the route suggested, the comparatively small expense at which it might be built, and the greater facilities it would afford for the quicker and cheaper transportation of freight than by the facilities now afforded. It was proposed that the road should, at Wakefield Junction, connect with the South Reading Branch, and thence with the Eastern at Salem, from which coal, lumber, grain, and every commodity now consumed by our people could be brought in less time than by the Boston and Lowell road, upon which we now depend, and at cheaper rates, the distance being shorter, with no draws and bridges to delay transportation from the vessel to the cars. Under our present arrangement, every carload of freight coming to Stoneham from the North and West, must pay additional freight for being transported over the marginal railway in Boston, which is another important drawback that would be wholly avoided by the extension of the South Reading Branch road to Stoneham and Woburn Centre. But the most important consideration has still to be mentioned. We refer to the opening up to our citizens the new and direct route to the West by way of the Eastern road, through the White Mountains, Montreal and Ogdensburg, by which route the distance saved would be one hundred miles. A glance at the railroad map will be sufficient to make these facts sufficiently plain.

The feasibility of the construction of the road, and the approval of the project leaves the way open to consider the question, By whom should it be built? Of the three railroads most interested in the matter, the Boston & Lowell, Boston & Maine, and Eastern, the latter, undoubtedly, is best circumstanced to undertake the project, though our citizens would interpose no obstacle to either one of these companies that should have the sagacity to make the first movement and secure the advantages that would follow; for, let which company will, take up and push the project to its completion, our town cannot be the loser and the corporation which first goes in, will be the first to win.

We have already spoken of the advantages of a railroad from Wakefield Junction to Stoneham, and as our readers are interested in the prosperity and growth of our town, we feel bound to keep the ball in motion until the project may take a more practical form. We are informed by those who know something about railroad surveying, that the distance from the junction to Farm Hill station, would not be far from two miles. The route suggested by us in a former paper seems to meet with general approval, so far as we can learn. That route was from the junction to a point east of the house of Mr. Butts on Green street, thence along the valley north of Mr. T. B. Hadley's house to Farm Hill station. We are told that from the junction to Washington street the grade would be very light, and from there to Farm Hill station, the grade would not be heavier than from Farm Hill station to Hackett's crossing on the Lowell branch road.

The advantages of this short line of road need not be repeated here; any business man with an eye to the wants of the town, will see at a glance the benefits that would be derived from the completion of so small an undertaking. The new road might connect with the Stoneham Branch at Farm Hill station, and with that we would be satisfied for the present. Loaded freight cars could then be brought from any point on either the Eastern or Boston and Maine roads direct into Stoneham, and from here be

transferred to Woburn or Winchester. Such a connection could not fail to be an immense source of profit to the manufacturing interests of Woburn, Stoneham and Winchester. We say we would be satisfied with such an arrangement, but we spoke of something better in a former paper, and that was an extension of the road from near Farm Hill station direct to Woburn Centre. We have consulted parties interested in the matter, and they tell us that a good route could be found starting a little north of Farm Hill station, thence to a point near the residence of Mr. Thaddeus Richardson, on Williams street, thence crossing the Lowell railroad north of the Watering station, thence to a point a little to the west of Woburn Centre, the whole length of the line from the junction to Woburn being less than five miles. Then if we look a little farther ahead, the road might be continued to Lexington, at which point it would connect with all the roads leading from Boston to the great West. In this way a short link would be made between the Eastern, Northern and Western roads. It seems to us that the advantages of such a connecting link would be sufficient to guarantee the success of the enterprise. There is no reason why coal could not be carried from Salem to Stoneham for less than a dollar per ton, and this is but a single item; flour and everything we use comes to us at exorbitant prices, chiefly on account of the high rates of carrying on roads where there is little or no competition.

The manufacturing interest of Salem is principally in the leather business, and the great amount of bark used, and the great quantity of water on account of its being the cheapest means of transportation. Now there is no reason why Woburn, Winchester and Stoneham could not receive their supplies from Salem much below the present rates paid for such material. For the present we would invite the attention of our neighbors, the Woburn Journal and Wakefield Citizen and Banner, to this important matter, and we will gladly accept their co-operation in talking up such a movement. In a future paper we will give our idea of how such a road may be built; and in the meantime we would be pleased to receive suggestions from any interested parties.

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE.—If Speaker Blaine of the United States house of representatives insists upon his right to know what a member will do when he gets the floor before he will grant him the privilege of the same, then the only remedy will be to cheat and deceive him. We know of a memorable instance in point which has never yet been made public, but which in its result had a great effect upon the destiny of the country. It occurred at the Charleston democratic convention of 1860, which was the immediate forerunner of the threatened dissolution of the Union. Caleb Cushing was president of that convention. He was elected by and was thoroughly in the interests of the South and the extreme men of the North, who were opposed to the nomination of Stephen A. Douglass, the popular choice for President of the United States. The fight against Douglass was made upon the slavery part of the platform, which was to be adopted before any presidential nomination was made. The convention, though close, contained a small majority of Mr. Douglass's friends. They could adopt their platform if they could get a vote upon it. But how to do so was the point. Cushing would not give any man the floor whom he suspected of an intention to vote the previous question. Thus the debate went on altogether upon one side, and the convention held fair to last for weeks if not for months. The funds of many northern men were giving out, western whiskey was exhausted, and there were reports of the yellow fever having made its appearance. Things looked desperate, when all was saved by the tact of a distinguished member of the Ohio delegation. He went to the late C. L. Vallandigham, also a member, and who was on the most intimate terms with Cushing. Said he, "Val, can you get the floor for my friend, Governor King of Missouri, who has been endeavoring for a long time to attract Cushing's attention to his seal?"

"What does he want with his seal?" asked Vallandigham. "Why, they have, I believe, a little difficulty in the delegation as to how the vote shall be cast, and they want Mr. Cushing to settle it." This was true. "All right," said Val; "I will see Cushing." See him he did, and when our friend saw Mr. Vallandigham had his head in assent, he proceeded to the Missouri seats and informed Governor King that as soon as the man who then had the floor down the President would recognize him, but he must be quick on his pins. Governor King arose, explained his difficulty, was answered by Cushing, when he to the consternation of the South and their northern allies, he moved the previous question on the platform. The delegates from the north rose in one mass and vociferously seconded the motion of the gentleman from Missouri. Cushing, one of the very best parliamentarians in the country, sprang to his side, and said something in a low voice, whereupon the gentleman endeavored to raise the trumpet to his ear, and was prevented by the next motion being made. With increasing voice and excitement he said: "You mustn't stir; you mustn't blow that horn in here. If you do I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of service or sermon.—*Orpheus.*

AN AMUSING CHURCH INCIDENT.—An organist, for many years engaged in one of the noted churches of New York city, tells this: A strange man was acting as sexton. An old gentleman who was deaf took his seat in a pew, and produced from his pocket an ear trumpet of curious shape and to the dismay of the temporary sexton raised it toward his face. The sexton sprang to his side, and said something in a low voice, whereupon the gentleman endeavored to raise the trumpet to his ear, and was prevented by the next motion being made. With increasing voice and excitement he said: "You mustn't stir; you mustn't blow that horn in here. If you do I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man, pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of service or sermon.—*Orpheus.*

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# LILLIE'S VALENTINE.

If there's any one thing I'm especially particular about, it's my letters. When the postman's hour comes round, I always seat myself by a window and watch for him.

Naturally, I don't enjoy Valentine's day very much. There I sit, an hour after the usual time, while the loaded postman stops at every door where there are any young folks. And when he comes, he steps, and I go to take the letters, he thrusts into my hands a dozen or so of lace-bordered, pink-tinted, musk-scented, —valentines!

You must admit it's very trying—at my time of life. I don't intend to tell you my griefs, but the story of my revenge—for I had my revenge on the young folks, who laugh at me, and think I never was young. I cost my old bones some aches to get the materials, for I had to climb four dreadful flights of stairs. But never mind. I'll tell you the story.

"Lillie," I began—it was evening then, and Valentine's excitement was nearly over—"I've been to see where your valentines came from."

"What?" she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, what do you mean? You didn't go to—"

"Oh, don't be anxious," I went on, "I didn't call on Messrs. Harry, Johnny and Willie. I went to the very house they were made in. I saw them come in white paper, and go out gorgeous valentines. I saw the rough, dirty hands that brought them to their present perfection."

"Oh! do tell me all about it!" began Lillie.

I smiled grimly.

"I'll take all the poetry out of it; not a thread of romance can attach to it when I have once lifted the curtain from the sweet mystery."

"I don't care. I want to know. I always did wonder how they were made," said this reckless young American.

"Well, now, Miss Lillie, what sort of a house should you expect a valentine factory to be?"

"Let me see," said Lillie, reflecting; "something very lovely and romantic, of course."

"Humph!" said I; "a four-story, dingy, ugly brick building in a very dirty street."

"Horrid!" said she; "but was it very pretty inside?"

"Remarkably," said I maliciously. "The first thing I saw on entering was a room full of stamping machines, and a dirty, rough looking man at each one."

"Was that where the valentines began?" asked Lillie, forgetting her disgust.

"No; it started in a room in the attic where I went."

"Oh, good! tell me just how it began."

"Well, it began—was designed, in fact—by an artist, employed by the owner of the factory, who sat in the upper story, and studied and worked over his sketches till he perfected a design. Let me see your prettiest valentine, Lillie."

Lillie brought it out, and I must say it was very pretty. A broad lace border surrounded a pensive maiden sitting in a bow of roses behind a very ingenious cage or veil of silk paper.

"Well," I went on, "this design was invented and carefully drawn out by the artist—lace border and all. The picture part—that is, the interesting damsel and a bow of roses—was sent to a lithographer, who printed it in the middle of hundreds and thousands of sheets of fine white paper. While he was doing this, the lace border was being imitated by a piece of soft steel."

"Soft steel?" interrupted Lillie.

"Yes; steel before it is hardened. They call it soft because it isn't as hard as it can be, and a hard steel punch can be driven into it. Well, the die cutter draws the pattern of the lace on the steel and, with dozens of punches of as many different shapes, he proceeds to punch the pattern into the die. For every leaf and figure of the lace, he has a separate punch. When it is all punched in, the die is hardened by heating red hot, and then drawing cold water over it."

"By that time the sheets of paper with the lithographed lady in the center are ready to be ornamented. So the die is put into a press or stamping machine, the paper laid under, the stamp brought down with force for an instant. When it goes up there is your lace border all pressed in. But there isn't a hole through it yet."

"I don't see how they make the holes," said Lillie.

"It is easy enough, or looks so, though if you should try, you'd probably tear the valentine to bits. To have the holes cut they are given to another man, with the die that stamped them. He lays the die on a bench, face up; on it, carefully fitting at every point, he lays the valentine, face down; and then he takes a piece of sand paper and rubs it over the paper."

"Sand paper?" exclaimed Lillie.

"Yes. That wears off the bits of paper that project, and as it's the wrong side, of course it leaves the perfect lace on the right side. Funny enough it looks to see him turn pressed paper into beautiful lace by a moment's rubbing."

"He must be a funny lace maker," said Lillie; "not much like the Holland girls who make the lace this is like. I was reading about them the other day."

"When the lace maker or rubber has finished, the valentine goes into the hands of girls to be ornamented. The first thing is the painting, and a curious operation it is. At a long table sit several girls, and by each one a dish of paint and a set of stencil plates."

"You don't mean like the one mamma marks linen with, do you?" asked Lillie.

"Just like that, only they don't have your mamma's name on. Perhaps the first girl is to paint the pink dress of the melancholy maiden. Her stencil has just the shape of the dress cut out. She lays the next girl takes it, lays her stencil on, and colors green paint, and all the leaves of the rose lower start into life. The next one colors the roses; and so it goes from girl to girl till every color is put on. Of course in that way a dozen can be colored, while one could be painted by hand alone. Let me see—we've got it nearly done, haven't we?"

"Oh, no!" said Lillie; "there's the pretty cage, and the wreath outside, beside this Cupid with bow and arrows, and lots of things."

"Well, next it goes into the hands of a girl who has before her doll's little piles of hearts and darts, Cupids and doves, torches and rose buds, cut out of gold and silver paper, and silk and velvet."

"I'd like some of those," said Lillie, "to trim my paper doll's dresses."

"Yes, they would be useful," said I; "a flourish of bird's nests, for instance, on the bottom of a dress, and doves and hearts scattered about on the skirt, would be unique."

"You needn't laugh," said Lillie. "One of those little festoons of flowers, like this, would be pretty across the front of a doll's dress for an overskirt, you know. But go on with the girls."

"The girl who ornaments this pattern has the design before her, and proceeds at once to glue on the things. First she cuts out of paper the cage, and sticks it on. Then she selects roses and violets, ferns and forget-me-nots, and covers the edge of the cage. Then she sticks on here a cupid, aiming his arrow at the unfortunate prisoner behind the paper bars, there a bird's nest full of eggs; under something standing up pretty well, like these two hearts, she studs a bit of cotton, with sachet powder in it."

"I wonder where it is in mine?" said Lillie eagerly.

Carefully passing her hand over the valentine, she found the little wad under the dress of a gilt damsel sitting among the flowers of the wreath, apparently guarding the prisoner.

"Now I believe the valentine is done, and it only remains to pack it into a box with dozens of its twin brothers, and send them off to the dealers. Now, my dear, I'll tell you a little maliciously, 'I guess you won't feel quite so sentimental over your valentines.'"

"Like them all the better," said Lillie, "now I know how they're made."

"Well, but I tell you, they cut the lace for cigar and soap boxes right by the side of this?"

"Oh, do they? I think they're perfectly lovely. My dolls have got over dresses of the lace out of papa's cigar boxes."

"And the gilt figures that come on linen and muslin—"

"I often wondered where they came from," interrupted Lillie. "Every time papa gets new goods at the store, I go down, and he gives me lots of pretty papers and funny little ribbons. I've got a whole box full, and I'm real glad I know how they are made."

"And you think as much of your valentines as ever?"

"Of course I do! Those dirty workmen didn't send them to me!"

Well, you see I didn't take away the romance from her valentines, if I did tell her all about their dingy birth place. I dare say she'll be as eager as ever this year when Valentine's day comes.

Perhaps you don't think I had much of a revenge; but it was as much as I cared for; for, after all, it isn't so very long ago that I used to look for valentines myself.—*Harper's Bazar.*

MAKING HER OWN HAT.—M. Howard and Paul, in an amusing article on "Social Worries," says, "that when a sudden sharp fever of economy attacks a woman and she determines to make a hat or a bonnet for herself, for a brief period, between the formation of the resolution and the consummation of the deed, her mind passes through very amusing stages of agitation. First she gets herself up in her most attractive guise, and proceeds to purchase a 'shape,' as I believe, the fragile outline or framework of the future structure is called. Then taking the 'bus home, she drinks in the details of every hat that enters and learns them all by heart, and does mental sums over the cost of the ribbon, and makes up her mind to have flowers in hers like those worn by the woman in the corner, and lace like that gaudy looking creature in the middle. The next day she walks down the street and studies all the hats that come along, and when a woman passes her with one on, she twists her neck to see how it looks behind, and is disgusted to see that that the woman is also dislocating her neck to see how she trims her hat. When she arrives in front of a milliner's she lingers until she has analyzed all the hats in the window, and she determines to trim her nineteen different ways, and decides not to have flowers like the woman who sat in the corner. Then she shoots into the shop, and asks to 'see hats' with the air of a person who wishes to invest a small fortune in head gear."

"She examines every hat in the establishment, overhauls ten bushels of flowers, gets about fifteen shillings' worth of work out of the saleswoman, and then says she will 'look further.' Then she gets home with her mind fixed on thirty-eight or nine different styles in which she wants to trim her hat. After a while she begins to think she ought to have a feather in it, and she passes two or three sleepless nights trying to decide whether to put one in or not. At last she resolves she will. Then she lies awake for two more nights, endeavoring to determine whether it shall be red or blue. She settles on blue. She buys the trimming and sews it on in seventy successive positions, her mind filled with the deepest anxiety as to whether the feather should go on the right side, the left side, or the top. She puts it on the right, but then Mrs. De Boots passes the window, with a feather on the left side of hers, and so she changes it. The next morning Mrs. Fitz Brown calls, and her feather is on the right, and so another change is made. At church next day, Mrs. Smith has feathers on both sides, and Mrs. Johnson has one on the top. Then more sleepless nights and painful uncertainty. At last, in utter despair, she takes the hat to a milliner, and pays thirty shillings to have it trimmed. When it comes home she pronounces it 'hateful,' and picks it all to pieces, and broods over it, and worries and frets and loses her appetite, and feels life to be a burden for two weeks longer, until suddenly she has just the right thing, and becomes once more serene and happy, and puts the hat on and goes out and makes millions of other women miserable, because their hats are not trimmed exactly like hers. As a wife, woman is a blessing; as a mother, no other sex can compare with her; as an organizer of new hats, she is simply an object of amusement or compassion."—*Court Circular.*

If you want your Drugs PURE and GENUINE, and your Roots and Herbs Fresh and of full Strength,

PATRONIZE

FOSDICK & BUSS,

APOTHECARIES,

170 Main Street, Woburn.

A fine assortment of Fancy Goods always on hand.

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New books added as soon as published.

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JAMES BUEL & CO.,

MACHINISTS,

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

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Boiler Snafing, Pulleys Mill Gears

And all kinds of Machine Work.

129 Main street, Woburn.

Steam and Gas Piping done at short notice, and in the most satisfactory manner.

Also keep constantly on hand a large assortment of Paints and varnishes from Pipe, Brass and Iron Fittings, Bolts, Nuts and Set Screws of all kinds, Copper and Brass Wire, Rubber Springs, Globe and Patent Rubber Seat Valves, Clock Valves, Water Gas Gage and Bush Cocks, Rubber Soapstone, Metallic and Hemp Packing, Rubber Hose and Fittings, Bellows and Lances, Cotton and Woolen Waste, Emery Cloth, Machine Oils and Soap, and all kinds of Machinists' and Engineers' Supplies.

We are agents for the celebrated Coving Saws, Flat Saws, and other saws, and also 150 different styles, and also for the Blake Patent Steam Pump, the best in use, English, French, of all sizes, constantly on hand.

Particular attention paid to the fitting up of Ammeters and Carrying Ships, and to the manufacture of Leather Machinery.

JAMES BUEL & CO., JOHN R. FLINT, Woburn, May 25th, 1870.

A. B. COFFIN

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW

No. 1 of State Street, Boston, 41

Entrance from Court Square and 33 School St.

Chas. A. Smith,

DRY GOODS,

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WOOLEN CARPETS

As low as they can be bought anywhere, at

WM. WOODBERRY'S,

Opposite Common, Woburn.

BOSTON AND LOWELL R. R.

ON AND AFTER THURSDAY,

January 14th, 1874, trains will leave

Lowell for Boston at 7:30 A. M., 2:04 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:30 P. M.

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Oil Carpets.

The best assortment of Oil Carpets we ever had

are now for sale at the old stand,

OPPOSITE THE COMMON.

W. WOODBERRY.

THOMPSON & GARDINER

Civil and Mechanical Engineers,

CONTRACTORS,

19 TREMONT ROW,

BOSTON, MASS.

S. F. THOMPSON, C. E. J. B. GARDINER, M. E.

J. E. Littlefield & Sons

DEALERS IN

LUMBER,

Coal and Wood,

SHINGLES,

Clapboards,

Laths, Pickets,

Conductors,











As the states grew older, and better systems and plans of improvement upon the old systems were adopted, and (our ancestors were neither fools or "old fogies" as they are now called by some modern pedagogues) they were found to work well, they were quietly pursued, and something better presented itself for consideration. This was in the earlier history of New England. In the states of Massachusetts 1642, and in Connecticut 1650, it was ordained by law almost immediately after their settlement that the Selectmen of the towns should see that "every parent or master instructed the young members of his

**Lexington.**

**PRIME MEETING.**—There will be a Prime Meeting at the Unitarian church, tomorrow evening (if pleasant) at 7 o'clock. Interested in Congregational singing repairs will be invited.

**REPAIRS.**—The carpenters are to make changes in the appearance of the front of the building, occupied by Whitcher & Sibley. Large show windows are to be put and a general improvement effected.

**CENTENNIAL.**—On Tuesday in the Senate a petition from the Selectmen of Lexington was presented, praying that the town may be granted the right to appropriate money for a Centennial celebration. The petition was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

**SCHOOL COMMITTEE.**—We have been upon a petition signed by nearly every child in East Lexington, asking Mr. A. Scott to consent to serve another term on the school board, and we understand that that gentleman will allow his friends to use his name although he had

the eyes of the youngsters. The French story is unusually good this month, and is well illustrated. It seems that a "Letter Box" has been added to the attractions of the magazine. This will be good news to all those who like to ask questions of editors.

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## Married

In Meriden, Jan. 8, Rev. E. J. Porter, M. R. P., in Arlington, 16th inst., at the residence of Mr. H. C. Merriam, John W. Porter, son of John and Mary Mrs. J. Guthrie, both of Lexington, Conn.; aged 25, by Rev. A. J. Patterson, Moderator; and Miss Anna Severance, both of Lexington, aged 20.

In Arlington, Feb. 9th, by Rev. D. B. Cadz, Thos. J. O'Brien, son of James and Elizabeth O'Brien of Arlington, Feb. 5th, by Rev. Dr. B. Cadz, John and Margaret Deberry, both of Arlington.

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## Died.

Tate, name and age inserted here; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In Waterbury, Feb. 8, Edward, son of John and Amy Hughes, aged 17 months, 17 days.

In Waterbury, Peter Chubb, son of John and Sarah Reising, aged 3 yrs, 11 mos., 21 days.

In Waterbury, George G. Smith, son of Patrick and Mary Cannon, aged 10 mos., 21 days.

In New Britain, March 1st, John, son of Henry and wife of Luke Reed, formerly of Yorktown, aged 67 years.

In Arlington Feb. 10th, William McLean, aged 42 years, deceased 41 days.

**For Sale.**

A House in center of Town,—Eight Rooms. For  
price apply to  
C. P. JAYNE,  
No. 2, Wade Block.

**SHOE STITCHERS WANTED**

A fine Work. None but experienced operators  
apply. 155  
to F. B. PIERCE,  
at Grammer Brothers.

Woburn, February 19, 1874.

**DANCING SCHOOL.**

MRS. BEAMAN

Will commence a course of Six Assemblies, at  
the CENTRAL HOUSE, Woburn.

**PHILLY EVENING PRACTICE.**

Mrs. B. will give instructions and feed with  
company from 7 to 8 o'clock.

Dancing from 8 to 12.

**TICKETS:**

Admission to Course, including Instruction,	\$3 00
Admission to Course of Assemblies only,	2 00
Single Tickets,	1 00
Admission to Course of Assemblies only,	0 75
Single Tickets,	0 25

Admission—Three pieces of Music.

B. F. TAYLOR, Agent.

The firm of A. E. THOMPSON & CO., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.  
 Either of the partners are authorized to settle all outstanding accounts of the firm.  
 A. E. THOMPSON,  
 E. H. NICHOLS.

Woburn, February 2, 1874.  
 The business will be continued at No. 3, Wadsworth Block, Main street, Woburn, by the undersigned.  
 A. E. THOMPSON.

---

**NOTICE.**

**B. T. H. PORTER,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT & BROKER,**  
 Formerly at No. 7 Wadso Block, is now at  
**No. 2, over Savings Bank.**

Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., and 7 to 8 P. M.  
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**JOHN JAMESON,**  
**Counsellor at Law.**

**14 Pemberton Sq., Boston.**

**SINGLE COPIES**

**5 Cents.**

containing 24 sheets of good  
note paper, and 24  
envelopes, for

20 cts, 25 cts, 30 cts, 35 cts.

**Sparrow Horton,**

165 MAIN STREET,  
Woburn, Mass.

CRANBERRIES,  
and all other articles usually kept in a Provision  
Store, at 17 1/2 cts. per market quart.  
N. B.—Orders called for and goods delivered  
in any part of Wrentham free of expense.  
Order box at Depot. Orders collected at 7 1/2, 8  
and 9 o'clock, A. M. 26

**Tin and Sheet Iron Work,**  
made to order, or repaired, at  
No. 131 MAIN STREET, WOBURN  
L. THOMPSON, JR. 82

CUMMINGSVILLE  
AND  
WOBURN CENTER  
**OMNIBUS LINE.**

ON and after December 1st, the subscriber will  
run an Omnibus between F. W. Miller's store,  
Cummingsville and the Depot, Woburn Center.  
Leave Miller's store at 6.20, 7.10, 8.10, 10, 11.30 A. M.  
2.45, 3.45, 4.15, 5.30, 6.30, and 6.55 P. M.  
Leave Depot 6.40, 7.35, 8.20, 10.40 A. M. 12.05, 1.15,  
2.40, 4.15, 5.35, 7.10 and 8.15 P. M.  
—Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays.  
On Sundays at Church house.  
Season tickets, \$10 a quarter. Mechanic's tickets,  
two trips daily, 15 cents a week. School tickets,  
one trip daily, 10 cents a week. Single fares, 10 cts.  
Twelve tickets for \$1. Half tickets, 6 cents. Twenty  
half tickets for \$1.

21  
CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE JOURNAL FOR 1874.







# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1874.

NO. 24.

**C. M. STROUT,**  
200 MAIN ST., WOBURN,  
DEALER IN  
**STOVES AND FURNACES.**  
Agent for the sale of CHILSON'S CONE FURNACE AND ARLINGTON RANGE.

**THOMAS S. BANKS,**  
**FLORIST,**  
Winn Street, Woburn, Mass.

**CENTRAL HOUSE**  
Livery, Hack and Boarding  
**STABLE**  
212 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
G. F. JONES, 2 Proprietor

**WILLIAM WINN,**  
**Auctioneer,**  
Burlington, - - Mass.

**JAMES LITTLE,**  
**FUNERAL UNDERTAKER.**  
ROBES, CASKETS, AND COFFINS.  
Furnished at the lowest cash price.  
Laid out in the East Woburn Cemetery.  
All orders promptly attended to.

**E. K. Willoughby,**  
**HOUSE & JOB CARPENTER,**  
Walnut St., Woburn, (Near Main Street).  
Orders for Jobbing of all kinds promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed, on terms for.

**CHAS. HOWARD,**  
**Gravel Roofer.**  
Orders left with C. W. HOWARD, at the JOURNAL OFFICE, Woburn, also, orders addressed to No. 130 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.  
All work warranted satisfactory.

**WARREN CUTLER,**  
**JOB WAGON**  
Stand at the Woburn Depot.  
TEAMING, JOBBING, FURNITURE AND PIANO MOVING, &c.  
Orders left with J. B. BROWN, at C. W. HOWARD'S, or at J. B. BROWN'S, 130 Main Street, Woburn, will receive prompt attention.

**EBENEZER PARKER,**  
**BILL COLLECTOR.**  
Residence, 38 Main Street,  
WOBURN, MASS.

**JOHN C. BUCK,**  
TEACHER OF  
**PIANO-FORTE & REED ORGAN**  
AT GREEN'S MUSIC STORE,  
NO. 6 RAILROAD STREET,  
WOBURN.

**JOHN R. CARTER**  
**Civil Engineer and Surveyor.**  
Surveys, Plans and Divisions of Estates, and all other business connected with the profession.  
Also, attention given to the construction of bridges, and all other civil engineering work.  
Office, No. 168 Main Street.  
Monday and Tuesday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work.

**Woburn and Boston Express.**  
The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1874, he will run a Daily Express  
between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M., or later, as may be desired.  
The boxes in Woburn will be delivered at the depot, and in Boston at 112 High Street, and at Clinton Street. 12 JOHN R. DAVIS & CO.

**G. F. HARTSHORNE,**  
**Civil Engineer & Surveyor**  
Surveys, Plans, and Divisions of Estates, and all other business connected with the profession.  
Also, attention given to the construction of bridges, and all other civil engineering work.  
Office, 159 Main Street, over Bankman's Store. Office hours 7 to 9 P. M., except Wednesdays and Fridays.

**JOHN A. BOUTELLE,**  
**GENEALOGIST**  
BANK BLOCK,  
173 MAIN STREET, WOBURN.  
Genealogical research and compiled Family Registers, and all other business connected with the profession.  
Office hours, Monday and Tuesday, 7 to 9 P. M., and at other times when not engaged on outside work.

**Dr. M. H. ALLEN**  
**DENTIST**  
127 Main St., Woburn, Mass.  
Suburban Elder and Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.  
Particular attention paid to filling, with saving the natural feeling.  
Teeth inserted on gold, silver and rubber plates.  
Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.  
WORK WARRANTED.

**POULTRY AND EGGS.**  
B. F. COLEGATE,  
preparing to supply Eggs for setting, of all the common or fancy breeds of Hens.  
Also, for sale, Traps of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brahmae, Dorkings, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

**HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE**  
Woburn, Mass.

## Poetry.

**AGASSIZ.**  
Once in the leafy prime of Spring,  
When blossoms whitened every thorn,  
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe  
Where Agassiz was born.

The birds in boyhood he had known  
West flitting through the air of May,  
And happy songs he loved to hear  
Made all the landscape gay.

I saw the streamlet from the hills  
Run laughing through the valleys green,  
And as I watched it run, I said,  
"This is dear Agassiz's stream."

For cliffs of ice his feet had climbed  
That out of his deep eyes he saw—  
The avalanches seemed to sound  
The name of Agassiz.

And, standing on the mountain crag  
Where hoar-frost wreathed rock and foam,  
I felt, that though on Cambridge soil,  
He made that spot my home.

And looking round me as I stood,  
I knew no pang of fear, or care,  
Or lonely weariness, because  
Once Agassiz stood there!

I walked beneath no alien skies,  
No foreign heights I came to tread,  
For everywhere I looked, I saw  
His grand, beloved face.

His smile was stamped on every tree,  
The glacier alone to gild his name,  
And every fathom in the lake  
Reflected back his fame.

Great keeper of the magic keys  
That could unlock the guarded gates,  
Where Science like a monarch stands,  
And sacred knowledge waits—  
Thine ashes rest on Charles's banks,  
Thy memory all the world contains.  
For thou couldst bind to human love  
All hearts in golden chains!

Thine was the heavenly, spell that sets  
Our warm and deep affections free,  
Who knew thee best must love thee best,  
And longest mourn for thee.  
—Scribner's for March.

## Selected.

### THE LITTLE SNOW BOY.

Many who read this will remember the heavy snow that gave the New Year of 1867 so cold a reception on the day "after" its birth, when all the people were out to find the whole of their world, were it town or country, robed in spotless white. Farmer Boyd's sheep seemed to know what was on the wing, for they crowded together under the trees on the close of that New Year's day, as a sort of preparation for the night. The next morning, long before day, the farmer and his sons were in the meadow, heedless of the thick blinding snow, resolved to preserve the flock. The farmer knew there would be a still heavier fall, for the clouds were weighted with snow.

"Mary," he said to his daughter when he returned, "see that there is a good lot of pea soup made; the cottagers beyond the croft will be glad of it, for their masters are frozen out of work already."

Mary, like a good girl, said, "Yes, father," but while she shook the snowflakes off her coat she added, "Father, what can poor Aunt Lydia and her one armed boy do this weather?"

"What is that to thee?" he answered, sharply. Mary said no more; but she raised her large eyes for her father's and he saw they were full of tears.

On New Year's day the "Aunt Lydia" who had such a strong hold on Mary's sympathy, was literally without fire and almost without food; the miserable little where she starved and shivered, lay in the bitter wind, and that day little Joe had done everything but steal or beg to procure his mother food.

One gentleman who had tossed him three pence for holding his horse, said he was a fine little fellow, and if he had two arms instead of one he would get him into the shoeblack brigade. Joe colored, but recovering himself quickly, answered, "Please, sir, a willing mind is equal to another arm."

The gentleman smiled, shook his head, and trotted off. Poor Joe put up his hand to the remains of his arm; it had been amputated just above the elbow in consequence of an accident. "I only wish I had I could do with one arm," he murmured. He wandered up and down the streets; the air was growing colder and colder, and he was very hungry; but he passed the temptation of bakers' and cooks', tightening his fingers more closely on the little silver coin.

"I may get something for mother; I have got another penny," murmured the boy. He entered a baker's shop and asked for a penny loaf, laying down his three pence. Such a fat, jolly baker, who was rolling and laughing behind a counter piled with cakes and dainties, looking in his pale, pinched face, bluish from cold.

"Only a penny loaf New Year's night, my little man? Well, there it is." Joe took it up; as the baker took up the coin, he fixed his eyes on the boy and said sternly, "You are young to follow so bad a trade; this is not good money."

"Not good money?" repeated Joe. "O, sir, I had it from a kind gentleman for holding his horse."

"Have you no other money?" "Another penny."

"And why did you not pay for the loaf with that?" "Please, sir, I wanted change; I wanted to buy something more for my mother, and his large blue eyes filled with tears.

"I must keep that three pence. What a shame for a gentleman to do such a thing as give bad money to a child like that!" "Please sir, I know he didn't intend it. He spoke kind to me. He didn't know it was bad."

The jolly baker looked attentively at the little boy.

"You, but I love you did not. You wanted food for your mother, and you went for it. You look half starved. Give me back that loaf, and here is a bigger one. And missus, hand over one of those ounces of tea and half-penny pieces for you, little one; only always look to the silver before passing it in future."

Joe could not speak for quite a minute. He walked to the shop-door, and then turned back again. "If you please, you do not think I know that money was bad?"

"No."

"Thank you, sir, I'll never forget it—never, sir!" and giving vent to one large sob, he left the shop.

There was fasting in the widow's attic that night. To be sure Joe was obliged to make a candle screen with his hat, or the poor thin little candle would have been blown out by the wind that whistled through the clattering window.

But there was a bluish cup of hot water, with an infusion of tea and milk, and a tiny little fire; and there was much thankfulness for what would have seemed to many a very small money; and there were earnest prayers, and huddled together under their scanty clothing the mother and child slept soundly, and awoke in the morning to the consciousness that as the snow, having found its way through the broken panes of the attic window, was heaped on the floor, and the neighboring roofs and chimneys were like mountains of "dazzling white," there must have been a "heavy fall" during the night.

"We're snowed up, Joe," said the poor widow; "and the end will soon come. This cold will kill me."

"Not a bit of it, mother," said little Joe, cheerily, while moulding a snowball out of the snow on the floor. "I shall go out as a snow-boy, while you stay here just as I wrap you up, and see what lots of cash I shall earn. God has sent the snow to be our friend. The snow shall make us a fire."

"My poor maimed child! but God has graciously given him a cheerful heart."

The snow had fallen as heavily in London as in the country. When Joe got out at the street door the streets were nearly blocked up, the omnibuses did not run, the few cabs that appeared came out with all the dignity of a pair of horses; but the most remarkable thing of all was the intense silence of the great city.

Little Joe was somewhat perplexed, after his determination to go out as a "snow-boy," by the fact that he had neither shovel nor broom.

After a little consideration, heedless of snow drifts or snow shower, he took his way to the baker's, and entered the shop hopefully.

"Dra those boys," said the baker's wife, "they neither take nor give rest. What do you want now?"

"Please, ma'am, if I had a shovel and a broom I could earn something for my mother by clearing away snow."

"Well?"

"I thought the good gentleman here who was so kind to me yesterday, might lend them to me. Mother and I had a beautiful tea last night—thank you, ma'am; but we have very little of anything to-day."

The baker entered the shop before his wife had time to answer.

"A shovel and a broom is it?" said the jolly baker. "And because I was kind to you yesterday, you expect me to be kind to you to-day?"

"Hope, sir, not quite exact."

"Oh, old!" said the baker, "chops words, does it? And if I did lend them, how do I know that you would return them?"

"I told you so," said the baker's wife. "Yes, my dear; but as you did not believe what you said yourself, how could you expect me to believe you? The poor child has an honest face—has I, I am sure, been well brought up, and, moreover, is very like poor Lydia Boyd."

"She was a fool," answered the baker's wife.

"Because she married the man she loved? Did not you do the same?"

"I did not marry a scamp," replied the baker's wife; and though she was dusting the counter with her apron, she looked proudly at her husband at the same time.

"Here comes our little snow boy," said the baker, as Joe, weary and foot-sore, but smiling, went past the window.

"No, sir. He's very hard, sir. I know, to mother, and she prays so much for him—double to what she does for me. Good night, sir, and missus!" He paused, and then asked, "If it was to snow again to-night, sir, would you please lend me them things again?"

"I'll tell you as we go along, answered the baker. 'I shall go with you to see your mother.'"

Joe was very glad when the baker enclosed his solitary cold hand in his large warm one. And when the child said he must stop and inquire at the coal shed about coal, his friend only laughed, and dismissed him by the rapidity and magnitude of his purchases—hot soup and meat from a cook shop, tea, sugar, three large candles, and a hundred coals—and all for Joe's mother. At last the child burst into tears.

"What's the matter now, little snow-boy?" inquired the baker.

"Nothing, sir, only mother will have all she wants without my help."

"No, my child, it is all through you that she will receive this help from an old friend. If you had not practised self-help, and loved your mother, you would not have enlisted my sympathy and had my help."

"Mother was afraid of the snow," said little Joe, "but I told her it came for good."

"Did you ever hear this, little snow-boy?" inquired the baker. "That all things work together for good to those who love the Lord?"

"Yes, sir, mother has said it, though she's so dull at times. This is the house, but I think you are too broad across the shoulders to get up the top stairs."

For an instant the baker doubted and looked inquiringly at the child. Could it be that he had made up a story about his mother? But Joe added, "You can get up sideways, sir, as the landlady does when she comes for her rent."

"I think we all know by this time, what a kind heart the baker had, and can believe that he felt very sad when he saw the once pretty and bright village girl, a faded, worn-out woman."

"Joe should not have brought you here, Mr. Glascoth," she said, drawing a threadbare blanket around her. "I do not wish to intrude my poverty on any one."

"Mother," interrupted Joe, "the gentleman's very kind, but we have money of our own money. I earned tenpence half penny as a snow boy. Did I not tell you the snow came for good?"

"God sends poverty as well as riches," observed the visitor, "and it knew all, one is often as great a blessing as the other. Your life fell among hard lines, but that will make you happier, perhaps, by and by. At all events, among all your trials, (the baker laid his hand on Joe's head as he spoke) he gave an angel to your bosom."

"That is true," said the widow. "But see how greatly even your poor child has been maimed and afflicted."

"Losing my arm," exclaimed little Joe. "Why, mother, that's a blessing!" "I'll have the one-armed boy for my door," said one lady, and the other gave him tenpence. And when the other lady said they'd do it quicker, she repeated "Slow and sure." A great big navy, who at first pushed me off the pavement, when he saw I had but one arm, patted me on the back till I shook again, and said I was a brave little man, and he would let me sweep where I liked. He spoke as if the street belonged to him. Mother, my half arm gets me smiles and kind words and riches. I was right about the snow, mother—I was right about the snow!"

It is wonderful what good good may be done by a little thought, and a little time well laid out.

The kind baker found his way to Mr. Boyd's farm, and in a few days afterwards the farmer's widowed sister and her little Joe were beneath the shelter of his roof. Mary's mother had been dead two years, and Mr. Boyd's sister is considered, even by Tom, to be a comfort in the house. And Joe—even now Joe can do with his one arm, what Tom with his two. I am sorry to say, I never knew him to accomplish. He can write his uncle's letters, and cast up his uncle's bills—and what is better, he is bright and cheerful and grateful. His uncle says the little "snow-boy" could find strawberries in a bed of nettles.

WHAT IS JET?—What is jet? This is a question often put, but never satisfactorily answered. Nearly all the jet workers have an opinion on its origin, and most of them, in common with the greater part of the inhabitants of Whitby and its neighborhood, believe it to be of igneous origin. Some, however, believe it to be of mineral origin, and others think it combines the two. Taking the opinion of Mr. Martin Simpson, the curator of the Whitby Museum, who has studied the geology of this district exceedingly well, and with whom I have talked on this subject, he puts his theory as follows: "Jet is generally considered to have been wood, and in many cases it has undoubtedly been so; for the woody substance often remains, and it is not unlikely that consolidated vegetable matter may have been changed into jet. But it is evident that vegetable matter is not an essential part of jet, for we frequently find that bone and the scales of fishes have also been changed into jet. In the Whitby Museum there is a large mass of bone, which has the exterior converted into jet for about a quarter of an inch in thickness. The jetty matter appears to have entered first into the pores of the bone, and then to have hardened, and during the mineralizing process, the whole bone matter has been gradually displaced, and its place occupied by jet, so as to preserve its original form."

With this latter opinion I am inclined to agree, for jet has the appearance of a substance that has distilled from the rock, and in some cases has impregnated vegetable, and in other cases animal substances, while in others it has simply filled up a fissure in the rock, and solidified. In some specimens I have seen the grain, apparently of wood, distinctly, in others, scales and bones of fishes, and in one of the best specimens that has been found here, the mass in form and structure was that of a tree, with bark, knots, and roots, and in the curled portions of the roots, stones, and soil conglomerated were imbedded.

"That it has been formed from a distillate from what is called the jet rock is supported by these facts. Experiments tried on portions have been successful, and proved that at least ten gallons of oil could be extracted from one ton of the shale, and that this pure oil gave out a clear and brilliant light when burnt. A piece of jet on fire gives out a similar brilliant, clear light. Again the substance is always found in seams, detached, and in a horizontal position, and spreads itself out in shallow layers, as water or fluid substances always do. The two kinds which we are acquainted are the hard and soft; the soft are evidently of distinct species. The jet rock occurs in the lias formation. This formation commencing at the peak about eight miles south of Whitby, traverses the whole coast to about fifteen miles north of Whitby, and from the bold and precipitous cliffs that skirt the sea to 'Tees' mouth. The rock dips into the upper and lower lias, with a marlstone series intervening in the upper part of which we have the Cleveland ironstone. Then comes the dogger or jet rock, and it is here that our 'hard jet' is found in compressed masses or layers of various lengths and thicknesses, some having been from an inch to two long, and one-eighth thick to masses twelve inches wide, six feet long, and four inches thick. It appears that the largest pieces ever found were six feet, four inches in length, four and a half to five and a half inches wide, and one and a half thick, weighing eleven pounds and a half. The jet price was ten guineas; for this sum it was offered to the Curator of the British Museum; he declined to purchase it, and the specimen was afterwards sold for fifteen guineas, and cut into four inch crosses."—*American Artisan.*

"Harry?"

The man, who had made a step towards her, now stopped and looked around, as if he would like to know who Harry was, before going any further.

Just then, Harry, who had heard Kate's call, came running up.

When the man saw him, he seemed relieved, and a curious smile stretched itself beneath his bristling red moustache.

"What's the matter?" cried Harry.

"Oh, Harry!" Kate exclaimed, as she ran to him.

"Matter?" said the man. "The matter's this, I'm going to box her ears."

"Whose ears?"

"That girl's," replied the red-faced man, moving towards Kate.

"My sister? Not much!"

And Harry stepped between Kate and the man.

The man stood, and looked at him, and he looked very angrily, too.

But Harry stood bravely before his sister. His face was flushed, and his breath came quickly, though he was no frightened, not a bit.

And yet there was absolutely nothing that he could do. He had not his gun with him; he had not even a stick in his hand, and a stick would have been of little use against such a strong man as that, who could have taken Harry in his big red hands and have thrown him over the highest fence in the country.

But for all that, the boy stood boldly up before his sister.

The man looked at him without a word, and then he stepped aside towards a small dogwood bush.

For an instant, Harry thought that they might run away; but it was only for an instant. That long-legged man could catch them before they had gone a dozen yards—at least he could catch Kate.

The man took out a knife and cut a long and tolerably thick switch from the bush. Then he cut off the smaller end, and began to trim away the twigs and leaves.

While doing this, he looked at Harry, and said:

"I think I'll take you first."

Kate's heart almost stopped beating when she heard this, and Harry turned pale; but still the brave boy stood before his sister as stoutly as ever.

Kate tried to call for help, but she had no voice. What could she do? A boxing on the ears was nothing, she thought; she wished she had not called out, for it was evident that Harry was going to get a terrible whipping.

"She could not bear it! Her own dear brother!"

She trembled so much that she could not stand, and she sank down on her knees. Rob, the dog, who had been lying near by, snapping at flies, all this time, now came up to comfort her.

"Oh, Rob!" she whispered. "I wish your were a cross dog."

And Rob wagged his tail and lay down by her.

"Wonder," she thought to herself, "oh, I wonder if any one could make him bite."

"Rob!" she whispered in the dog's ear, keeping her eyes fixed on the man, who had now nearly finished trimming his stick. "Rob! hiss a!" and she patted his back.

Rob seemed to listen very attentively.

"Hiss!" she whispered again, her heart beating quick and hard.

Rob raised his head, his big body began to quiver, and the hair on his back gradually rose on end.

"Hiss, Rob!" whispered Kate.

The man had shut up his knife, and was putting it in his pocket. He took the stick in his right hand.

All now depended on Rob.

"Oh, will he?" thought Kate, and then she sprang to her feet and clapped her hands.

"Catch him, Rob!" she screamed.

"Catch him!"

With a rush, Rob hurled himself full at the breast of the man, and the tall fellow went over backwards just like a ten pin.

Then he was up and out into the road, Rob after him.

You ought to have seen the gravel fly. Harry and Kate ran out into the road and cheered and shouted. Away went the man and away went the dog.

Up the road, into the brush, out again, and then into a field, down a hill, up and back. At Tom Riley's fence, Rob got him by the leg, but the trowsers were out, and the piece came out; and then the man dashed into Lily's old tobacco barn, and slammed the door almost on the dog's nose.

Rob ran around the house to see if there was an open window, and finding none, he went back to the door and lay down to wait.

Harry and Kate ran home as fast as they could, and after awhile Rob came too. He had waited a reasonable time at the door of the barn, but the man had not come out.

**THE DELUSIONS OF DRINK.**

King Solomon had the credit of being the wisest man who ever lived, and he declared that he who is deceived by wine, the mocker, and strong drink, the raging, is not wise. The delusions of drink are as old as drink itself, and are as prevalent now as in Solomon's time. There are men who honestly believe that alcoholic drink is good for them—yet not one of them would touch it except as a prescribed medicine, if it were not for its pleasant taste. The delusion touching its healthfulness grows out of the desire to justify an appetite which may either be natural or acquired. It a man likes whiskey or wine, he likes to think that it is good for him, and he will take some pains to prove that it is so, both to himself and others.

Now, alcohol is a pure stimulant. There is not so much nutriment in it as there is in a chip. It never adds anything to the permanent forces of life, and never can add anything. Its momentary intensification of force is a permanent abstraction of force from the drinker's capital stock.

All artificial excitement brings exhaustion. The physicians know this, and the simplest man's reason is

quite capable of comprehending it. If any man supposes that daily drink, even in small quantities, is conducive to his health, he is deluded. If he possesses a sluggish temperament, he may be able to carry his burden without much apparent harm, but burden it is, and burden it will always be.

After a man has continued moderate drinking long enough, then comes a change—a demand for more drink. The old quantity does not suffice. The powers which have been thusably deteriorated, clamor, under the pressure of business for increased stimulation. It is applied, and the machine starts off grandly; the man feels strong, his form grows portly, and he works under constant pressure. Now he is in condition of great danger, but the delusion is upon him that he is in no danger at all. At last, however, drink begins to take the place of food. His appetite grows feeble and futile. He lives on his drink, and of course, he must end one day to this—viz: death! It may come suddenly, through the collapse of all his powers, or through paralysis, or it may come slowly through atrophy or emaciation. His friends see that he is killing himself, but he cannot see it at all. He walks in a delusion from his early manhood to his grave.

A few weeks ago one of our city physicians publicly read a paper on the drinking habit, based on a competent knowledge of facts. It ought to have been of great use to those women of the city who are exposed to the dangers it portrayed, and especially to those who have acquired the habit.

Our contemporary, *Southwestern*, there appeared in the columns of a daily paper a protest from a writer who ought to be a good deal more intelligent than he is, against the doctor's conclusions. The health and physique of the non-drinking Englishman were placed over against the health and physique of the water-drinking American women, to the disadvantage of the latter. The man is deluded. It is not so with the Englishman, one of the most eminent medical men in England—a man notoriously beyond the reach of any purely Christian considerations—declared against the beer-drinking of England on strictly sanitary grounds.

Our literature declares that the English woman can outwalk her American sister. That depends entirely upon the period of life when the task is undertaken. The typical Englishwoman who has stood by the best of her kind, and who has been a long time, is too fat to walk anywhere easily out of doors, or gracefully within.

During our late civil war this matter of drinking for health's sake was thoroughly tried. A host of experienced observers were acquired that had to have lasted for a century. Again and again, thousands and thousands of times, was it proved that the man who drank nothing was the better man. He endured more, he fought better, he came out of the war healthier than the man who drank. Nothing is more easily demonstrable than that the liquor used by the two armies, among officers and men alike, was an unmitigated curse to them.

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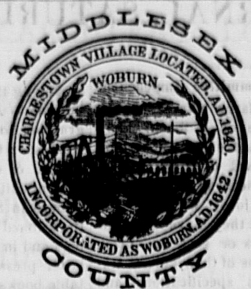








# WOBURN JOURNAL.



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NO. 25.

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## Woburn and Boston Express.

The subscriber would respectfully announce that on and after MONDAY, July 1, 1874, he will run a Daily Express

between Woburn and Boston, starting from Woburn at 7 A. M., and from Boston at 1 P. M. Orders for boxes in Woburn at 10 A. M., and in Boston at 12 M., will be received at 11 A. M. and 12 M. respectively.

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## HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE

Woburn, Mass.

## Poetry.

### YOUNG AMERICA'S

The scene was grand, their groves and golden arches

Showed the great splendor of the gorgeous play;

The glittering sun, the light, the steadily marching,

The dying dancers and the music gay;

And joy was at its height, while fair young faces,

Wreathed with bright smiles, peered out from every seat,

Gazing enraptured at the flying graces,

Floating like mercury with winged feet.

A moment's pause, then, with a step of lightness,

Down to the footlights came a little child;

The gleaming of his eye was full of brightness—

A ruby glow it shone his features mild;

Like rippling waves along the beaches breaking,

The light appeared sweetened to a noisy din:

Then, like the first sweet notes of birds awaking,

Rose the faint wailing of his violin.

Now, soft as zephyr through the violets creeping,

Now, sad and mournful, like a distant bell,

Now, like a storm through the dim forest sweeping,

Through the grand hall the music rose and fell.

At length he ceased, and the high notes, entrancing,

Grew faint and fainter in a last sweet strain;

And with his cheek aglow, and bright eyes gleaming,

He turned away—alas! he never to come back again!

The hours passed on; but sick and faint and weary

With pallid cheek, and dimmed and half-closed eyes,

That fair young boy lay in his chamber dreary,

From out the dawning light brought home to die.

In peace he slept—his voice had lost its lightness,

But waking from his sleep, serene and mild,

He spoke but once, from lips of marble whiteness,

"Great God, make room for me a little child!"

The voice was heard all thro' the grand pavilion,

Where God with listening ears in mercy waits,

Mild the adoring throng of countless millions

Of redeemed who've passed the golden gates.

The prayer was heard, and a great light came streaming

From shining angels hovering round his bed;

But mortal eyes saw not their white wings gleaming,

Nor the bright halo round his fair young head.

But rising softly with his bright attendants,

Silent he moved from out the darkened room.

The light shone back, and the angels' response

Of every angel, and then all was gloom.

God's ways are not our ways. We pause and wonder,

And often see but browns when the good God hath smiled.

Heed when He speaks, whether in tones of thunder,

Or gently calling home a little child.

## Selected.

### The Paying-Teller's Story.

French, Pym & Co., had just before this employed a new clerk. Not in the place of any one they had discharged, but as an addition to their force. His name was Smeadon. He was said to be a connection of the wife of Mr. French, the senior partner.

At that time the paying-teller of the Bank of the New World.

Do you know what it is to be a paying-teller of one of our New York city banks?

It is almost impossible to make you understand unless you are somewhat familiar with business.

From ten to three he is like a fortress under assault of the enemy. Checks and notes are constantly presented to be paid in cash, or certified (that is, marked with the teller's name, which means they are good, and by which the bank is bound), while the teller must act with unerring celerity and dispatch, or he never will be able to get through the day. He must not pay the note or check of a "doubtful" person, unless the money is actually on deposit, and he must exercise a responsible care in protecting the paper of valuable depositors who are, nevertheless, late in making up their accounts. To not offend a good customer without risking too much in honoring his checks, is sometimes a difficult task.

It is easy enough to get along with the old-fashioned, solid folks, whose money is always in the bank, and also with the doubtful ones, whose account must be good, or "no payment," but for the third class, who deal heavily, and who generally leave large balances over, while they draw half during the day—all I can say is, they are the perpetual torment of the paying-teller.

There are, besides, various exceptional characters, who are continually trying us. We keep the account of a literary gentleman, for example, who is continually making mistakes, and wondering that the teller don't pay his checks. Another is a man of elegant leisure, who, because he is wealthy, is amazed the teller is not willing he should overdraw. A third individual begs us, three or four times a week, to take a deposit, at ten in the morning, to protect a draft of the day before.

You see we have an odd life of it. Our vocabulary is not adapted to any common parlance. "Good" has not the last meaning which it has in the dictionary, but only means "all right."

"Respectable" has not the slightest connection with our social position, but refers to the character of your "papers."

"First-class" does not mean that you belong to the best society, but that you have your hundred of thousands in dollar marks.

Yes, it is an odd sort of life, and for us hard, very hard. How would you feel to be subjected for five hours daily to the risk of simple ruin, place lost, character shattered, your bondsmen forced to pay up, and for yourself a long vacation, with little chance to recuperate?

You have to keep the daily run of millions of cash which are in constant circulation, and which must come out right every afternoon. I don't wonder I am thin—nearly all paying-tellers are thin. There may be exceptions, but I know of none in any of our large banks.

I say thin—I mean careworn as well. Why? Leroy, when he used to be in my place, did not weigh over a hundred and thirty, since he quitted the bank he has got up to one hundred and eighty. Furthermore, it is not particularly pleasant to feel, if you should happen some evening to go to the theater on the invitation of a friend—who has received a present of tickets—that one of the directors has an eye on you, and as a result, a detective is requested to report on "that young man's habits."

## Porter.

### YOUNG AMERICA'S

I don't know why I have indulged in this long digression, except that people are apt to consider a paying-teller as a disagreeable, morose, selfish fellow, always inclined to be disobligeant, and very apt to put on airs. Alas, indeed! But never mind.

I was saying, French, Pym & Co., had just before this employed a new clerk. French, Pym & Co., were an old established house—solid men, large capital and large means outside of their business. No trouble with them. Always four figures to their account, and often five. French, the senior partner, was one of our directors—an old fashioned man of sixty years of age, active though, and managed his concern himself. He had been a widower several years. A little before the time I am telling you of, he had visited St. Louis, and brought back with him a young wife. He had three children, all of whom were married and settled away from him, and I suppose he naturally began to feel lonesome by himself.

When an old man marries a young woman, people will talk, and this was no exception. The young fellows in the bank gossiped about it, and folks in society discussed it, and the upshot was, it was generally admitted that no one knew anything about her.

Well, to come back to where I began, about three months after Mr. French's marriage, the new clerk was employed. As I have said, he was a connection of the young wife. It was supposed that he had obtained his place through her influence.

His position in the firm was a confidential one for the relief of the senior partner. I recollect the first time I saw him. I did not know who he was. He came to the counter with a check for ten thousand dollars, payable to bearer, and asked for the bill.

It was such an unusual thing for that house to do—check to bearer for a large sum—that I looked in the person's face—generally I don't take the trouble. I saw a fine appearing, sedate individual of six or seven and twenty, standing calmly before me.

I hesitated, and cast my eyes carefully on the signatures, and then on the filling in of the check. The former were certainly genuine; the latter had not been altered.

He it was—ten thousand dollars to bearer. Had a money broker drawn such a check, I should have thought nothing of it; but why should French, Pym & Co., do it?

The man said I hesitated.

"Any difficulty?" he asked, in a calm, firm tone.

"I should prefer to know who you are before paying this check."

"I approve your caution," he replied; "but this is to bearer."

At that moment I saw "Mr. French" himself pass in and go towards the directors' room. The man also saw him, and, as if by surprise, went up and spoke familiarly with him. The result was, he came over to my counter.

"Mr. Smeadon," he said, "this is Mr. French's check. He said, 'this is Mr. French's check.' Now, I think you had better know something about it. I thought you had better be acquainted with him."

Nothing could be more satisfactory. Mr. Smeadon bowed in the same quiet manner, and I proceeded to count out ten thousand dollar bills to him.

I observed he did not show the check to Mr. French; but that was no affair of mine. About an hour after that, I saw one of French, Pym & Co.'s clerks making a deposit. I stepped along to the receiving teller, and noticed, among other things, the ten bills I had, a little before, paid to Mr. Smeadon.

There could easily be found explanations for this, but it left a curious impression on me. Still I cannot say I was disreputably impressed with Smeadon. Only this, he did not create, as some do, a feeling of confidence.

Not long after, I overtook Mr. Smeadon walking up town. He was proceeding at a slow pace. I always take a fast one. As I was passing him, the way was obstructed, and we came close together. He was the first to speak.

"Do you walk always?" he asked.

I answered in the affirmative.

"So do I," he said; "but not at your rapid rate. I like to come to my company, and will increase my speed, if you will consent to slacken yours."

This was spoken in his calm, placid way, which produced a rather pleasant effect on me. We walked along together.

"I thought," said he, "after I went in the bank, the other day, it was hardly fair to you for me to ask for so large a sum, that it was to be feared, without being identified. The fact is, the check was drawn in a hurry, to meet a possible emergency, which, by the by, did not present itself, and I sent the very bills back in less than half an hour."

Here was the whole thing explained. I no longer permitted myself to feel the least want of confidence in French, Pym & Co.'s new clerk.

We were soon chatting familiarly. Why not? He was not a person I had to be on my guard against, but quite the contrary, every way.

I was at that time living at home with my mother, who occupied a small house far up town, over by the Tenth Avenue. Our whole family consisted of my mother, myself and a little sister twelve years old.

Smeadon told me he had come from Cleveland and knew nobody in New York, and went no where, except once in a while to call on his cousin, Mrs. French.

It was natural I should ask him to come and see me. He promised to do so, and we parted, mutually pleased with each other.

## Porter.

### YOUNG AMERICA'S

So much for my first acquaintance with Smeadon.

I will tell you how I first saw Mr. French's young wife.

It was just after Smeadon and I walked up town together. In the busiest part of the day—quite a line at my counter—a very small white hand, with a large solitaire diamond sparkling on the forefinger, was extended to me with a check for one thousand dollars—French, Pym & Co.'s check. This, too, was to bearer.

There were a few feminine hands extended toward us, that I stopped to see if the lady was as pretty as her hand gave token of. So I looked at her, saying politely, "Large or small bills, madame?"

I declare, it was one of the sweetest, most innocent faces I ever beheld!

She appeared very young—at that moment not more than twenty; graceful figure, black hair and eyes, beautiful complexion, and so innocent. She was dressed in excellent taste, but inexpensively.

She exhibited a little natural confusion at my question, but replied:

"Two or three hundred dollars in fives and tens, the rest large."

I counted the money, and placed it before her. As she took it, she raised her eyes to mine, as if seemed quite accidental.

I cannot describe their effect on me. There are women's eyes which are like the eyes of the basilisk—they charm and subdue, and lead you captive by a single glance. Here was an instance. I cannot tell how or wherefore. Nothing could be more modest than was their expression. They rested on me only as if to withdraw, but when withdrawn, I felt as if I was ready to do that woman's will forever more—that I would rejoice to be her slave, and perform whatever she should bid.

I'm not surprised you stare at me—stage extravagance of speech for a bank teller—is it not? It is the simple truth, though. As she turned and left the bank, I looked after her; everybody outside the counters looked after her; two or three clerks who happened to see her standing there, looked after her. No wonder; the handsomest form you ever beheld, and the most perfect foot and ankle; her motions all modesty and grace.

"Don't you know who that is?" asked young Platt of me—his turn was next.

"I am sure I don't."

"Well, you ought to. It is the wife of one of our directors."

"Mrs. French?"

"Yes."

"Nobody knew where she came from," said the women.

"Who would care to know? Not I. To see her was enough. If Mr. French thought so, why, he thought right."

About a week after that Smeadon called one evening to see me. My mother was knitting by the fire, and my little sister attempting to study her French lesson without assistance. I welcomed Smeadon cordially, introduced him to my mother and Laura, and we were soon chatting away as if we had always been intimately acquainted. It was not long before he asked Laura about her studies, and finding she was at French, volunteered to assist her. She was delighted. Smeadon appeared to understand the language perfectly, and he kept on till the less was completed. Mother was pleased too.

We engaged in general conversation; then Smeadon spoke of himself—of life in the West, and of New York, which he said he knew almost nothing about. We were all sorry when, a little after ten he rose to depart.

"I cannot tell you," he said, addressing my mother, "how much I envy your son his happy domestic home. If I were not a stranger to you, I would ask you if you could not persuade yourself to make room for me. It has been several times on my lips to do so this evening, but I was afraid to venture. Now, as I leave here, the cheerfulness of my boarding house presents itself and it makes me bold."

My mother was much surprised, but she was pleased—I may say flattered—by Smeadon's manner, as well as by what he said. She looked a little doubtingly at me and responded, "We have never thought of such a thing as taking any one in our house. As you are a friendly to him, I shall leave the matter entirely to him."

"Thanks, my dear madame; your son and I will talk it over. Don't think me impudent for making the request. Good evening."

After he left, the affair was discussed in all its bearings. Smeadon was certainly every way unobjectionable. Laura was not old enough to raise a question about her. The only difficulty was, it broke in on the happy privacy of home. On the other hand it was admitted, the additional income we should receive was by no means unimportant. The result was, it was decided to admit him on terms which I was to arrange.

These were speedily settled, and the following Monday he took up his abode with us. Smeadon proved to be not only perfectly unobjectionable, but his stay with us was a source of much pleasure. He was very quiet, and spent enough of his time in his room to allow the family to be together.

He was a great help to Laura, whose progress in French was rapid under the instruction he seemed to take pleasure in giving her. He was strict in the observance of the Sabbath, and always accompanied my mother to church, even when feeling the need of rest, I would myself stay at home.

As you may naturally suppose, we became very intimate. He gave me an account of his life—how, by the death of his father, he was thrown out of a lucrative business, and hardly knew which way to turn, when, through the influence of his cousin, he secured his present situation. Of her he spoke in the most exalted terms. If ever there was an angel

## Porter.

### YOUNG AMERICA'S

here below, it was she. Mr. French considered one of the felicity of the earth. He represented the felicity of the two as complete.

I cannot well express, continued the paying-teller, after a pause, how much I enjoyed the six months which Smeadon spent with me. During that time he had done us a great many little favors. I do not mean precisely of a pecuniary nature, but still incidentally valuable. Once on a holiday, he took Laura with him to call on his cousin. The girl came back perfectly delighted with Mrs. French, who had given her a pretty gold bracelet and invited her to come again. The result was Laura joined to go almost every Saturday, to spend an hour with her kind friend, and always had some little thing to bring. Not, you understand, of any great value, but quite "appropriate for a child."

Meantime, Mrs. French occasionally came to the bank to draw money—always in pretty large sums, but no larger certainly, than a rich, indulgent husband like Mr. French would grant. You may ask me if it did not strike me as a little odd that she should come herself instead of sending. I cannot tell you why, but it never seemed in the least out of place. Whatever she did appeared so natural, and just as it should be. She did not come often, but I confess I looked forward to her arrival with impatience. Her very presence produced a strange joy in my heart, and I took as long a time as possible to count the bills before giving them to her. There was something delicious in the idea that I had the power to keep her standing before me even for so brief a period.

When she took the money she would look timidly in my face, as if to say, "I suppose this is right?" and when she turned away I was left always under the same spell. I never spoke with her, of course—she never recognized me, but I knew she knew I was little Laura's brother, and her cousin's friend.

During these six months, French, Pym & Co.'s business was very large, and so Smeadon was busily occupied. He was in the habit of coming often to the bank to draw large sums on the checks of the house, but I no longer thought anything of this, as Smeadon had explained to me that they were now buying extensively, in consequence of the depreciated prices, and as it was an object for them to conceal their operations, their purchases were made through brokers, and paid for in the bills. So affairs progressed until one Wednesday morning, the seventeenth of October.

On that morning Smeadon asked to have his breakfast a little earlier than usual, as he had to be at the counting-room in good season, and had a hard day's work before him. "We hope to secure," he said, "all of Ellerton's stock—that is, if he does not discover who is after it."

I wished him good luck, and he left the house before me.

It wanted about twenty minutes to eleven when Smeadon came in the bank in a hurry—his manner was never hasty, in fact, always calm—but he stepped quicker than usual, as if he was about accomplishing something important. He placed two checks of French, Pym & Co. before me, one to his order for thirty-seven thousand thousand dollars, the other to bearer for twenty-seven thousand—in all sixty-four thousand dollars.

"Certainly the thirty-seven, and give me large bills for the twenty-seven," he said.

"I have to step to the president's moment; please have them ready, as I have no time to lose."

I confess I did not indulge the slightest suspicion. Who would under the circumstances? I scarcely looked at the checks, but certified the one and proceeded to count out the money for the other.

Smeadon was back almost before I had finished. I handed him the check and bills.

"I had a fool's errand," he said, with a slight air of vexation. "I started to give the president some 'receivables,' and found I had forgotten to take them from the safe. Must go back for them. Now I am here, will go to South Street first. Will be back in less than an hour sharp. There will be no more checks in, unless one of fifteen hundred dollars to Edgerston and Co. till late in the afternoon."

"All right," said I; but somehow, I do not know why, I could not help feeling a little fidgety. A paying-teller always feels nervous before twelve o'clock, then he warms to his work. Besides, checks which are presented earlier never seem exactly right.

"Ridiculous!" I said to myself; "Smeadon, don't be a fool."

At that moment the form















# WOBURN JOURNAL.

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## Portry.

### LOVE.

Love is not made of kisses, or of sighs,  
Of glowing hands, or of the sorceries  
And subtle witchcrafts of alluring eyes.

Love is not made of broken whispers, no,  
Nor of the blushing cheek, whose answering glow  
Tells that the ear has heard the accents low.

Love is not made of tears, nor yet of smiles,  
Of quivering lips, or of entangling wiles;  
Love is not tempted; he himself beguiles.

This is Love's language, but this is not Love.  
If we know aught of Love, how shall we dare  
To say that this is Love, when well we aware  
That these are common things, and Love is rare?

As separate streams may, blending, ever roll  
In course unaltered, so soul to soul  
Love is the union into one sweet whole.

One heart, one mind, one soul, and one desire,  
A kindred fancy, and a sister fire  
Of thought and passion; these can Love inspire.

This makes a heaven of earth; for this is Love.

## Selected.

### THE DEAD TOWN.

It was among the tangled ridges and  
ranches of the rugged mining region of  
Central Nevada, and the sun was but  
little more than two hours high, but  
getting hotter and hotter every minute.

Along the deep runs of the old wagon  
road which wound through a crooked  
valley, there were riding two men of  
wildly different exterior, although they  
both were sufficiently noteworthy in their  
way. The one in front, upon whose slow  
movements the other was rapidly gain-  
ing, was mounted on a stout old mule,

whose dull ambition he continuously as-  
sisted with hearty thracks of "what  
left of the hawk and lash of a worn-out  
bull whip," and a curious sort of cus-  
tomer to was. His dress was an odd  
commingling of the rags and relics of  
civilized clothing, with articles of Indian  
make, not to speak of sundry "im-  
provements" that spoke probably of his  
own clumsy handiwork. His hat, for in-  
stance, consisted of a greasy and battered  
antelope skin, stretched over an incom-  
prehensible frame of willow twigs and  
rusty wire, and had such a "flap down"  
behind, and such a "flap up" in front as  
seemed admirably a way the wearer had  
of bearing his stub nose high in the air,

as if he perpetually discovered something  
unpleasant in the surrounding atmos-  
phere. It needed no second glance of an  
experienced eye to determine that that  
man had been a long time in the moun-  
tains. In fact he was just returning from  
a prospecting and mining tour of pro-  
longed toil and peril, but of very satis-  
factory success; and there is no other  
time in his wild, adventurous life when  
his genuine miner so thoroughly appre-  
ciates his right to carry his nose as high  
in the air as he pleases. And yet our  
miner seemed to be in no particular hur-  
ry, for all his occasional applications to  
the tough hide of his old mule, and, least  
of all, did he seem disposed to avoid the  
man behind him.

The latter wore the uniform of a Unit-  
ed States cavalry officer, spick and span  
new, with the shoulder straps of a cap-  
tain, and a general appearance of having  
just been to the barber's, that was in  
strong contrast with the outward man of  
the mule rider in front of him. He was  
well mounted on a sleek-skinned and  
perfectly groomed fat gelding—quite too  
fat for use in a country like that. The  
Captain, however, did not carry his nose  
in the air, but rather seemed inclined to  
send its sharp point ahead of him on  
a general scouting expedition of his own.

"Hullo, stranger!" shouted the mule  
rider, as he turned half round in his  
tattered saddle. "I say, Cap'n, my  
name is Bing, and do you know if  
this ere's the right road to Crooked  
Pine?"

"Can't say, my friend," replied the  
captain; "never was here before, and I  
am just riding on ahead of my men to see  
what I can find."

"Well then, Cap'n, this 'ere is the right  
road to Crooked Pine, and I'm gwine  
right into that that city myself, sure as  
my name is Bing."

"All right," growled the captain; "go  
in if you want to—I don't suppose any  
one will try to stop you."

"Won't they though?" returned the  
man on the mule. "Well, I reckon you  
never was inter Crooked Pine in yer  
life, and I'm just gwine right in there, I  
am. Mebbe it ain't had place for you  
with yer army blue on and yer cavalry  
fellows comin' close on behind ye. I ain't  
got no cavalry but this 'ere consarned  
mule."

"Why," replied the captain, aiming  
his long nose at the man on the mule, "is  
Crooked Pine such a dangerous place to  
go into?"

"You bet!" exclaimed Bing. "Why  
Cap'n, it's just the dearest town you ever  
hearn tell on. It growed powerful fast,  
it did. That was just a coyote hole that  
at first, and the city sort of growed up  
around that—a little the quickest you  
ever seen. Allers full of human coyotes,  
too, arter they'd skinned off the four  
footed ones. I've been there more'n once  
and now I'm gwine agin. I'm gwine  
right into that that town."

"But what do you want to go there  
for, if it's such a dangerous sort of a  
place?" asked the captain.

"Well, you see, Cap'n," said Bing, with  
a species of sneer, "that's just whar the  
rub comes. You see Crooked Pine's just  
the dearest sort of town, and it's the only  
place whar the boys ever made out to  
get a white scare onto old Bing. They  
just did that more'n a year ago. They  
gobbled my pile fust, and then they run

me clean out of Crooked Pine, an' then I  
took to the mountains, and I've been there  
pretty much ever since. I've had the tall  
est kind of good luck, but I shan't be  
comfortable in my mind till I've been to  
Crooked Pine. I'm gwine to ride this 'ere  
old mule right into that that town, I am,  
sure as my name's Bing, and we're all  
most there now."

"Which?" went the stub whip on the  
tough hide of the old mule, and on went  
Bing, as if he knew his way and dis-  
tained further information. And while  
the old mule with the shot gun stood  
looking dreamily and indifferently after  
him, the captain wheeled his horse and  
giving him a sharp dig of the spur, he  
galloped swiftly away down the valley  
from the lower end of which, came the  
faint, far away and ghostly notes of  
a cavalry bugle. It was as if even  
music refused to be lively in so dead a  
town as Crooked Pine.—*Appleton's Jour-  
nal.*

"Is that the city of Crooked Pine?"  
asked the captain of the mule rider.

"No, sirree," replied Bing, "we ain't  
into Crooked Pine—not yet we ain't; but  
I'm a gwine to ride right in there on this  
'ere old mule. This 'ere place is on'tly  
the graveyard, and I tell you, they need  
one for it's just the dearest town you  
ever seen."

"Isn't it a healthy place?" asked the  
captain, with an uneasy twinkle of his  
point of his nose.

"Healthy?" exclaimed Bing. "Did  
you ever hear of an unhealthy place  
among these mountains? Crooked Pine's  
healthy place, you bet, only t'ellers don't  
seem to live long there, that's all. It's  
just the dearest place you ever seen, and  
I tell you what, they scared old Bing  
did, but I'm gwine to ride right in  
there, I am."

"Thought you said that this place  
was the graveyard," remarked the cap-  
tain, veering his nose slowly around the  
compass.

"Well, an' so it is," said Bing; "but  
over yonder's the only patch that 'pears  
to be planted. Look at them sticks.  
Lots of 'em! Them with a hole bored  
in 'em means a revolver. Them that's  
notched so deep all round, says the  
feller himself got notched over to Crook-  
ed Pine. That's some on 'em looks as if  
the boys didn't know what hurt 'em.  
You see, Cap'n, Crooked Pine is 'em  
dearest town; but I'm gwine to ride  
right in there on this old mule."

"And now as they rode somewhat more  
rapidly forward, the captain's nose be-  
came more pointedly inquiring than ever.  
Houses there, were scattered here and  
there, with some wild sort of reference  
to a possible street, and some of them  
were even of that ambitious sort where  
one story tries to climb to the dignity of  
two. There were frame buildings, with  
marvelously sprawling signs,—most of  
them "hotels," "halls," "shades," and  
miners' paradises of that sort; but there  
were some apparently intended for legiti-  
mate business—"dry goods emporiums"  
and the like, not to speak of three or four  
"banks" and a "Crooked Pine branch  
mill and assay office."

That that's whar they used to keep  
the tiger," said Bing. It was right  
about that that the skinner took me. But  
where on airth are all the boys gone  
to?"

Well he might ask, for although the  
captain's nose had pointed everywhere,  
not the first sign of an inhabitant had as  
yet made its appearance.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed  
the captain. "Are you sure this was  
such a healthy place?"

"Healthy?" said Bing. "Well, now,  
you kin just bet. Any how, I've come  
and rid right straight into Crooked Pine.  
Hullo, if there ain't somebody stirrin'!  
Tell ye, Cap'n, I was beginning to get  
a little skeered agin, everything looked so  
consarned lonesome."

Even as he was speaking, a battered,  
grizzled, unkempt, unwashed specimen  
of elderly humanity came limping toward  
him, bearing in his hand a rusty  
old double-barrel shot gun.

"Look out," whispered Bing to the  
captain. "That's no counting onto these  
'ere Crooked Pine boys. They're most  
likely laying low for somethin'."

"Then he added aloud:  
"I say, stranger, whar hay all the  
boys gone ter? Whar's got inter Crook-  
ed Pine?"

"Is that you, Bing?" drawled the man  
with the shot gun. "Why whar hev ye  
been? Nothin' ain't got inter this place—  
that ain't whar the matter—but every  
livin' soul 'cept me has gone out of it.  
Old Bing, I tell yer, Crooked Pine's a  
dead town."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Bing, with  
what the captain took for a groan; but  
the latter aimed his nose at the man with  
the shot gun, and asked him:

"What did the town die of, and what  
made you stay here after it was dead?"

"Die of?" drawled the shot gun man.  
"Die of? Why, they've made another  
town, twenty mile away, over onto the  
new railroad; and they do say it beats  
this city all hollow. What made me stay?  
Why, stranger, I never seen a railroad  
and I don't want to, so whar the  
boys began to clear out for that that new  
city, I just thought for improvements.  
I got some on 'em powerful cheap, I did  
an' I won three hotels at a raffia, and I  
biggest luck you ever seen. An' I kep'  
on an' on buyin' and winnin', till I reck-  
on I own the whole town and the grave-  
yard too. It's a fine graveyard an' it's  
got an awful good start; but it's just the  
dearest town you ever seen. What do I  
stay for? What should I go for? Don't  
I own the whole of Crooked Pine?"

"Cap'n," said Bing, mournfully, "I  
reckon he's telling the truth. I've known  
this 'ere thing to happen before. Do ye  
know whar I'm gwine to do?"

"No, I don't," said the captain.

"Well, you kin wait fer yer cavalry  
men if yer want ter. I'm gwine to ride  
right into that that other town, on this  
old mule. I'll ride right in there. Mebbe  
I kin find some of the boys, and anyhow

I want to see if that that railroad kin put  
another white skeer onto old Bing. Cap'n,  
Crooked Pine's just the dearest town I  
ever seen."

"Which?" went the stub whip on the  
tough hide of the old mule, and on went  
Bing, as if he knew his way and dis-  
tained further information. And while  
the old mule with the shot gun stood  
looking dreamily and indifferently after  
him, the captain wheeled his horse and  
giving him a sharp dig of the spur, he  
galloped swiftly away down the valley  
from the lower end of which, came the  
faint, far away and ghostly notes of  
a cavalry bugle. It was as if even  
music refused to be lively in so dead a  
town as Crooked Pine.—*Appleton's Jour-  
nal.*

"Is that the city of Crooked Pine?"  
asked the captain of the mule rider.

"No, sirree," replied Bing, "we ain't  
into Crooked Pine—not yet we ain't; but  
I'm a gwine to ride right in there on this  
'ere old mule. This 'ere place is on'tly  
the graveyard, and I tell you, they need  
one for it's just the dearest town you  
ever seen."

"Isn't it a healthy place?" asked the  
captain, with an uneasy twinkle of his  
point of his nose.

"Healthy?" exclaimed Bing. "Did  
you ever hear of an unhealthy place  
among these mountains? Crooked Pine's  
healthy place, you bet, only t'ellers don't  
seem to live long there, that's all. It's  
just the dearest place you ever seen, and  
I tell you what, they scared old Bing  
did, but I'm gwine to ride right in  
there, I am."

"Thought you said that this place  
was the graveyard," remarked the cap-  
tain, veering his nose slowly around the  
compass.

"Well, an' so it is," said Bing; "but  
over yonder's the only patch that 'pears  
to be planted. Look at them sticks.  
Lots of 'em! Them with a hole bored  
in 'em means a revolver. Them that's  
notched so deep all round, says the  
feller himself got notched over to Crook-  
ed Pine. That's some on 'em looks as if  
the boys didn't know what hurt 'em.  
You see, Cap'n, Crooked Pine is 'em  
dearest town; but I'm gwine to ride  
right in there on this old mule."

"And now as they rode somewhat more  
rapidly forward, the captain's nose be-  
came more pointedly inquiring than ever.  
Houses there, were scattered here and  
there, with some wild sort of reference  
to a possible street, and some of them  
were even of that ambitious sort where  
one story tries to climb to the dignity of  
two. There were frame buildings, with  
marvelously sprawling signs,—most of  
them "hotels," "halls," "shades," and  
miners' paradises of that sort; but there  
were some apparently intended for legiti-  
mate business—"dry goods emporiums"  
and the like, not to speak of three or four  
"banks" and a "Crooked Pine branch  
mill and assay office."

That that's whar they used to keep  
the tiger," said Bing. It was right  
about that that the skinner took me. But  
where on airth are all the boys gone  
to?"

Well he might ask, for although the  
captain's nose had pointed everywhere,  
not the first sign of an inhabitant had as  
yet made its appearance.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed  
the captain. "Are you sure this was  
such a healthy place?"

"Healthy?" said Bing. "Well, now,  
you kin just bet. Any how, I've come  
and rid right straight into Crooked Pine.  
Hullo, if there ain't somebody stirrin'!  
Tell ye, Cap'n, I was beginning to get  
a little skeered agin, everything looked so  
consarned lonesome."

Even as he was speaking, a battered,  
grizzled, unkempt, unwashed specimen  
of elderly humanity came limping toward  
him, bearing in his hand a rusty  
old double-barrel shot gun.

"Look out," whispered Bing to the  
captain. "That's no counting onto these  
'ere Crooked Pine boys. They're most  
likely laying low for somethin'."

"Then he added aloud:  
"I say, stranger, whar hay all the  
boys gone ter? Whar's got inter Crook-  
ed Pine?"

"Is that you, Bing?" drawled the man  
with the shot gun. "Why whar hev ye  
been? Nothin' ain't got inter this place—  
that ain't whar the matter—but every  
livin' soul 'cept me has gone out of it.  
Old Bing, I tell yer, Crooked Pine's a  
dead town."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Bing, with  
what the captain took for a groan; but  
the latter aimed his nose at the man with  
the shot gun, and asked him:

"What did the town die of, and what  
made you stay here after it was dead?"

"Die of?" drawled the shot gun man.  
"Die of? Why, they've made another  
town, twenty mile away, over onto the  
new railroad; and they do say it beats  
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right into that that other town, on this  
old mule. I'll ride right in there. Mebbe  
I kin find some of the boys, and anyhow

ful to better instructed ears, with the  
fresh rustle of leaves, the clear gurgle of  
water, the cool soft, flickering shadows,  
the sweet and freedom of wide, unhin-  
dered outlook, were as sounds of an un-  
known tongue to him.

A misty memory of a haggard, hope-  
less face and a drooping figure—vague  
outline and dim as a faded daguerro-  
type—growing dimmer with every at-  
tempt to brighten it, and escaping into  
the mists of early childhood, was his only  
assurance that he had ever known a fa-  
ther. That father figure had slipped out  
of existence, by the help of consumption,  
before his only child well knew what ex-  
istence was. So far as Richard knew, not  
a trace of his possessions, aims, attain-  
ments or influence remained to tell what  
he had been. He was uncertain if he had  
left to himself so much of an inheritance  
as the color of his eyes or the mould of  
his nose.

As for his mother, he would be obliged  
some way of Lettie would wash from his  
remembrance every print of her face and  
career. A coarse, slatternly, bleary-eyed  
woman, alternately a terror and disgust,  
according as her intoxication took the fu-  
rious or the idiotic phase. Continually  
stirring up misery, poverty, degradation  
and sin, she was full of spite and spite,  
ing it to the dogs with a horrible relish.  
Dying at last, of delirium tremens, be-  
fore he was nine years old, leaving him,  
for sole legacy, a growing sense of relief  
that he should see her face no more.

Then followed four or five years of hard  
struggle with the world for bread and  
standing room, as a match boy, a sweeper  
of street crossings, a rag-picker, a news-  
boy, a peripatetic advertisement. Varied,  
precious years, full of shifts and turns,  
of ups and downs, of comparative com-  
fort and absolute wretchedness. Years  
of rapid mental growth, nevertheless, in-  
asmuch as he had picked up the taste of  
reading and found that he had a taste for  
it, which he gratified to the utmost of  
his opportunity. Scattered leaves of old  
books, pamphlets and newspapers picked  
up in the dumps formed his library, which  
he stuffed into his pockets to be read at  
his leisure, and then threw away again.  
Fragments of history, philosophy, fiction,  
jurisprudence, religion, having neither  
beginning nor end, and often far above  
his complete comprehension, were swal-  
lowed with nearly equal appetite. With  
his intellectual, as with his physical, hun-  
ger the pains were too keen to allow of  
indulgence in choice of food. Later on,  
he often recalled the first at the ex-  
pense of the last, going without a dinner  
in order to buy a second-hand volume  
from a street bookseller.

Next, six months in prison. Weary  
months enough, it need not be said, to  
youth who had hitherto lived the wild,  
zipsy life of the streets. Not that he had  
done anything to deserve incarceration.

The grimy, loveless surroundings of his  
early days, the rough food, the lack of  
his later years, which he had hardened  
him into coldness, sullenness, obstinacy,  
had also made him strong, determined  
and enduring. He was not coward  
enough to lie, nor weakly vicious enough  
to steal. He preferred to face the truth,  
and to defy hardships. It was by no  
fault of his own therefore, that he found  
himself in prison. An acquaintance,  
versed in the fine art of pocket picking,  
and the subtleties of evasion, managed to  
slip the purse he had just filched in Rich-  
ard's pocket at the moment of detection,  
and the latter, being found with it in his  
possession, was speedily tried, sentenced,  
and imprisoned.

Hitherto his life had been active, either  
in aggression or defence.

He had been accumulative, too, in facts.  
Here was the point where he first began  
to think. Here, under the heavy pres-  
sure of enforced confinement, and the  
deserved brand of "thief," he first began  
to ask the pregnant question—Why? He  
had never had any distinct faith, but  
neither had he had any definite doubt,  
and he had not taken the trouble either to  
believe or deny. He now set himself to  
do one or the other, or else to remain  
frontrise. He brought forth the huge  
mass of facts or theories, perversions and  
sophistries, half truths and whole errors,  
shams and real wisdom that he had accu-  
mulated in his reading, and strove to  
knud them into some coherent, satisfy-  
ing shape. His mind wandered, without  
clue or guide, in a moral wilderness, vast  
despair, Easy to tell whether such a  
soul so taken would tell! Daily he  
sank deeper in the mire of discourag-  
ement and despondency; and daily the  
shrouded form of irresistible, immutable  
Fate loomed more somberly above the  
mortal horizon. God—if there were such  
a being, was he somewhere behind, a far-  
off Power, indifferent for the most part  
to human affairs, interfering in them only  
on momentous occasions. Certainly,  
never in his.

Coming out of prison, at the end of his  
term, without money, character or friends,  
he chanced to encounter a shrewd, close,  
calculating New England farmer—well  
advanced in years, and hardened by sun  
and snow, and ill recompensed toil into  
something akin to the rocks from which  
he reaped a scanty crop—in search of a  
"hired man." He listened to Richard's  
story, looking him through and through  
with his keen eyes, and partly believed it.  
At any rate, the chance of getting a  
strong, intelligent and possibly honest la-  
borer for half price was not a thing to let  
slip, for he did not acknowledge to Rich-  
ard that he gave him any credit. On the  
contrary, he made much of his loss of  
character, and the risk he himself ran in  
taking him. Richard was too anxious to  
try a new life among new scenes to hag-  
gle about his price, and the one-sided  
bargain was soon concluded.

Five years of farm life followed. Toll-  
some, barren, cheerless years at best.  
The farmer was not an unkind master,  
but he was, in no sense, a friend. He ex-  
acted careful service, and he gave abun-  
dant food and comfortable shelter. That  
was all. Richard knew that he had no  
deeper hold upon his affections (suppos-  
ing him to have them) than the grind-

stone whereon he sharpened his axe or  
the pall from which he fed his swine.  
Not that he cared much about it. He  
was himself miserably undeveloped on  
the emotional side. Only, in the event-  
less routine of life that he now led, free  
from the excitements that had given a  
keen interest to his former existence,  
there was a void—a pause—wherein his  
dormant affections might have awaked  
to call them forth. He felt this, but  
dimly.

In time, as age and infirmities grew  
upon the farmer, and the blameless in-  
tegrity of Richard's life inspired trust, hea-  
vier tasks and responsibilities devolved  
upon him, and his wages were raised to  
the minimum of farm hire in the vicinity.  
His employer said that he could afford no  
more, and Richard knew that he spoke  
the truth. He saw that the small, stony,  
remote farm, worked at every advantage,  
could, with difficulty, pay its way. Still,  
he kept at his post; partly because he  
knew he was needed there, and partly  
because the later vicissitudes of his life  
had tended to induce a dogged endurance  
rather than a conquering energy. In the  
long, winter evenings, in the soft summer  
twilights, he still wore his brain with  
questions and speculations and theories,  
but when the dawn broke fair over the  
ripe hayfields, or the new fallen snow fa-  
vorable for stalling, these phantoms  
were exorcised by the spell of healthful  
labor; and so, evermore, the morning  
undid the evening.

He went to the nearest church a few  
times. The preacher was of the old hard  
school of New England theology, fling-  
ing the grand, solemn Bible verities of  
election, predestination and free will, that  
need to be held in just such equivoque,  
cautiously right and left, and feeling it to  
be no venture at all. Richard listened to  
a sermon or two made up of these exci-  
sively strong meats, told himself grimly  
that his election was "unto damnation,"  
and went no more.

Suddenly the farmer died. Hereupon  
came a disconcerting revelation. The  
farm had long been mortgaged to its full  
value; for years the interest had been a  
heavy drain upon his wages, and he had



















## Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.  
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The figures printed with the subscription name on this paper show to what time the subscription is paid. If any error is observed, please notify the office at once.

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## CITIZENS' UNION CAUCUS.

The caucus which is to be held next Thursday evening ought to be, and probably will, a very full one. Called as it is by fifteen gentlemen representing all parts of the town, it is the broadest and most comprehensive ever known to the town. A list of names has been prepared comprising 27 candidates for the office of Selectmen. These lists are to be printed with room between each name for the writing in of others should the printed ones be unsatisfactory. It is proposed to use these lists as ballots at the caucus, citizens using them checking the nine men of their choice, checked names being the only ones counted. This is the fairest plan yet devised, every man having a chance to express his preference. The gentlemen who sign the call prepared the list. The gentlemen are the Citizens' Union Committee, and the Conference Committee chosen by the village caucuses of Cummingsville, North and East Woburn.

There remains a little over two weeks before town meeting, and five days before the caucus. Urge the citizens to attend the caucus and make known their choice for officers, and let nothing stand in the way of every one attending the approaching Town Meeting. We append the call for the

## CITIZENS' UNION CAUCUS.

A Caucus for the nomination of Town Officers for the ensuing year, will be held at Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, March 26th, 1874, at 7:30, P. M.

C. S. CONVERSE,  
C. G. LUND,  
JACOB BROWN,  
LINCOLN EMERSON,  
J. G. POLLARD,  
LUKE R. TIDD,  
DANIEL BURBANK,  
CHARLES SPEAR,  
GRANVILLE PARKS,  
O. S. WARLAND,  
ALBERT THOMPSON,  
WM. ELLARD,  
HENRY CUMMINGS,  
D. O. BLANCHARD,  
WILLIAM B. HARRIS.

Woburn, March 14th, 1874.

**CHOIR CONCERT.**—The concert by the First Congregational Choir last Friday evening was greeted with a very fair success. The choir sang Emerson's "Mountain Land," Barnaby's "Sweet and Low," and "Good Morning," by Zimmerman. Mr. Herkimer played a waltz by Kala Bela, and "Dear Angel sleep thee well." Miss Dyer sang the Ecstasy Waltz, and with Mrs. Wheelock "Holy Mother guide his footsteps," and with Dr. Lang "Come with me." Miss Anna Wood of Hopkinton sang "When the tide comes in," and with Dr. Lang, "See the pale moon." Miss Emma A. Putnam played Chopin's Polonaise, and Beethoven's "Menuet," and "Turkish March," in response to a recall she gave the "Anvil Chorus." Mrs. Wheelock sang "Slumber on." B. E. Bond, Esq., read "Bill and Joe," and an extract from "Miss Simmes's Window." The concert appeared to give very good satisfaction.

**HOUSEWARMING.**—It is not always that one friend is so numerous or so demonstrative in their friendship as to enter houses and take entire possession of their premises without their knowledge. But last Wednesday night about 70 of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Barrett, and Mrs. M. P. Cutter monopolized their new residence on Winn street, and controlled the occupants until midnight. A table was spread furnished with all the good things that could be desired, and to which the company did ample justice. The recipients of the surprise were then presented with mementoes of friendship, consisting of two very beautiful chromes, one a fine large landscape, and one entitled "John and the Lamb," together with an elegant silver cake basket for Mrs. Barrett, one half dozen silver spoons and a silver casket for Mrs. Cutter. Their new residence is finely constructed and well adapted to the comfort and convenience of its inmates. All who went enjoyed a "jolly good time," and departed at a late hour unanimous in their expressions of pleasure.

**MUSICAL.**—Mr. Oliver Green at his elegant Music Room, No. 6, Railroad St. has now on hand the largest stock of pianos ever in town. They comprise instruments from the best makers in the country. They are to be sold on very favorable terms, and nearly every family can now enjoy the luxury of a piano. Mr. Green and Mr. Buck are always happy to exhibit the piano, and we advise our readers to call and see them.

**TRUSTEE.**—Rev. Dr. Young, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Woburn, has been appointed on the Board of Trustees of the Appleton's Temporary Home for Inebriates, Boston.

**SUICIDE.**—The inquest on the body of the man who was killed on the B. & L. R. R. as reported last week, developed the fact that it was a case of suicide. The coroner's jury met in the Selectmen's Room last Friday afternoon, when the following testimony was given:—

William Seaver, an engineer on the B. & L. R. R.; run the 7 A. M., and the 2:15 P. M. trains out of Lowell, and the 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. out of Boston. He ran below So. Wilmington, and I took it for a signal to stop there. They came toward and asked if I felt a jerk, or if I had run over anything. Said I didn't know as I had. They said the baggage car hopped up as if they had run over something. I looked over my engine and found all right, and they sent a man back to see if the track was all right. This was near the bridge below South Wilmington. Stopped at North Woburn, and left two ladies, and we had hardly got under full speed before the bell rang. Caliente to be always on the lookout, and saw no one. I am on the right hand side of the engine, which brought me on the long side of the curve. My dream was putting in fuel and I was trying the water, but my eyes were not off the track an instant. This was one-fourth of a mile above North Woburn. Know no other way of his being caught unless he got on the front of the engine, or had been on the curve and jumped in ahead of us. The woodman at Watering Station says a man passed there a short time before, with his ears tied up. When an engine strikes a man he sometimes drops and sometimes is thrown up. Found spots of blood on my pilot. He could not have been a passenger on the train because his blood was on the engine. If he had been on the track when we came to the curve, I must have seen him. I don't think he was on the track, but think he was on the front of my engine. Have found men there, and have known them to get on the track frame to steal a ride.

John Emerson—Conductor on B. & L. R. R. Run the 7:37 from Winchester, 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. from Boston, and 2:15 from Lowell. Run 4 o'clock train yesterday. My brakeman came through and said we had run over something that had dropped from the engine, or there was a bad rail, and he had given the bell. We stopped at South Wilmington and asked the engineer if he had run over anything. He said he didn't know as he had. We called a man from the Chemical Works and told him we had run over something the other side of the bridge, I thought, and asked him to go down the track as quick as he could. He started immediately, as hard as he could run, and we looked over our train, and finding all right, went on to Lowell, where I reported to Mr. Page and suggested that he telegraph to the Watering Station. I didn't run back, as we have no right to. If I had thought I had run over some one, I should have flagged the train and gone back and picked it up. Thought it was a bad joint in the rail or a stick of wood. After I got home, I went back to the depot, and Mr. Brigham told me a man had been run over. Missed no one from the train. Remarked to the brakeman, "We have no one on the train who is 'cocked,' so there couldn't be any one likely to fall through." Saw no one on the track. When we stopped at N. Woburn, saw no one around there. After we started, I stood on the steps and hung off, looking up the track. Was attracted by seeing Seaver hanging out of a snag, looking up the track. The man might have stolen a ride at North Woburn. Men steal rides in all sorts of shapes. I remarked to Brigham, I would bet if the truth was known, that man was stealing a ride on the front of the engine. The wind was blowing very strong, and a man might have been blown off as we went round the curve, if he was on the front part of the engine. My train is a busy one, and I don't generally punch my tickets till we get above North Woburn, and I had just begun to sort my tickets when the brakeman came into the car and spoke as I have testified. A man might have been on the side opposite me, and got on at North Woburn without my seeing him. When I got to the Bleachery, the forward brakeman found what seemed to be meat frozen on to the brake beam, and that made me think we had run over something, and telegraph to Watering Station.

Charles Madden.—When the train stopped at South Wilmington they wanted one of us to go down the track to see if any one had got hurt. I went down below the bridge and saw some white thing, but didn't go near it. Got over the fence and went up on the hill. From the top of the hill I looked down, and saw it was a man all over up; and then I went and told Luke Estabrook and we went down the track and put up a flag to stop the next train from going over him. I didn't touch him because I was afraid. He was lying between the two rails on the up track. I work at the Chemical Works. Don't know who the man was. The engineer of the freight train which followed, said something to Luke Estabrook, but don't know what it was. Three of the section hands lifted him up, and put him on the other side of the track, and put pine brambles over him, and picked up all the flesh there with their hands. Then they waited until Day, Simonds and the Coroner came up, and carried up a door to lay him on. Then they carried him down to North Woburn Station and left him there. Some one said he wouldn't move the body unless the freight engineer would be responsible. The coroner then produced a package containing the effects found on the unfortunate man. They consisted of a knife, watch, and an account book, in which was found the following memorandum, which not only settled the fact of his name, but the cause of the tragedy.

Neil McLeod is my name. My age is 34 years. I die because I cannot see my dear (dear) love. For her my heart is burning. Seeing I have no money for her to see her, and no love to give me work so my dear, dear love, good bye, forever. Amen.

Please let Mrs. Catherine Dett of West Quincy, Mass. [know] of this, and tell McLeod to write to Catherine McLeod, Blue's Cove, North Side Basin, of River Dennis, Inverness Co., Cape Breton, Nova Scotia.

There were also three receipts for rent from a party in West Quincy. The last receipt was dated Feb. 11. The jurors

after a brief consultation, rendered the following

**VERDICT.**—That the said Neil McLeod came to his death at Woburn, on the 13th inst., by throwing himself in front of the 4 o'clock train from Boston, which ran over and instantly killed him. And the jury exonerate the railroad employees from all blame.

Since the inquest we have learned that McLeod worked last summer on a farm for a Mr. Hatch, who lives in the east part of the town near Stoneham line. That he had been at work in West Quincy at his trade of shoemaker, and the receipts were for shop rent. He visited Woburn a few weeks ago in company with a woman whom he addressed as Catherine, and called his wife. The night before the tragedy he stopped with Mr. Hatch, and appeared well spirited on account of having seen for his tools and the landlord had retained them for the last month's rent of the shop. He had no money, and failing to get his tools, appeared to feel as he expressed himself in the memorandum. In a fit of desperation, it is not improbable that he walked up the track, and as the train approached strung in before it and was killed.

**SERIOUS ACCIDENT.**—Last Friday one of the teams of the Boston Ice Company was proceeding from Woburn to Haverhill's Pond. The wagon contained three persons, two on the seat, and one in the rear. Crossing the B. & M. R. R. in Wilmington, near Geo. Mulligan's, they were struck by the 8:30 evening, the rear of the wagon demolished, and Winslow Peirce, who was sitting behind was thrown several rods, striking on his head. His scalp was torn, one cut 6 inches long, and another at right angles 2-3 inches long, laying bare the skull. He was brought home to Woburn, and afterwards removed to the Mass. Gen. Hospital. His injuries are very serious, and fears are entertained for his recovery. The crossing where this occurred is a very dangerous one, accidents frequently happening there. The railroad people treated the matter very cavalierly, saying that as the town of Wilmington has never complained of it, they are under no obligation to flag it. If it is the law, we should think the Selectmen of Wilmington might move in the matter, to make passage through their town at least reasonably safe.

**NARROW ESCAPE.**—At the time the Hook & Ladder truck was driving rapidly down Main street to the scene of the supposed conflagration, on Monday, a youngster rushed from the sidewalk in front of Porter's cigar store intending to keep up with the vehicle. But in his haste he mistook a step, falling directly in front of the wheel, which, instead of passing over, caught him by the clothes and threw him one side. The youngster, exceedingly surprised, and decidedly frightened, but without being materially damaged, scrambled up and followed the cause of his disaster as far as it went.

**PARISH MEETING.**—The First Parish held their annual meeting Monday evening. Ambrose Bancroft was chosen moderator. The expenses of the year were \$6,244.45, and the cash in the hands of the treasurer at the end of the year \$207.62. E. F. Poole was elected clerk, treasurer and collector. Hiram Whitford, A. G. Carter and G. R. Gage were chosen Parish Committee (the former board positively refusing re-election). Mr. Gage accepted on condition that the board should consist of five. Before the other two could be secured the meeting adjourned for one week.

**BAD SPRAIN.**—As Mrs. Wheelock stepped from her carriage to enter the concert room last Friday evening, she unfortunately turned her foot and received a severe sprain. Although suffering considerably she went on with her part in the programme, but was unable to sustain her part in her accustomed manner, and the indulgent and sympathetic crowd in her behalf. She was unable to appear at church in the choir on Sunday, and suffered considerably from the accident.

**FALSE ALARM.**—While packing the air brake on one of the locomotives at the engine house, Monday afternoon, it became necessary to blow off steam. This excited the ambition of some nervous individual who created an alarm of fire. The fire companies responded promptly, but soon discovering the mistake and that there was no occasion for their services, returned to their quarters.

**ACCIDENT.**—Last Saturday as Mr. O. Green was driving from Stoneham to Woburn, the transom bolt of his carriage gave way, and he was thrown violently to the ground. The horse ran away with the front wheels, and was stopped before he had done himself much injury. Mr. Green was considerably bruised, but was able to attend to business on Monday.

**FUNERAL.**—In honor of the funeral of Mr. Sumner, the flag on the Common was suspended at half mast, and the church bells were tolled from 3 to 4 o'clock last Monday afternoon. Several of our citizens visited Boston on Sunday to view the remains of the Senator, and on Monday there was a large number went to see the funeral pageant.

**MR. EDITOR.**—As I was waiting in an office in this town, I heard the following joke perpetrated:—

A said to B, "The Eternal Powers could not settle your brains, they are so solid." C, standing by, remarked to B, "Perhaps A means that the All-seeing Eye cannot see that you have any brains." Q IN A CORNER.

**SLIGHT FIRE.**—Last Saturday evening, about six o'clock, the sparks from the furnace of the Iron Foundry set fire to the rafters of the building and threatened a serious conflagration. The flames were soon subdued, however, by the employees without general alarm. Damage, slight.

**FINGER CUT.**—Mary Ann Bradley, while at work Monday morning in N. J. Simonds' factory, lost half the forefinger of the left hand by catching it in a cutting machine. The wound was dressed at Dr. Boardman's store, and is now progressing finely.

**BAD CUT.**—On Wednesday, Edward Clafford, while chopping wood, cut his left forefinger the entire length with an axe, cutting through the finger, making an ugly wound.

**DEATH OF A POLICEMAN.**—Last Saturday night, at his residence on Clinton street, died Marshal L. Richardson, one of the oldest and most efficient policemen in town. For the last 15 years he has been on the force, and for the past ten years has permeated our streets from sunset to sunrise as night watchman. During that time, he never but once was missed from his post of duty, and that was on account of illness. He was taken sick a month ago, and kept about longer than was expedient, but at last he was forced to succumb, and after an illness of about two weeks, died of congestion of the lungs. His funeral occurred on Wednesday. His associates on the police attended the funeral in a body, and presented a very rich and costly funeral wreath as a tribute to their departed comrade. At a meeting held at Police Headquarters on that day, the following preamble and resolutions were introduced by Chief of Police Day, and unanimously adopted:

Whereas, Almighty God in His infinite wisdom has permitted the death of our comrade and esteemed friend and co-laborer Marshal Richardson, we members of the Police Force of the town of Woburn, do hereby unite as well as to the memory of the deceased to pay this feeble tribute to his memory.

Resolved, That while we bow in sorrowful submission to the will of Him who death all things will; we cannot stifle our profound grief at this being severed from a companion who has ever been a most agreeable and pleasant character. Resolved, That the Police Force of Woburn, do hereby unite in expressing their sincere sympathy to the family of the deceased, and do hereby pledge themselves to do all in their power to assist the family in their bereavement. Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be handed to the family of the deceased, and offered to the Woburn Journal with a request that they be published.

**SANITARY PATRICK'S DAY.**—The annual return of the 17th of March is hailed with pleasure by the Irish portion of our country, and is always observed and kept in remembrance as a day of festivity. Last Tuesday was no exception to the general rule, although the weather was exceedingly inclement, and threatened a foreclosure of all amusements. The A. O. H. had made preparations for a considerable celebration at home, instead of, as on former occasions, going abroad. Emerald Hall, was decorated with flags, bunting and emblems, and Washington Hall, Cummingsville, was appropriately adorned. About ten o'clock a procession was formed opposite the Journal office, consisting of the A. O. H., 173 men under the direction of Chief Marshal John McGovern. The Irish Brass Band, James Marinar, leader, furnished the music. The line of march was taken through Main and Broad streets to Railroad Street where the A. O. H. of Stoneham, Pres. James Dugan, and 64 men were received. Proceeding to the depot, the A. O. H. of Hudson, President Patrick Feney, 68 men were received. The procession then moved in the following order:

Chief Marshal John McGovern. Aids James Sheehan, Irish Brass Band. Woburn Division, A. O. H., 173 men. Color Guard with flags, in a band drawn by four horses. Stoneham Division, A. O. H., 64 men. Stoneham Division, A. O. H., 64 men. Hudson Division, A. O. H., 68 men. The procession moved up Main, through Franklin, up Winn, through Elijah, Bedford, Burlington, Willow, So. Bedford, Burlington, Pleasant, Warren, Main, Conn, Fowle, Main to the hall, where a collation was served. After refreshment, the procession again formed and escorted the Hudson Division to the depot, after which the Stoneham division was accompanied a short distance on their way to Stoneham.

Returning to the Hall, Marshal McGovern dismissed the parade. The muddy condition of the streets and the drizzly rain combined to make the parade disagreeable, but the members of the procession stood it manfully, and the number did not appear any less the last than it was the first time it passed our office. There was very little drunkenness on the streets, and the day was observed in a very creditable manner.

**CUMMINGSVILLE.**—On Friday last, a little son of Neil McLaughlin of six or seven years, while playing on the ice of the North Bedford street pond, in company with others of his own age, fell through. Fortunately for the boy, Michael McLaughlin, who works in the immediate vicinity of the pond, heard his cries for assistance, and rushing to the spot, rescued the lad at the imminent risk of his own life.

**FOX.**—Master Frank A. Hunt has developed a love for animals, wild and tame, which indicate that he is cut out for a showman. A year ago Peter Peters found a young fox in a burrow, dug him out and gave him to G. W. Duren, who kept him chained up. Frank has wanted that fox for some time, and this week George gave it to him, and Raymond is the chief attraction of Hunt's Menagerie.

**MR. J. A. Croghan,** agent, was in town yesterday, making arrangements for bringing a first class comedy combination to the Lyceum Hall during Easter week. We hope as it is a good company, to be able to promise them a good house.

**SOCIAL DANCE.**—The C. N. B. held a social dance in Central House Hall, on Wednesday evening. There were about forty couples present. This is the last of their series of assemblies, and was, as it deserved to be a grand success.

**SERMON ON SUMMER.**—Rev. Mr. Barnes delivered a sermon on Charles Sumner last Sunday which we print in full on our fourth page. Aside from a casual reference to it in their prayers, it was the only notice taken of the event by the clergy of the town.

**PATENT.**—A patent has been granted to E. G. Parkhurst, and assigned to Russell and Johnson for a crimping machine. We gave some account of the machine a while ago. It is a very ingenious contrivance.

**G. W. Pollock** calls attention to the low price he is asking for his goods previous to removal. See advertisement.

## WOBURN WATER WORKS.

We congratulate our citizens upon the completion and most satisfactory operation of the Water Works. The construction account we understand, is about closed, and the current expenditures established upon a permanent "water service" basis. The length of street mains already laid is nearly twenty-two miles, of all sizes of pipe, ranging from two up to fourteen inches. Some idea of the extent of this department of the water works may be derived from the fact, that the whole length of streets in town is only fifty-two miles and nearly one half of the entire distance has been piped. This is independent of the service pipe laid from the street mains to supply about seven hundred water takers already registered. Independent and in addition to all this, one hundred and eighty hydrants have been placed and put in order for instant use for fire purposes, and one hundred and twenty-six gates placed in the pipes in different parts of the town as a cut off and protection in case of accident or leakage in any of the force mains. The hydrants have been located where they are likely to be of the most service in case of fire, and we have already realized their value in the recent burning of a building on Warren street.

In the whole length of the twenty-two miles of street pipe, the leakage thus far has been quite limited, and as they have been thoroughly tested, the probability is that there will be no suspension of supply from this cause. The consumption of water continues very large, much larger than the most liberal early estimate. This is no cause for complaint, for as income depends upon consumption, the more water used the better. This is shown in the number of registered consumers and the large receipts from that source. There is very little doubt but that the net revenue of the water department for the first year of operation will be largely in excess of any estimate made by the most sanguine advocate of the enterprise, and the result must be particularly gratifying to those who predicted ruinous rates of taxation to meet the annual deficiency in this department. There is every probability of a great increase in the number of water takers, as soon as the ground gets into order to put in connections with street mains, and the consumption of water must largely increase as the hot and dry season approaches. It will be throughout a protected drought that we shall realize the importance and value of this vital element brought to our hand in inexhaustible quantities, and made available in any part of our homes and premises.

To the Chairman of the board of Water Commissioners, M. M. Tidd, Esq., the citizens of Woburn are especially indebted for the solid, substantial and thorough manner in which all parts of the Water Works have been constructed. The Engine house, suction wells, filtering galleries and all their connections were projected, located and completed under his personal supervision. The foresight, judgment, skill and engineering talent exhibited throughout, and the patience and perseverance with which he pressed forward every part of the work day and night, to a satisfactory conclusion entitles him to the thanks of the community he has so ably and so faithfully served. So far as we have been able to judge from what we have seen in other places and from the testimony of eminent engineers from all parts of the country who have visited Woburn we can safely say that there are not in the State of Massachusetts so complete, so convenient, so well located for economical and efficient service, and so well adapted in all their parts for the purposes for which they were designed, as those just finished at the cove at the southerly end of Horn Pond.

In acknowledging and appreciating the value of Mr. Tidd's services we do not intend detracting in any degree from those rendered by other members of the board of Commissioners, for we know that they attribute the successful accomplishment of the work at this early day to the untiring devotion of their associate and the enthusiastic interest taken by him in the enterprise from the commencement to the close.

**DEDICATION.**—The ladies of the Methodist church had a formal opening of their parlor in the new meeting house on Tuesday evening. The exercises consisted of a supper at six o'clock in one of the vestries, after which the company adjourned to the parlor, where addresses, recitations and music were interspersed, and a very pleasant hour enjoyed. The church will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on Fast Day.

The new postage law brings a considerable revenue from the New York advertising agencies. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s quarterly bills upon newspapers received exceed \$430; those of S. M. Pettengill & Co. are above \$350, while those agencies of W. J. Carlton, Bates & Locke, W. W. Sharpe and others most prominent pay from one-fourth to one-half of the above amounts.—N. Y. Sun.

**MR. SUSIE C. GOULD** of Chelsea has accepted position in the choir of the Rev. Mr. DeWitt's church, on Berkeley street, Boston, and will begin a year's engagement in April.

**WINCHESTER.**—Edwin A. Wadleigh, Esq., is no longer the regular correspondent of the Journal, the news being obtained through other sources.

**ANNUAL REPORTS.**—The Board of Selectmen of the Town of Winchester has issued its annual reports for the financial year ending February 28, 1874, from which the following extracts are selected:

Appropriations—Schools and school incidentals, \$11,000; repairs on school-houses, \$1000; poor, incidentals, interest and State aid, \$8000; highways and bridges, \$6500; widening streets, \$4000; cemetery, \$900; library, \$600; also, amount received from county for dog tax, \$261 12; Fire Department, \$4000; town debt, \$10,000; Memorial Day, \$150. Total, \$46,111 12.

Expenditures—School teacher's wages, \$9117 37; school incidentals, \$2607 02; repairs, school-houses and grounds, \$1,793 79; highways and grounds, \$7090 82; incidentals, \$3473 08; cemetery, \$743 64; library, \$908 37; Fire Department, \$9389 79; paupers, \$2043 29; State aid, \$520; town officers, \$2372 08; police, \$850 45; Walnut street extension, \$10,427 85; Common street, \$307 25. Total expenditures, \$50,965 37.

The valuation of town property is \$103,220, amount of unpaid taxes, \$2,

654 90; liabilities of the town, \$58,000; balance in treasury, \$3064 01. From the report of the Board of Fire Engineers, it appears the department consists of one steam fire engine, an engine and two assistants, a driver, a horse hose carriage, eleven hoses, and a driver, a Babcock fire extinguisher, with a company of some twenty men. There are two spare hose carriages and an ammunition wagon. There is also a hand engine not in commission. At the last town meeting the engineers asked for the privilege of selling it, when they saw a good opportunity, and replacing it with more modern apparatus, that could be used in conjunction with the water works. The value of the property charged to the department is \$23,800. The engineers recommended and appropriation for next year of \$2300.

The police department reports the following work done during the year: Number of arrests, 40; number committed to lockup 31, amount of fines, \$152, cost of the court, \$223 42. The town clerk's report gives the number of births, deaths, and marriages as follows: Births, 38, marriages 31, deaths, 53. The Water Commissioners, to whom was intrusted the introduction of a supply of pure water into the town, have submitted their first annual report, showing the dates and terms of contracts for the building of a reservoir, the putting in place of gates, pipes and other appurtenances. The Commissioners have borrowed of the State of Massachusetts the sum of \$40,000, and have spent on account of the dam, land, clearing of reservoir, and engineering, to March 1st, 1874, \$25,017 21.

The report of the School Committee shows an excess of expenditures over appropriation of \$12 51, and recommends an appropriation for next year of \$12,000. Referring to the course of study in the schools, the report says: In composition, geographical study, arithmetic, as well as in the study of language, there is gain over previous years; and the schools as a whole have been undisturbed by obstructive difficulties. Their organization is effective, and the promise of a new year of pleasant and profitable work sufficiently assuring. The trustees of the town library have also submitted their report, and recommended an appropriation of \$800 and the "dog money." The following statistics are contained in the report: The number of books now belonging to the library are 3109, number added during the year past, 363; number of volumes taken out, 8944—number taken out over any previous year, 2104—number taken per week, 162, whole number of subscribers, 954—number added during the year, 125.

The annual town meeting will be held on Monday, March 23d, at 1 o'clock. There are forty-three articles on the warrant, the second of which refers to the election of the town officers for the ensuing year. The other articles refer to the fixing of appropriations and the transaction of other routine business.

**CAUCUS.**—The all absorbing topic of the hour is the approaching caucus and its subsequent town meeting. Every body has his little slate, and is trying to combine with his neighbors to secure its adoption. It looks as if it were morally certain that we should have a full board of town officers, but the uncertainty as to who they shall be, moves some of our good people to the borders of insanity. Everybody must turn out to the caucus, this (Friday) evening, and do his best to make a point, and then on Monday be on hand to secure its ratification. Out of regard for the popular treasury we refrain from naming any more candidates.

**CONCERT.**—The concert at the Unitarian Church last Wednesday evening, was one of the best ever given in town. Local talent was depended upon, and an evening of great enjoyment was the result. The qualities and capabilities of the organ were exhibited by Mr. R. F. Raymond, who is an artist of acknowledged ability. The other performers were Mrs. B. S. Lovell and Mrs. W. H. Bailey, Soprano; Mrs. W. S. Rice and Miss L. M. Blake, contralto; J. Frank Baxter, tenor; James Russell, J. Frank Porter, Bass; Mrs. Russell, Misses Quintard, Mead, Lamson and Hamlin, pianists. The concert was very successful and satisfactory.

**INSTALLATION.**—Rev Mr. Barnes, who has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church, will be installed next Tuesday evening. Rev H. M. King, of Boston Highlands, will preach the sermon, and Revs Dr. Young of Woburn, Dr. Neale of Boston, Dr. Foljams of Malden, and Rev L. G. Barrett, of Winchester, will take part in the ceremonies.

Brown is again a happy father; but he don't appear to enjoy it half so much as some of his neighbors.

**LECTURE.**—The lecture by Rev. Dr. Gardner, at the Baptist Church, was entitled "Under the smoke of Vesuvius," and was very satisfactory.

**SMASH-UP.**—Mr. Charles Fletcher was exercising one of his horses Monday morning, when the animal indulged in a few antics of the rearing order, and the result was a broken vehicle.

**CENTENNIAL.**—The Bill granting Lexington the right to appropriate money for the celebration of the Centennial of the battle, has passed to be engrossed in the Legislature.

**RUNAWAY.**—A team belonging to Mr. Sherburne, was being driven Monday, when owing to imperfect harnessing, the shafts slipped out and the horse ran away. The carriage was damaged and the boy driver was thrown out.

**IMPROVEMENT.**—The improvements at Whitcomb & Saville's store are nearly completed. Large windows have been put in on the front, and the interior renovated with a dress of light graining that greatly improves the appearance.

**SLANDER SUIT.**—A new leaf was turned Tuesday, in the case of Wiggin and Taylor. Our readers recall the assault of Wiggin upon Taylor, and his subsequent trial and conviction. Then followed his appeal to a higher court, and his trial there, and he was again found guilty and had to serve 30 days in the House of Correction. Now Wiggin appears as the plaintiff in a case versus Taylor, wherein he alleges that Taylor had slandered him by calling him a thief and a perjurer. The defendant, Taylor, denied that he

used the words, and that whatever words were used grew out of the assault, and were not said in malice.

The verdict was given for the plaintiff, with one cent damages.

**PARISH MEETING.**—The First Congregational Society held their annual meeting March 9. James Gould was chosen Moderator. The reports of the Treasurer and Auditors were accepted. Voted to shingle the church at a cost of \$360; of this amount \$300 was subscribed on the spot. The amounts necessary for current expenses will be raised by taxing the pews. The thanks of the Parish were voted the Parish Committee for the acceptable manner in which they have performed the duty of clearing the society from debt. The following were elected Parish Committee:—E. W. Betts, H. P. Brigham, G. Swan.

**TREASURER.**—A. F. Gould. Clerk.—Issac N. Damon.

**ALUMNI.**—One of the nicest entertainments of the season came off Tuesday evening. The class of '64 of the Lexington High School Alumni, held a reception in the Town Hall, and in spite of the inclemency of the weather the attendance was large. Friends of the class and the citizens generally turned out, and the party was remarkably successful. The entertainment opened with a promenade concert at 8 P. M. For an hour the floor was filled with a party of "finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, who spent the time in social chat, while the Germania Band of 11 pieces lent its aid to render the occasion a merry one. At 9 P. M. the ball was opened and the scene became one of ever changing beauty. The gathering was happy in every respect, and was enjoyed not only by the dancers but by many who occupied the galleries as spectators. The supper was served in Tullis best style, in the upper hall between 11 and 12 o'clock, and was a marked feature of the evening. The festivities were continued until two o'clock, and all voted it to be a perfect success. The class of '64 must not allow a year to pass without a similar party. We congratulate the individuals upon the successful realization of their hopes. Had the night been pleasant, the town hall would have proved insufficient to have accommodated their many friends.

**ATTENTION.**—The meeting which was adjourned to Monday, the 16th inst., was called to order by the moderator, Mr. John H. Hardy. Hon. John Schouler said he supposed the citizens of the town in view of the fact that the funeral of the late Senator Sumner was then in progress, would not desire to do any business and he moved an adjournment until Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, which was carried, there being no opposition.

On Wednesday the meeting was called to order by the moderator at 1:20. Records of last meeting read and approved. Mr. Schouler said in relation



would have been drowned, had it not been for the efforts of his companions, who rescued him with considerable difficulty.

—We find the following in the *Farmers' Cabinet*, Amherst, N. H., which will be of interest to those who knew the parties spoken of:

"Mrs. Proctor, wife of Moses Proctor, was alighting from a carriage at the Congregational church, last Sabbath, A. M., when the horse started, and she was thrown to the ground, fracturing the bone of the right shoulder. Dr. Dearborn attended her."

ELECTION.—The annual election of officers of the Wm. Penn Hose, 3 took place Wednesday evening, March 13, and resulted in the following list for the ensuing year: Foreman, M. Bacon; Assistant, S. T. Pearson; Clerk, C. F. Brabury; Treasurer, C. E. Warren; Steward, G. P. Peirce. The company are in a flourishing condition, and have lately received the following additional members, which make their full quota: Charles H. Butterfield, Thomas Hogan, W. Melotte Whittemore.

SUDDEN DEATH.—On Thursday forenoon Mr. Daniel R. Stanwood, a well known citizen here, died very suddenly at his store on Court street, Boston, of rheumatism of the heart. He had complained of not feeling well for a few days, but did not deem his sickness serious enough to stay away from his business, as he had always been subject to rheumatism. He was of the firm of Henderson & Stanwood, furnishing goods, one of the oldest stores in that line in Boston. He went into the store when a boy and worked himself up. Mr. Stanwood was much respected by all who knew him. He was 43 years of age, and leaves a widow.

PARISH MEETINGS.—The Universalist and Unitarian societies held their annual parish meetings last Monday evening at their respective churches, and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Universalist.—Parish Clerk, George D. Tufts; Parish Committee, Horatio Locke, Henry Swan, R. W. Reed; assessors, S. S. Davis, Henry Locke, W. L. Clark; Treasurer, Milan R. Hardy; Collector, John H. Hartwell. The society is at present without a pastor. They are also entirely free from debt.

Unitarian.—Parish Clerk, John Gray; Parish Committee, B. Delmont Locke, Charles O. Gage, Charles E. Goodwin; Treasurer and Collector, Amos Adams.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon last, Mr. A. M. Chase had his hands cut badly while assisting in fixing the balliards to the flag-staff. He, with Mr. Amos Hall, were on the cross-trees, holding on to the rope which held the top mast, and while it was being hoisted into place. A large crowd of men and boys were heaving on the rope, and the mast was within a few feet of its place, when the hook that held the tackle at the bottom of the staff broke, and the mast came down by the run, until the lines becoming tangled, stopped its course before it wholly cleared itself of the cross-trees. The men on the cross-trees were thrown off their feet, but luckily did not lose their balance, but the rope burned their hands very severely. It was a very narrow escape, for had they been dislodged death would have been inevitable.

OLD FOLKS' CONCERT.—Came off according to programme on last Thursday. It was a fine success. There were forty-eight in the company, completely filling the large platform; including several pieces of music; in the costumes of "ye old days." The ancient styles of dress made great merit. The young folks could hardly realize that their grandmothers and grandfathers presented such a sight. Yet they were *bona fide*, most of the costumes, having been handed down in families. They sang in excellent spirit and style. The old hymns and songs, "Sherburne," "Complaint," etc., were most effectively rendered. It was generally conceded that no unique entertainment had not been given for years. There was a general desire to have it repeated, and the singers generously volunteered to do so for the benefit of the Mission holding services at the Hall. The second concert with a new programme will take place on Thursday evening, March 26th at the Town Hall. For particulars see advertisement.

OYSTER SUPPER.—On Thursday evening, Mr. S. T. Pearson, Asst. Foreman of Wm. Penn Hose, gave an oyster supper at the house of the company. The members and several invited friends were present to partake of the repast which was served red hot and lots of it. Owing to a physical incapacity of one of the band the gentlemen were obliged to dance by a harmonica solo. Capt. Bacon addressed his audience, stating the willingness of the company to protect the property of their friends, and asking in return that they should give their support at town meetings. This entertainment is the last of the kind for this season, each of the old members having in turn provided his collation. Many old citizens and out of town friends have been present at these festivities and the general sentiments are feelings of regard and good will toward the members of the company. We wish them the same success and high reputation in future which has attended them in the past.

CARLE.

New Publications.  
—We acknowledge the receipt of Mr. George B. Loring's speech on the question of rescinding the resolve of Dec. 18, 1872, relating to the Hon. Chas. Sumner's proposition with regard to the army register and regimental colors.

THE AGRICULTURIST.—March with its blustering winds blows to our table the current number of this well known and justly well-prized magazine. The number has forty illustrations, and they are unusually good. The vignette and the first page illustration are very like. The subject matter of the articles will be found instructive and pleasing. The items of interest to the farmer and stock raiser at this season of the year, are numerous, while useful hints crowd the pages. \$1.50 per annum. O. Judd Co., 245 Broadway, N. Y.

of the works has been exceedingly great, yet it is confidently expected that in a short time the works will be self supporting.

PETERSON'S for April. This magazine, published by Charles J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, contains the usual well selected stock of literature, so pleasing to its lady readers. The monthly opens with a very fine steel engraving entitled "The Schoolmaster and Scholar both puzzled," and after presenting several very fine fashion plates, leads us immediately to its feast of literature, comprising selections from many well known authors, and entitled "Lena's Temptation," "Young Lochinvar," "Mr. Hastle's Lesson," "Aunt Nesbet," etc. Terms, \$2.00 per annum, in advance.

THE March number of "Wood's Household Magazine," is on our desk, replete with its usual amount of pleasing and instructive literature. This magazine is well known in reading circles as one of the best of the monthlies. It contains a variety of reading to accommodate a variety of taste, and is thus well adapted to all. "The Guiding Hand," "My Prayer," "Louis Agassiz," "My First Mystery," "The Weekly Diabolical," "True Blessedness," etc., together with that most useful department, "Our Housekeeper," sums up the good things for the month, and unite in making this number as useful and valuable as any of its predecessors. Published by S. E. Shutes, 41 Park Row, New York City.

PHRENOLOGY, &c.—The illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiology published by S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway N. Y. City, is out, and contains a host of articles fully illustrated. Character sketches are given with articles upon a variety of subjects all readable and entertaining. The publisher is always sure of something instructive when we see his imprint upon a work. This book contains 80 large octavo pages, with more than fifty engravings. Price 25 cents.

HAND-PRINT.—Seventy-eight engravings, including the illustrations of the Editor's Drawer, embellish the April number of Harper's Magazine. And the number of illustrations is not more striking than their excellence and remarkable variety. The number opens with an illustrated paper on "The Farallón Islands,"—those six lonely, rugged peaks rising out of the Pacific, a few miles from the Golden Gate, and the home of a multitude of sea-lions. Olive Logan contributes a very interesting and profusely illustrated paper on the "Secret Regions of the Stage," showing the tricks, traps and machinery by which spectacular effects are produced. Two beautifully illustrated poems—"Bonnie," by Kate Putnam Osgood, and "The Moorings," by Will Wallace Harvey—add materially to the attractiveness of the number. One of the most remarkable features of the number is the first of a series of papers by General George B. McClellan on "Army Organization." A very important article is contributed by Charles D. Deshler on the "Defective Classes,"—the deaf, dumb, blind and feeble minded—in the United States. Mr. Deshler, as chairman of a New Jersey Legislature to investigate this subject, has obtained some rather startling information, and makes some suggestions worthy of universal attention as to the better provision for our defective classes, especially for those within the educable ages. Among the other miscellaneous articles of interest are a brief sketch of Thomas Carlyle, by Jas. Grant Wilson; some more "Recollections of an Old Stager," and a thrilling description of "Slave hunts in Central Africa."

SCRIBNER'S.—The April number of Scribner's contains another generous installment of Mr. King's "Great South," the subject this time being, "A Ramble in Virginia, from Bristol to the Sea." The illustrations as usual, are profuse. Among the notable features of the number are the beginning of Jules Verne's serial, "The Mysterious Island," an essay by Augustus Dianvelt, author of the articles on Modern Skepticism, entitled, "Christ's Resurrection Scientifically Considered," and a timely paper, by Miss Beely, on "The Health and Physical Habits of English and American Women." Noah Brooks has an article "Concerning some Imperial Booty." The new story writer, George W. Cable, tells a tale of the "Belles Demoiselles Plantation." Mrs. Davis's serial is concluded, and Miss Trafford's is continued. The number opens with an illustrated poem by Benjamin F. Taylor, and there are verses by A. R. McDonough, John Fraser, J. G. H. Charlotte F. Bates, and Edward King. Dr. Holland in Topics of the Time, writes about "Jules Verne's New Story," "The Taxation of Church Property," and "Social Usages." The Old Cabinet is concerned with "Veracity." Amateur Theatricals are practically discussed in Home and Society, and the other departments have their characteristic variety.

ST. NICHOLAS FOR APRIL.—The current number of St. Nicholas opens with an article on the invention of printing, by Donald G. Mitchell, and illustrated by a large engraving of Gutenberg's statue at Strasbourg. An article, entitled "Life-Saving on our Coast," by William H. Riding, gives a useful and highly interesting account of how poor shipwrecked sailors and passengers are saved when they are thrown upon the coast; for it appears, they are nearly always saved. Four excellent illustrations accompany this article. Another useful paper is that upon "Wood Carving," illustrated by working designs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes a short story, called "Taken at his Word," finely illustrated by Sheppard. T. B. Aldrich has an account of the infant violinist, James Speaght, which is full of pathetic interest; there is "The Church-Cock," a translation from the Swedish of Topelius; "Mrs. Pomeroy's Page," by Mrs. Mary E. Bradley; "The Wrong Bird," by Paul Fort, a story of the trouble a little negro boy got into by going after birds' nests that were bigger than himself; and the conclusion of that "real boy" story, "Wrecked at Home," by Noah Brooks. The poems are by Celia Thaxter, Margaret Eytling and Mary A. Lathbury. The latter illustrates her

poem, which is a curious conceit, showing how old Mother Moon goes about her little stars who stay up too late. The three serials are increasing in interest. In "Fast Friends," there are adventures at a boarding house in New York; in "Nimpo's Troubles," the children get into scrapes in a Western village; and in "What Might Have Been," a wonderful scheme is concocted in the backwoods of Virginia. "Jack in the Pulpit," is unusually good this month; he fairly sparkles with fun, and everybody, old and young, will be sure to have a jolly laugh with "Jack" for April. The Letter Box and other departments are full and interesting as usual.

Married.  
In Arlington, March 16th, by Rev. D. R. Cady, Thomas Ross and Margaret Adams, both of A. M.

In Woburn, March 8, by Rev. W. S. Barnes, Henry A. Thompson and Maria L. Foster, both of Winchester.

Died.  
In Woburn, Mar. 14, Marshall L. Richardson, aged 61 yrs. 4 mos.

In Winchester, Susan Alvina Richardson, aged 37 yrs. 10 mos.

In Woburn, Mar. 14, Joseph De Freme, aged 27 yrs. 3 mos.

In Winchester, Mar. 15, Henry W. Melindy, aged 37 yrs. 3 mos.

In Lexington, March 12th, Nathaniel Flint, aged 68 years.

In Lexington, March 12th, Maggie McEnroe, aged 15 years 5 months.

In Lexington, March 12th, Mary Joy, aged 68 years.

In Lexington, March 13, Rachel Eastbrook, aged 76 years.

In Arlington, March 16, Denis Mahoney, aged 63 years.

Religious Notices.  
Mr. Barnes will lecture in the Unitarian Church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. Subject: "Sixteen more or less."

Trinity Church Episcopal. The Right Rev. A. A. Pabodie Bishop of Massachusetts will preach in this church on Sunday evening next. Services commencing at 7 o'clock. Seats free. 103

Special Notices.  
MUSIC LESSONS.  
Miss LILLIAN HARMON, formerly a pupil of Mr. Charles Peterson, wishes to give private lessons on the piano, in this town. Can be seen at No. 2 Auburn Street, Woburn. 172

1874.  
SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT  
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They are prepared to offer the best inducements possible, in Style, Quality and Price.

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These celebrated Bitters are composed of choice roots, herbs, and barks, among which are Gentian, Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Dandelion, Juniper, and other berries, and are so prepared as to retain all their medicinal qualities. They invariably cure or greatly relieve the following complaints: Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Bilious Attacks, Kidney Diseases, Female Difficulties, Lassitude, Low Spirits, General Debility, and, in fact, everything caused by an impure state of the blood or deranged condition of the stomach, liver, or kidneys. The aged find in the Quaker Bitters a gentle, soothing stimulant, so desirable in the declining years. No one can remain long unwell (unless afflicted with an incurable disease) after taking a few bottles of the Quaker Bitters.

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At their Great Medical Depot,  
PROVIDENCE, R. I.  
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

LYCEUM HALL.  
WEDNESDAY EVENING MARCH 25.  
"HERE WE ARE, WHO IS NEXT?"  
EASTERN

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ONE NIGHT ONLY!

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Tickets, 25 and 35 cents.  
Doors open at 7. Performance commences at 8.

For Posters and Programs, apply to  
J. B. CARR, Agent.  
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Removal, April 1st.

Before removing to our new store corner of Main and Everett sts., Apr. 1st, we propose selling at reduced prices, and give our customers the advantage of good goods at low prices, thinking it just as well to do that as to remove the goods and then find they are more or less scratched, and we find ourselves obliged to sell the same goods at very much less than our former prices. We have another object in view, that is, to reduce our stock and save carrying. Call at Town Hall 301 Apr. 1st, and get good bargains. GEO. W. FOLLOCK.

White and Brown Leghorn Eggs  
For hatching, 15 Eggs for 75 cents.  
159 SAMUEL WALKER, Burlington.

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Watchmakers & Jewelers,  
DEALERS IN  
Watches and Jewelry,  
No. 187 MAIN STREET,  
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A dwelling house, on Prospect street, the home-stead of the late Joshua Stoddard. The house contains eight rooms, and is situated on a lot of land containing about 9,000 feet of land, well supplied with fruit trees. For terms &c., apply to LINCOLN FERRISS, 93 Main Street, Woburn.

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ARABIAN MILK-CURE  
FOR CONSUMPTION  
And all Diseases of the THROAT, CHEST and LUNGS. (The only Medicine of the kind in the world.) A Substitute for Cold Lard Oil. Permanently cures Coughs, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption, Loss of Voice, Shortness of Breath, Catarrh, Croup, Whooping Cough, &c., in a few days, like magic. Price 3 per bottle. Also, DR. S. D. HOWE'S  
Arabian Tonic Blood Purifier,  
Which DIFFERS from all other preparations in its IMMEDIATE ACTION upon the  
LIVER, KIDNEY AND BLOOD.  
It is purely vegetable, and cleanses the system of all impurities, builds it right up, and makes Pale, Red Blood. It cures Scrofulous Diseases of all kinds, removes Constipation, and regulates the Bowels. For "GONORRHEAL DYSURIA," "LEIST VITALITY," and "BROKEN-DOWN CONSTITUTIONS" "Challenge the 19th Century" to find its equal. Every bottle is worth its weight in gold. Price \$1 per bottle.  
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Splendid Large Music Boxes,  
Dramas and Plays for the soldiers. The best Guitars for Guitar players. In fact all musical instruments in common use, of the best material, imported or manufactured, and of reasonable price. Also all things needed to replace lost parts of instruments. Violin and Stringing, and all Musical Merchandise. For sale by  
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Manufacturers and Dealers in  
Stoves, Ranges, and  
FURNACES,  
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Make, Repair & Upholster Furniture  
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New Furniture furnished if desired, at lowest cash price.  
Order Boxes at G. H. Mann's, 213 Main Street and Porter's Cigar Store, 129 Main Street.

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CORAL, CORALINE, STEEL, TURKISH,  
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REPAIRED AND MADE TO ORDER.  
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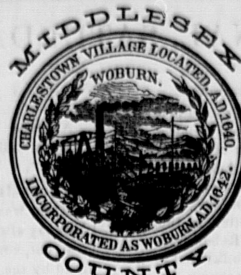
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PORK,  
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# WOBURN JOURNAL.



VOL. XXIII.

WOBURN, MASS., SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

NO. 28.

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**POULTRY AND EGGS.**  
B. F. COLEGATE,  
prepared to supply Eggs for setting, of all the common and fancy breeds of Hens.  
Also, for sale, trials of Buff and Partridge Cochins, Dark and Light Brahma, Dominiques, Plymouth Rocks, &c.

**HENRY AT CUMMINGSVILLE**  
Woburn Mass.

## Poetry.

### "TO MATE IN THREE MOVES."

Crimson the heart of the sea-coal fire,  
Becky and I, in the rainy glow,  
Her mother reads, and the old granddame  
Dreams of the youth, in the "long ago."

Quiet and warm and love in the room,  
Now or never my suit to press;  
Where the hyacinths shed their sweet perfume,  
We play two games,—one love, one chess.

Queen of the red, and queen of my heart,  
When will you wear my golden ring?  
Flushing her cheeks the roses start,  
Shyly she murmurs, "Check to your King."

My pawns advance, press on and die;  
The bishops battle in line oblique;  
My brave knights fall; but I can't tell why  
My life is gone strong as my game grows weak.

Darling, answer me, lift your eyes;  
Four in other sleep, and the time approves,  
Speak, sweet mouth, with a glad surprise:  
"You'll be mated, sir, in three more moves."

Then let this be one—and her dimpled hand  
Looks at the fairest of plain gold rings;  
In vain I rally my scattered band  
As again she checks my poor lost king.

Nearer her gold-brown curls to mine,  
The chess men seek in a dark eclipse,  
Check!—Shall I die and make no sign?  
And I seal a kiss from her ripe red lips.

And the prize of my life is the golden game,  
That was lost when I won my darling's love.  
—Scribner's

## Selected.

### After Years of Waiting.

"I shall see you to-night, Mrs. Katharine."  
"At the Grangers? Yes, I shall be there. I hope it won't be a crush."

"Why? I rather like a crush."  
"Oh! A crush makes me feel vicious."

Rupert Thornbury smiled as he looked down at the speaker. Something had evidently put her out.

"Are you often viciously disposed, Mrs. Katharine? It is news to me."

"I wish you would not call me that, Rupert. Mrs. Katharine! You do it on purpose, and I don't like it."

The last words were spoken like a petulant child; and there was a cloud on the face which looked up for a moment from the soft, vividly colored woofs, which the white and slender fingers were knitting into some incomprehensible "fancy work."

A very beautiful woman was Mrs. Katharine; and no one in the world was more convinced of the fact than Rupert Thornbury.

She was slight and small of figure—girlish looking still, despite her four and twenty years. No other woman would have dared, with her complexion, to wear the colors she did, often in defiance of ordinary rules. She wore this morning a deep, royal purple dress, with purple bands in her dark hair, and looked as no other woman could have looked—charming.

Her hair dropped over her forehead in lustrous waves, and was fastened behind with a high golden comb. Her face was marvellous in its perfect form and brilliant coloring, and her dark eyes with their long lashes, were enough of themselves to turn an ordinary man's head.

"I don't like it," she said again, glancing at her companion, who was abstractedly tangling the bright woofs, apparently lost in thought, and I shall be persistently angry with you, if you persist in being so formal. For it is formal after you have known me since I was a little child, to speak as though we were strangers."

"I'll not call you so again, Millicent, only—Mr. Thornbury paused."

"Only what?" returned the imperious little lady, giving him another searching look.

"Things have changed a great deal since you were a child, Millicent. You are a woman now, wealthy, courted, flattered, and I—well, it's no use talking of these things. I must be going." Will you promise me the first walk to-night?"

"Certainly. I hope you appreciate my kindness. I wait very rarely, you know."

"I do appreciate it. And now I must go down to that 'stupid old office,' as you call it, and make up for lost time. Good morning, Millicent—don't forget your promise!" and then he was gone. Gone, and unconscious as he walked swiftly down the street, that Millicent Katharine's dark eyes were looking after her, and when she turned back to her work, a soft sigh fluttered from her beautiful lips and a shadow clouded her face.

He had known her, as she said, since she was a little child, and he, a strong, rude lad, had loved the flower-faced little Millicent dearly. And when at the age of eighteen he had been sent away from his home to qualify himself to play a part in the great world, news came to him that Millicent, the "little Milly," was married. It was her father's wish, the gossip said. Mr. Katharine, the suitor, was immensely wealthy, and having been fascinated by Millicent's beauty, her parents had used their influence with her, and the end was she married. Millicent, now Mrs. Katharine, went away to her husband's home, and Rupert Thornbury wearily went on with his dull, distasteful labor, with not even the old boyish dream to lighten his task.

Six years more passed slowly by, making many changes in the affairs of both. Mr. Katharine died suddenly after two or three years of married life, and Millicent went abroad with some friends.

She had been back nearly a year now, and had settled down to a town life. During this period, the old childish friendship for Rupert Thornbury had been warmly renewed, and Rupert had discovered that charming as she had been

in her childhood and girlhood, now that she was a woman she was infinitely more so.

During this year life had grown a deal brighter to Mr. Thornbury; he was prospering slowly and steadily, and had gained many friends. Anxious mamma looked upon him with favor, and many bright eyes gave him bewitching glances—hitherto in vain. His whole heart—and he knew it—was still with Millicent Katharine. But her marriage had raised her, both as to wealth and position, so far above himself, that he did not, except at some fond delusive moment, dare to aspire to her. It was only a city man, plodding on in his close city office with three or four clerks under him.

"How beautiful she is," he thought, as he walked away from the house—"Just the same little Milly at heart as in the dear old days. And her glances—oh, if I might dare to believe in them! seem as true to me as they were then. But what would the world say?"

"That night saw him at Mrs. Granger's—a fashionable woman with some fashionable daughters, one of whom, Cornelia, had made a dead set at Mr. Thornbury. He stood in the lighted room watching eagerly for Millicent—but it was not until very late that she arrived. As she came down the long rooms, moving as easily and gracefully as though she had been from earliest childhood, accustomed to reign in society—a murmur of admiration followed her.

She was dressed in a trailing robe of pale, silvery blue, with an over dress of white soft lace. Her beautiful neck and arms were bare, save for their ornaments of iridescent gold. Her face was untouched by paint or powder, and her vivid coloring made her beauty seem almost unearthly, as compared with some of the innate faces around her. Her black hair elaborately dressed, was fastened here and there with drooping sprays of scarlet flowers, and at her bosom, looping her overdress, and in her jeweled bouquetterie the scarlet buds glowed and burned.

"Is she not lovely?" That was a question which every one felt could be answered in the affirmative. And many an envious heart was hid beneath the smiling faces that greeted her.

"There is Mrs. Katharine, Mr. Thornbury," said Cornelia Granger, a tall, pale, ill-natured looking girl, to whom Rupert had been saying civil nothings for the last few minutes, and who was furiously jealous of Mrs. Katharine in her heart of hearts. "You gentlemen are wide about her, I believe. Red and blue—what ex-cruciating taste! I wonder her maid does not teach her better."

"Every one has not your critical eye, Miss Granger," said Rupert, laughing. "I thought her dress charming."

"Of course," Miss Cornelia was not an amiable girl, as we have said, and at that moment her temper was pinching her rather sourly. "Perhaps you make one of those who are wild over her, Mr. Thornbury."

"It would be of no use to me, I expect, if I were," replied Robert in his candor.

"Well, I suppose not—as she is soon to be married again?"

"Married again?" he uttered.

"So report runs," answered Miss Granger, toying with her fan.

"To whom? I had not heard of it."

"To Mr. Worthington—a cousin of her late husband, you know."

"I know him," replied Rupert, feeling he knew not how. "Dick Worthington is not worthy of her. It would be de-cadent."

"She may not think so. It is said there was a great deal of intimacy before Mr. Katharine died. She married him simply for his money—that's well known—and the handsome cousin used to be a very frequent visitor. There was a deal of gossip about it at the time, and—look there! Dick Worthington now. Look how her color rises when she speaks to him."

"Are you quite certain your information is correct, Miss Granger?"

The pale eyes glanced at him again, and then looked away.

"About the engagement? Quite sure Mr. Thornbury. At least the world is sure of it. I am neither more nor less wise than it."

Mr. Thornbury did not change color at the news, or seem in reality to feel much surprise. He stood laughing and chatting with the young lady for a few minutes on different subjects, and then, excusing himself, sauntered across the room to where Mrs. Katharine sat, surrounded by an admiring group, of whom Richard Worthington was one.

"It is my wish," said Mr. Thornbury, as she looked up and greeted him with one of her brightest smiles. "Or are you too tired?"

"Tired?" She laughed a little silvery laugh as she rose. "I am never tired of dancing. Richard, I will leave my fan and flowers with you as a hostage."

It was nothing, this leaving with him her fan and flowers. It was like a thousand other little coquetish ways that she had; but Rupert, thinking, oh so bitterly—of what had just been told him, fancied he saw something deeper than the usual light coquetry in the glance she gave the handsome young fellow, and frowned in spirit. It seemed a full confirmation of what he had heard.

"One, two, three. One, two, three. You are shockingly out of step, Rupert," she said, after the first turn. "What is the matter? You look as stern as if you had seen a ghost."

"I have," he said, almost grimly, "the ghost of a dead hope"—and she, half frightened at his tone, looked up at him questioning. But in another moment he smiled back at her, and she was reassured.

"Don't talk nonsense, Rupert. There

you are dancing beautifully now. What were you and that odious Cornelia Granger talking about so long?"

"Odious, you call her?"

"Well I do, Rupert. I think her so. She has not a spark of good feeling about her. Don't you get and tell now?"

"Don't you think she is truthful, Millicent?"

"No, I don't. Take care!"

They whirled lightly through the dance Rupert almost starting. Millicent by his unwonted gaiety, laughing and chatting like any one but his grave self, and she, the color deepening in her cheeks, the light in her eyes growing momentarily brighter, looked like a veritable dance sprite, so airily did she float through the rooms.

"How beautifully they wait! Even Cornelia Granger involuntarily spoke in admiration, and a slender youth near her gave it as his opinion that "These down couldn't be lighter than Mrs. Katharine in a waltz."

"Are you tired?" said Rupert, looking down at the beautiful face; and Millicent, for the answer, said she could keep on forever. And so they danced on and on, until Rupert saw the bright color fading away, and the sensitive mouth beginning to droop at the corners.

"You are tired," he said, and then before she could answer, he whirled her through the low, open window into the cool, fresh air on the balcony.

"Thanks," she said, "I believe I was a little faint. Will you get my cloak?"

And then, until her cloak came, she sat quiet, like a tired child, with her head resting wearily on the railing.

"The next dance, which is now Richard's," she said, as he wrapped the soft white cloak around her tenderly. "I must not slight him. But then we will stay out here until, unless you wish to go back, in which case, I will not keep you with me."

"I shall not dance again to-night," he answered, "unless it is with you."

"I am engaged for every one of them, I am afraid. I could have been engaged three or four times over," she added, laughing. "I am sorry, Rupert, but—"

"No matter," he interrupted her almost rudely. "I must get used to it, I suppose."

He was standing before her, looking down at her, and she, in her pretty, imperious way, laid her hand on his arm.

"You are cross to-night," she said. "Sit down here beside me, and tell me what troubles you."

He hesitated a moment; and then with a reckless determination to disclose everything and afterwards leave her forever, he told her the story of his long love—told her in a fierce, hard way that almost frightened her, and yet made her reverence and admire him more perhaps, than she had done before.

"I have loved you, Millicent, I love you more now than you imagine, and I have not told you because—because you are so far removed from me in every way. I feared you would think me mercenary. I feared—Oh, Millicent! Heaven only knows how I have loved you; how I have longed to tell you, and yet have not had the courage. Now it is too late for harm or good. I shall pray for your happiness always with the man who has loved you."

"What do you mean, Rupert?"

The profound wonder in her voice made him hesitate.

"I have heard of your engagement to Mr. Worthington."

"Who told you that?" she asked. But in the same moment, Richard Worthington stepped through the low window and came toward them.

"I have been searching for you everywhere," he said, laughing in his boyish, good natured way. "It's my dance, most respected cousin Millicent. And she was forced to go without one word to the man beside her."

"Have you and Mr. Thornbury been quarrelling?" said Richard, who to do him justice, was entirely innocent of any thoughts of Mrs. Katharine, or of any one else, in fact. "He looked as black as a thunder cloud, and you are pale."

"I was a little faint after the waltz," she answered. "Don't tease me, Dick, please." And so Richard desisted from his inquiries.

Meanwhile, Rupert Thornbury, left alone with only his thoughts for company, sat as entirely and utterly wretched as a man can feel but once in his lifetime. Inside the rooms the music kept untiringly on; the gay dancers floated past the windows, and every face was bright with smiles. Outside there in the darkness, a man sat alone, struggling bravely to lift the cross, and bear it uncomplainingly.

How long he sat there he knew not, but at last he roused himself and rose to his feet. "I must go back," he said. "Cornelia Granger will have a delicate bit of gossip if she sees me here."

So he went in and showed himself, and said a few words to Miss Granger, and strolled about he knew not whither—talking to one, talking to another—and presently found himself up stairs near the library.

The library door was ajar, and as he entered, a little figure all in silvery blue and soft white lace, with scarlet buds glowing and burning here and there, turned and advanced a step toward him. There were tears in the great black eyes, and the red lips were trembling like a grief-stricken child.

"Was it untrue, Millicent?"

"Every word of it, Dick, indeed! Oh, Rupert!"

He clasped her hands almost rudely. "You are not engaged?"

Only a look answered him. He caught her to him, pouring forth all the sweet love vows which he had sensitively refrained from before. And Millicent

whispered that she should never be engaged unless it was to him.

But Miss Cornelia Granger had not chanced to look into the library then.

After waiting so many years,

**THE DISCOMFITED PEDDLER.**  
James Wilson was discovered by his wife, secretly coaxing away the family dog, a huge yellow animal, when she called after him like an accusing angel:

"Now, James, you are taking off my dog. And why do you want this dog?"

"Want indeed. Aren't you ashamed of yourself to expect me to stay all by myself so far from a house?" said his wife.

"Why not? Nothing would hurt you. To my certain knowledge you and that dog have been waiting for an adventure these six months, and nothing has happened."

"Pretty Mrs. Wilson regarded her husband in silent indignation, growing more enchanting each minute.

"The dog is of use to me," said James, "and I want you to be brave enough to stay alone."

"Wait till I get my hat," cried Mrs. Wilson.

"Yes, but where are you going?"

"With you. I can't stay alone."

"But my dear woman, how is my dinner to be got?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered his spouse, tying a neat bow under her damped chin.

James burst into a loud laugh.

"Then keep your dog. You always get your way by fair means or foul. Now do not forget to have an adventure to tell me when I return at noon, for I am in a great strait to hear one."

During the first hour the dog proved neither useful nor ornamental. The great yellow fellow danced about her, tugged at her apron strings, seized her rug, confiscated her shoes, and made havoc in the household generally.

At last, driven to the depths of strategy, she executed a flank movement upon her tormentor, by dexterously beguiling him into a closet. She then shut him in, that she might be able to sweep in peace.

Here Towser, after giving vent to his appreciation of the meanness of the trick by a few dismal howls, laid down, apparently to comfort himself with sleep.

The young woman went heartily to work, making rapid strides across the room, till a shadow fell across the doorway. Looking up, she beheld a tall, lank, blue coated, individual with a pack upon his back, and in a trunk on either side, dangling from a yoke which he carried on his neck.

"Any goods to-day, marm?"

Receiving the customary "No" as if he had heard a challenge to trade, he quickly set down his trunk, whipped off his pack, opened store, set out his goods, rubbed his hands, doffed a huge white hat, drew forth a red and white silk handkerchief, placed himself upon a chair, and proceeded carefully to wipe the sweat from his honest brow.

"Perhaps you don't use needles and thread, and pins, nor soap, nor brushes, etc., exhausting his stock by a slow, verbal inventory, meanwhile eyeing his hopeful customer vainly, to discover some signs of coming order."

Receiving at last from the steady rain of negatives, his genius seemed to take a new departure.

"Maybe there are others in the house who would buy."

"There is no one in the house but myself and—" she said, checking herself at the right moment.

"And who?"

"No person."

"Now look at this jewelry. How becoming this would be to your charming person. Are you married?"

At this impudent question our young woman indignantly resumed her sweeping, driving the dust toward her persecutor, who was fast falling out of the character of a salesman, to enact the glib Lothario—restraining however, her vexation to answer that she wanted none of his jewelry, that she had no money to buy with, and that as to her being married, it would make no difference to him.

"Pretty one, you shall have this jewelry for one kiss," said the peddler rising and extending his arms as if to embrace her and consummate the bargain on the spot.

She now reached the door of the closet and as she lifted the latch a yellow monster with blazing eyes launched himself into the room with angry growls. At this horrible apparition the peddler fairly stood out like streamers in the wind, attack being thus invited, Towser leaped upon the back of his retreating foe, making good his hold upon the offending coat tails, at the point of intersection the peddler rushed from the door with frantic haste, leaving in his agony of terror, his pack behind him. With hair streaming in the wind, and the dog hanging upon his rear, he took to the road in a desperate effort to outrun his fate, at the same time uttering in no dulcet tones, his provincial expletives:—

"Oh, Jewbittaker! Murder! Git out! I want to go home!"

Our young heroine watched the flight down the road till the amazing pair—dog and man—apparently inseparably united, had disappeared from sight.

At noon when her husband returned for his dinner, the events of the morning were related, and both laughed till the tears ran down their faces, which was by no means alien from Towser's nature, as he lay in his mission, bearing as trophies in his mouth, the blue coat tails, which he laid with warring body and hilarious eye, at the feet of his mistress.

The afternoon passed with no tidings from the peddler; but in the evening a battles, disheveled stranger was seen reconnoitering the premises from a distant fence. Walking along the top of the fence, he at last came near enough for a parley. He inquired of Mr. Wilson if he could be permitted to come to his premises to receive a pack he had left there that morning, adding that he was afraid of the dog—that his nether garments were badly torn—that his pack contained his sole resources—that it was the only port into which he could put for repairs, and concluded by begging that his goods might be brought to him. This Mr. Wilson denied him, insisting that he must take away his own property. Mrs. Wilson prudently retired. The creature, however, trembling lest some great evil should befall him, thankfully received his hat, his precious coat tails, and his baggage in general, then withdrew to a far off, solitary haystack, to sorrowfully repair with needle and thread, the damages done to his outer man, and to reflect upon his luckless attempt to kiss a pretty woman who kept a dog. Hereafter, every ray face and laughing black eye, should warn him before becoming gallant, to beware of Towser.

**WHO PRINTED THE FIRST BIBLE?**—In the year 1426 there was living in the city of Haarlem an old gentleman, who kept the keys of the cathedral, and who used, after dinner, to walk in the famous wood that up to this time is growing just without the city walls. One day, while walking there, he found a very smooth bit of beech bark, on which—as he was a handy man with his knife—he cut several letters so plainly and neatly, that after his return home he stamped them upon paper, and gave the paper to his boy as a "copy."

After this, seeing that the thing had been neatly done, the old gentleman—whose name was Lawrence Coster—fell to thinking of what might be done with such letters cut in wood. By blackening them with ink, he made black stanzas upon paper; and by dint of much thinking and much working, he came, in time, to the stamping of whole broad sides of letters, which was really printing.

But before he succeeded in doing this well, he had found it necessary to try many experiments, and to take into his employ several apprentices. He did his work very secretly, and enjoined upon his apprentices to say nothing of the trials he was making. But a dishonest one among them, after a time, ran off from Holland into Germany, carrying with him a great many of the old gentleman's wooden blocks, and entire pages of a book which he was about to print.

The Dutch writers credit this story, and hint that the runaway apprentice was John Faust, or John Gutenberg, but the Germans insist that there is no proof of this. It is certain, however, that there was a Lawrence Coster, of Haarlem, who busied himself with stamping letters and engraving. His statue is on the market place in Haarlem, and his rough-looking book are, some of them, now in the "State house" of Haarlem. They are dingy, and printed with bad ink, and seem to have been struck from large engraved blocks, and not from movable types. They are without any date, but antiquarians assign them to a period somewhat earlier than any book of Faust, or of Gutenberg, who are commonly called the discoverers of printing.

John Gutenberg, at the very time when this old Dutchman was experimenting with his blocks in Holland, was also working in his way, very secretly, in a house that was standing not many years ago in the ancient city of Strasbourg. He had two working partners, who were bound by oath not to reveal the secret of the arts he was engaged upon. But one of these partners died; and, upon this, his heirs claimed a right to know the secrets of Gutenberg. Gutenberg refused, and there was a trial of the case, some account of which was discovered more than three thousand years afterward in an old tower of Strasbourg.

This trial took place in the year 1439. Gutenberg was not forced to betray his secret; but it did appear, from the testimony of the witnesses, that he was occupied with some way of making books or manuscripts cheaper than they had ever been made before.

But Gutenberg was getting on so poorly at Strasbourg, and lost so much money in his experiments, that he went away to Mayence, which is a German city, farther down the Rhine. He there formed a partnership with a rich silver-smith, named John Faust, who took an oath of secrecy, and supplied him with money, on condition that after a certain time, it should be repaid to him.

Then Gutenberg set to work in earnest. Some accounts say he had a brother who assisted him; and the Dutch writers think this brother may have been the robber of poor Lawrence Coster. But there is no proof of it; and it is too late to find any proof now. There was certainly a Peter Schoffer, a scribe, or designer, who worked for Gutenberg, and who finished up his first books by drawing ornamental initial letters, and making up the printing. This Schoffer was a shrewd fellow, and watched Gutenberg very closely. He used to talk over what he saw and what he thought with Faust. He told Faust he could contrive better type than Gutenberg was using; and, acting on his hints Faust, who was a skillful worker in metals, run types in a mould. This promised so well that Faust determined to get rid of Gutenberg, and carry on the business with Schoffer, to whom he gave his only daughter, Christine, for a wife.

Faust called on Gutenberg, for his loan, which Gutenberg couldn't pay, and in consequence he had to give up to

Faust all his tools, his presses, and his unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This Faust and Schoffer hurried through and sold as a manuscript.

There are two copies in the National Library at Paris; one copy at the Royal Library at Munich, and one at Vienna. It is not what is commonly known as the Mayence Bible, but is of earlier date than that.

It is without name of printer or publisher, and without date. It is in two great volumes folio, of about 600 pages a volume.



# Woburn Journal.

John L. Parker, Editor and Proprietor.

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A Card to the Public, Andrew James, Bryant & Stratton, P. S. Burgess, House For Sale, Household Furniture at Auction, C. D. Davis & Co., Post Office Notice, Report of First National Bank, J. S. Sullivan, Town Warrant, Low Rate Advertisement.

CITIZENS' UNION TICKET.

To be voted for at the Annual Meeting of the Town of Woburn, on Monday, April 5, 1874.

TOWN TREASURER, GAWIN R. GAGE.

SELECTMEN, ASSESSORS AND OVERSEERS OF THE POOL.

E. E. THOMPSON, J. C. THOMPSON, J. E. THOMPSON, J. F. THOMPSON, J. G. THOMPSON, J. H. THOMPSON, J. I. THOMPSON, J. J. THOMPSON, J. K. THOMPSON, J. L. THOMPSON, J. M. THOMPSON, J. N. THOMPSON, J. O. THOMPSON, J. P. THOMPSON, J. Q. THOMPSON, J. R. THOMPSON, J. S. THOMPSON, J. T. THOMPSON, J. U. THOMPSON, J. V. THOMPSON, J. W. THOMPSON, J. X. THOMPSON, J. Y. THOMPSON, J. Z. THOMPSON.

ROADWAY COMMISSIONER FOR THREE YEARS, WARREN CUTLER.

SCHOOL COMMITTEE.

H. S. KELLEY, 3 YEARS, GEORGE PERKINS, 3 YEARS, CHARLES CHASE, 3 YEARS.

CONSTABLES.

JOHN W. DAY, J. GILCHRIST, E. SIMONDS, E. J. MANX, L. WINSLOW.

COLLECTOR OF TAXES, EDWARD S. SIMONDS.

AUDITOR, JOHN JOHNSON.

SEXTON, L. H. ALLEN.

CITIZEN'S UNION CAUCUS.—A very large and satisfactory caucus of the citizens pursuant to the call which we published last week, was held in Lyceum Hall, Thursday evening. The meeting was called to order by C. S. Converse, and on motion of W. B. Harris, Col. Grammer was invited to preside. C. A. Jones and Albert Thompson were appointed Secretaries. It was voted to proceed at once to ballot, and those names having a majority of the votes to be the candidates. J. L. Parker, Daniel Burbank, J. G. Pollard, Milton Moore, Jacob Brown and T. L. Marden were appointed to sort and count the votes, and C. S. Converse and C. K. Conn, were appointed to supervise the counting. The counting consumed over two hours, but the meeting remained with commendable patience to hear the result. We have not room for all the scattered votes, but the principle ones are as follows:

MODERATOR, TOWN CLERK, W. T. Grammer, 302 M. S. Seelye, 308

SELECTION, ASSESSORS, & C. W. R. Gage, 302 M. S. Seelye, 308

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RE-UNION.—A re-union of Co. K, 30th Mass. Volunteers, will be held at Burbank Hall, Woburn Centre, on Tuesday evening, April 7th, 1874. It is hoped that every one who shared the fortunes of old "K," for weal or woe, during its eventful history, will not fail to be present; or, if unable to attend, will send some word of remembrance. It is proposed to make this occasion of an informal nature as possible, and lighting anew our camp fires, enjoy a few hours of mutual reminiscences, without the restraint of a formal gathering. Such an occasion cannot but be a pleasing one for old comrades, many of whom have not met for years, while the pleasure must, as well, be tempered by the precious memories of those "who were, and are not." The camp fire, as the Re-Union will partake of that nature, will be lighted at 7 1/2 o'clock, and all comrades who visit us from out of town, may rest assured that there will be a "shelter-tent and blanket" provided for them, and that they need not bring their "rations" with them. All members who can do so, are requested to meet at Burbank Hall, Saturday evening, March 28, 1874, to take further measures to carry the Re-Union into effect.

V. P. O.—The post office moves into 138 Main Street, corner of Walnut, on Monday the 6th of April. The boxes have been conveniently arranged, and considerable pains taken to make the place pleasant for the customers. We have only one suggestion to make, and that is, the fixing of a rail in front of the delivery, and allowing the customers to approach in single file, rather than in a promiscuous rush as now. There are 1325 boxes in all. Twenty of them are drawers lettered from A to U; there are 160 lock boxes, and 1145 call boxes. The lock boxes have the Yale lock, and a glass opening in the front. At one end of the room is the Post Master's reception office, which is separated from the post office room by a gate. At the gate is a counter for the transaction of money order business. No one but the Post Master and his clerk will be allowed inside the gate. The office is neatly fitted up. The graining looks well, as Geo. W. Chapman did it. We congratulate the P. M. on his improved location and pleasant quarters.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.—You were slightly mistaken in saying in last week's paper, the only reference to the death of Sen. Sumner was Rev. Mr. Barnes' sermon, and a casual reference in a prayer. I commenced my morning service by saying, "Since the death of President Lincoln, the telegraphic wires have not brought us such sad intelligence as when they announced the death of Sen. Sumner last Wednesday." I referred to his intellectual culture, his vocation as a lawyer, his great statesmanship, and life long fidelity to the cause of freedom and human rights. And said, "being so ardent an admirer of Sen. Sumner, it was with reluctance, I turned from him to preach a Gospel Sermon."

TRULY, W. J. HAMBLETON.

SLIGHT FIRE.—Last Monday afternoon the roof of Nathan Parker's shoe shop on Everett street was found to be on fire, and an alarm given. Steamer 1, turned out, and the fire was put out before their arrival. Mr. Parker thinks the fire must have caught from some of the neighboring chimneys, as he had a coal fire in his stove, from which no sparks could rise. The wind was blowing very fresh, and had the fire got a start, the space between Everett and Walnut streets might again have become our burnt district.

FIRE.—About 8 o'clock Thursday evening, a fire which has been working in the woods for the past week, set fire to the wood house opposite the depot at the Watering Station. The depot master telegraphed to Horton via Boston, and in response to the alarm, Steamer 1, Hove 1 and 5, and H. & L. 1, went over, and Engine No. 4 sent over with the hose carriage. Steamer 1 put on a stream, and the fire was put out, after consuming about half the building. Loss \$250.

"Summer's Grand Funeral March" by E. Mack, comes to us from the publishers, Lee & Walker, Philadelphia. It is a beautiful tribute to the memory of the champion of universal liberty, and a copy should be on every piano in the land. It can be had at any music store for 30 cents, or will be mailed on receipt of that amount by the publishers.

WOOD FIRE.—Tuesday evening fire in the woods on the east slope of the range of hills between Railroad and Cross streets, excited the fears of the people living in that neighborhood. No damage was done to dwellings, however. On Wednesday there was a fire on Bedford street, which caused some alarm.

WATER WORKS.—Many of our citizens have never seen the Woburn Water Works. Some who formerly strolled down there, have not visited them since their completion. The works are in splendid condition, and the public are invited to call and inspect them. They will well repay a visit. Especially should those go down who expect to discuss them in the approaching Town Meeting.

WRECK.—A party arrived in town on Tuesday with a carpet bag full of guns. Losing his hold near Woodbury's Corner, the bag fell, and the guns broke. There was a strong smell of gun on that corner the rest of the day. The owner, as soon as he comprehended the catastrophe, made all haste down Park street with the dripping bag.

INDICTED.—The Grand Jury of the U. S. Court, found bills of indictment for perjury against Thomas Salmon and James Rogers, last Saturday.

HAND JAMMED.—Charles Delano, who works in Simon's machine shop jammed his hand so badly that he was obliged to leave work.

Mr. T. V. Sullivan has secured the basement of the new Post Office entrance on Walnut street for a shop and office. See advertisement.

CAUCUS.—The caucus called by the Allen-Breslin committee assembled in Lyceum Hall Monday evening. The meeting was called to order by Mark Allen, who read the call. Mr. William M. Miller was elected chairman and Mr. A. P. Barrett, Secretary, both by acclamation.

Motion of J. G. Flagg, Jr., it was voted to send out Charles Breslin, Boody Flagg, Jr., Peter Kenney and Cyrus Munroe to nominate a marking list. While the Committee was out, on motion of Mark Allen, M. S. Seelye was nominated for Town Clerk. T. H. Hill nominated James N. Dow for Treasurer. M. Allen nominated L. L. Whitney as School Committee for 1 year. J. I. Munroe nominated G. W. M. Hall, School Committee for 3 years. A. S. Leslie nominated L. H. Allen for Sexton. Dennis O'Callahan nominated James Little, but Mr. Hill stated that Mr. Little did not desire it, and it was withdrawn. A. S. Leslie nominated Edward Simonds for Collector. The Committee reported a list of candidates for Selectmen, and P. W. Kinney, Walter Wyman, J. I. Munroe and W. M. Miller withdrew their names. They refused to allow Mr. Miller to withdraw. M. Allen moved to add the name of C. W. Dor, but the meeting refused emphatically. The names of Harris Munroe, B. T. H. Porter, and Peter Kenney were added. Mr. Kenney declined. The lists were then prepared, and the marking for five names began, under the supervision of Peter Sexton, A. S. Leslie and John I. Munroe who were appointed tellers. The marking was as follows:—

Thomas H. Hill, 89  
Albert P. Barrett, 62  
William M. Miller, 61  
Stephen Dow, 56  
James Skinner, 56  
Horace Collamore, 51  
Harris Munroe, 39  
James Downey, 17  
John Murphy, 16  
Horace Conn, 11  
Peter Kenney, 5  
George A. Tidd, 4  
Walter Wyman, 1

Mr. Miller asked to be relieved, and nominated H. Collamore in his stead. The meeting insisted on Mr. Miller's remaining, and voted to make the nomination of the first five unanimous. Russell Chipman nominated Lieut. W. McDewitt for Constable. This started a discussion on the proper way to nominate Constables, and it was finally decided to send out T. H. Hill, J. I. Munroe, J. M. Governor, Peter Sexton, Mark Allen, B. Sherburne, and P. Kenney, who returned with the following list which was adopted:—

Cyrus Tay, William McDewitt, Albert S. Leslie, Timothy Corcoran, Owen S. Warland.

B. McWeeney nominated for Road Commissioner, 3 years, John Regan. Mark Allen said there was talk of removing the Water Commissioners, and it would be well to nominate three to take the place of the present board, but the meeting took no action in the matter.

Cyrus Munroe, W. M. Miller, A. S. Leslie, P. Kenney and J. K. Doherty were appointed to fill any vacancies in the ticket.

On motion of Mark Allen a Town Committee of five was appointed as follows:—John I. Munroe, A. S. Thompson, T. H. Hill, Stephen Dow, J. G. Flagg. The subject of vote distributors was taken to the Town Committee. There was between two and three hundred present, but not much enthusiasm, and as will be seen by the marking list (dividing the gross number of marks by the number to be marked for) there were less than one hundred markers.

A RAT STORY.—Last Sunday a gentleman residing on Main and Charles streets, espied a large rat in his orchard. Supposing him to have come from a neighboring slaughter house, he determined to slay him. Taking up a stone and approaching cautiously, he hurled the missile at the rat. The latter was not hurt, but immediately made a rush for his disturber, and the man retreated. Whenever the man would stoop to pick up a stone, the rat would rush, and finally got so near as to seize the man's pants and tear a piece out. The man finally killed the animal, and then discovered that his game was muskrat. It is somewhat unusual for them to attack a person, as this was in an open field and he chose to fight, shows that he was an old hand at this business.

CHANNING FRATERNITY.—The last meeting but one of this organization, previous to its adjournment for the season, was held last Tuesday evening in the Reading Room. The author under consideration was Mrs. H. B. Stowe. Some few selections were read from her different stories. The Rev. Mr. F. L. Bates, of the "Other World," a poem. Portion of a chapter from "Agnes of Sorrento." "The Village Doctress." Selection from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Col. Eph and the Indians," and "The Canal Boat." On next Tuesday evening there will be a public entertainment in the large vestry. Admission, ten cents.

THROWN OUT.—Last Saturday afternoon, Willie White, who drives his father's team to and from work stopped to water his horse at the Winchester town pump, when the four o'clock train passed by and frightened the horse, throwing Willie to the ground. Beyond a few small scratches he escaped serious injury, and the horse after detaching himself from the team, and running swiftly down the street was stopped in his course at Lyman's corner.

FINGERS CUT.—Anna Riley, an employee at N. J. Simonds' factory, Main street while at work Thursday morning on a cutting machine, cut the four fingers of the left hand so badly that the physician who attended her was obliged to perform a second amputation, severing the fingers below the second joint.

HOBSES.—Mr. Burk, as will be seen by advertisement, will be here next week with some very fine Vermont horses. They will be at Jones's Stable. Read the advertisement.

WATCHMAN.—Cyrus Tay has been appointed Night Watch and Superintendent of Street Lights, in place of M. L. Richardson deceased.

## New Publications.

We have received from the office at Washington the annual reports of the Secretary and Register of the Treasury. They contain much of interest pertaining to the finances of the State, and show that the financial condition of the United States is decidedly better at the present time than since the Rebellion. It also clearly indicates the ability and judgment of the present administration, as the past year has been one fraught with many disasters in financial circles, and had there not been much judgment and skill manifested in the administration of affairs, dangerous results would most assuredly have followed.

THE ALPINE for April opens with a marvelous collection of beautiful illustrations which reflect great credit on the enterprising publishers. This number commences with a fine view of Spring by J. D. Woodward, and continuing in the same delightful vein presents "Lake George," "Fourteen Hill Island," "Long Island," etc. The magazine is in every way worthy of its well known reputation, as the aim of its publishers is to keep its standard as high as any art journal. Terms \$5.00 per year, Published by James Sutton & Co., 68 Madison Lane, New York.

NURSERY.—A good magazine for the young folks is a most desirable and useful article in a truly happy and well regulated home. The Nursery, a magazine for the youngest readers, is one we can confidently recommend, and as the April number lies open before us we can easily see why it is so popular. Its reading columns are handsomely illustrated, so that any of our little ones, who are unable to read, may be well amused and instructed by its pictures. Published by John L. Shorey, 36 Bromfield street, Boston. Price, \$1.50 per year.

PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY.—The contents of this well known musical magazine for the month of April are as follows:— "Angels, guard my Little One," song; "Where Birds Sing Sweetest," song; "Nora, the Pride of Kilkee," song; "Cinnamon Rose Schottische," song; "Rye Kickstep," "Trembling Leaves," etc. Published by J. L. Peters, 599 Broadway, New York.

THE TYPOGRAPHIC MESSENGER comes to us as usual, containing varied and handsome specimens of the typographic art. This magazine is invaluable to all connected in any way with the mystic art, and is interesting not only to them but to all lovers of the beautiful. James Connors, S. S. publishers, New York city. Terms, \$1.00 per annum, in advance.

We have received from the Hon. Carroll D. Wright the Fifth Annual Report of Bureau of Statistics of Labor, containing 283 pages.

SMASHED.—The Gilchrist H. & L. truck ran against Wm. Ellard's team, while on the way to the fire Thursday evening, breaking a shaft.

Thanks to Hon. B. T. Batcheller for a copy of the Legislative Manual for 1874.

## North Woburn.

PRESENTATION.—Mr. John E. Russell, the well known conductor of the North Woburn and Woburn horse railroad company, was on Monday evening last presented with a very substantial token of the regard and esteem felt for him by the passengers on the road. John had just passed in his bill to Mr. Albert Thompson, president of the company, and was about to depart, when Mr. Thompson retained and handed Johnny a bill of seventy five dollars that completely astounded him. It represented the gross number of marks by the number to be marked for) there were less than one hundred markers.

PARISH MEETING.—A meeting was held in the hall over the post office to see what action would be taken in regard to erecting a suitable chapel for the Unitarians of this place. Their Sunday School numbers over 70 members and the conveniences of the hall are inadequate for their worship. The meeting resolved to choose a committee of three, Messrs. J. M. Eaton, Albert Thompson, and Hiram Fisk, whose duty would be to select a site for the location of the building. This committee is to submit its report on Saturday next, until when, no further action can be taken in the matter.

## Cumulativeville.

FIRE.—On Monday last, while the bells in the center were sounding the alarm of fire, our little village here in the West was considerably alarmed, and apparently threatened with a serious conflagration. The houses of John O. Doherty, and John Bowen, of Bedford street, and Bart Hogan of Cummings street, all of whom caught fire in different parts from the sparks of a tan fire. The flames were soon subdued without calling for the services of the fire department and no damage sustained worth mentioning.

## Winchester.

CAUCUS.—On Friday night a caucus was held in Lyceum Hall to nominate town officers for the ensuing year, and take action for the good of the town. The meeting was called to order by Mr. H. K. Stanton, after which the choice of Mr. Salem Wilder as moderator was made. The meeting then nominated the following officers to serve the ensuing year:—

Town Clerk.—W. F. Foster, Selectmen.—John F. Wilson, S. S. Holton, Henry A. Emerson, C. Henry Mosely, Albert Ayer.

Treasurer.—John T. Manny, Collector of Taxes.—Mal Cushman, Assessors.—Asa Fletcher, Albert Ayer, Andrew N. Shepard.

Auditors.—Salem Wilder, Edwin A. Wadleigh, Chas. A. Dunham. Constables.—Chas. M. Dupe, Andrew Wilson. Fish Committee.—Charles O. Billings, Frederick Winsor, Chas. T. Symmes. School Committee.—Mrs. Edwin Lamson, 3 years; Mrs. Frederick Winsor, 2 years; Mrs. Chas. Pressey, 1 year; Joseph H. Tyler, 3 years.

Trustees Town Library.—Frederick Winsor, 3 years; Joseph H. Tyler, 2 years.

As there was no further business the meeting adjourned until the election of Monday, at 1 P. M.

## Town Meeting.

The annual town meeting was held in Lyceum Hall, on Monday afternoon at one o'clock. The warrant, consisting of 43 articles, was read by the Town Clerk, Mr. Warren F. Foster, and the meeting proceeded immediately to the first article, relating to the choice of Moderator. Mr. T. B. Ayer, having a large majority of votes cast, was declared elected. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Barrett, Art. 21 was laid before the meeting, and the balloting for town officers commenced. A motion of Mr. J. T. Wilson, the polls were closed at 6 P. M.

Art. 3. Voted to accept all reports. Art. 4. Voted to appropriate the sum of \$12,000 for the support of schools the ensuing year.

Art. 5. Voted to appropriate \$1000 for the repairs of schools and improvements of grounds.

Art. 6. Voted to lay on table until after discussion of Art. 37.

Art. 7. Voted to appropriate \$8000 for general repairs of highways and bridges, also \$1000 for the repairing of High street, and \$500 for Swanton street.

Art. 8. Voted to appropriate \$10,000 for the widening of streets.

Art. 9. Voted to disburse.

Art. 10. Voted to appropriate \$5000 for the support of poor, incidental expenses, state aid, etc., also \$5000 to pay interest on Town debt.

Art. 11. Voted to appropriate \$200 for the use of cemetery.







## PLUCK WINS.

About thirty years ago (said Judge P.), I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much," he turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got only sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not.

The disappointed little fellow looked up to me with a very poor attempt at a smile and left the store. I followed him, and overtook him.

"And where now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go to, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, sir, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or else I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much money he had.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but to study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy, softly. Then he added after a while, "I'm going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will give you a new geography, and you may pay the remainder of the money when you can; or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left toward buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The book seller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice new pencil and some clean, white paper in it.

"A present, my lad, for your perseverance. Always have courage like that, and you will make your mark," said the book seller.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him.

"More than I can ever get," he replied, glancing at the books which filled the shelves.

I gave him a blank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy came into his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him standing by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came that terrible storm that would have sunk all on board, had it not been for the captain.

Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take to the boats, though they might have known that no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, he ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see those men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps.

The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said, reluctantly—

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it, I shall abandon the vessel, and not before, nor one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand every one of you, at the pumps."

THOM MARSHALL.—A case in which a duel was prevented by one of the accords, much to the disgust of the other; who happened to be a military man, may be related here. It occurred during the extra session of Congress in 1841. Thomas F. Marshall invited three gentlemen to dine with him one stormy, dismal Sunday. One of the guests was an officer of the army, from the South, who afterwards made something of a name during the rebellion. The other two were connected with the press. An entertainment given by Tom Marshall before he joined the cold water association was sure to be abundantly furnished with wine. Marshall and one of the newspaper men, who was from New Orleans, drank deeply. They had been classmates in college, and were on terms of familiar intimacy. A slight misunderstanding arose between them, and both being considerably elevated, a harsh remark was made by the editor. Marshall inquired if he was responsible for what he had said. The reply was,

"Tom Marshall, you ought to know me too well to ask such a question."

The party broke up rather suddenly, and a short time afterward the editor brought to his friend of the press who was present at the dinner, a challenge which he had just received from Marshall, with an unconditional acceptance, asking him to deliver the reply, see the army officer, who was to act as Marshall's second, and make arrangements for an immediate meeting. The friend of the editor was inexperienced in such matters, but he was impressed with the folly of a duel between two gentlemen on a misunderstanding at the dinner table, and determined to prevent a fight at all hazards. He held the acceptance until near the close of the following day, when he waited upon Marshall.

"You come, I presume, on behalf of Mr. Marshall?"

"Yes, Sir."

"You have been a devilish long time in getting here!"

"That is my fault entirely. Your challenge was accepted at once."

"Let me have the acceptance, then, without further delay."

"Here it is," the gentleman replied. "But I do not propose to deliver it at all. I will not be accessory to a duel between two men who have no real cause of quarrel, and there upon tore the paper in pieces and threw the fragments into the fire. Marshall was much astonished, and inquired of the gentleman if he knew the responsibility he had assumed in so doing. The reply was that he neither knew nor cared. "You have put yourself in the principles place, and I presume you are prepared to take the consequences," said Marshall.

"Nonsense," was the reply. "I will neither let meet you, nor will I fight you myself on any ridiculous quarrel. Now, what do you intend to do about it?"

Marshall finally burst into a laugh, and in less than an hour's time all the parties were taking a friendly drink together at Gadsby's. The army officer was inclined to make a scene, protesting against the irregularity of the whole proceeding, but there the difficulty ended.

—Harper's Magazine for April.

A DUEL.—I have never fought more than one duel. I was with a man named Blood, who was determined to make me fight whether I wanted to or not. When I got on the ground, my second said to me, "Do you want to kill your man?"

"Of course not," I replied. "Because if you do," urged my second, "aim at that tree three hundred yards to the right of Blood. I have seen you shoot. I know your style." "But I don't want to kill him," I said. "Oh, all right, then," exclaimed the second, "all right; then aim directly at his heart. You are deadly with a pistol when you don't want to be. I and Blood's second are going to the bottom of the hill to be out of the way. Both of you fellows scatter too much for us. Call us when you have done." Then Blood and his enemy began. It was seven in the morning, and the battle raged until noon. Seven hundred and thirty-four shots were fired, and the bullets hit all the barns in the neighborhood, killed stray pigs, perforated several cows in the surrounding fields, landed a ploughman in the left leg, barked trees in the woods to the right of us, brought down a mule on the tow-path close by, rattled the fence and shewn itself a whole board left in them, and flattened themselves against the rocks; but neither blood nor I had a scratch, except a slight wound which Blood got by shooting himself in the calf with his two hundred and forty-fourth bullet. Then I began to get hungry, and I asked Blood if he didn't consider the duel almost too monotonous. He said he did, and proposed that we should both stop shooting and jump off a precipice together. I urged that precipices always made me dizzy, but promised to see him buried comfortably if he wanted to take the exercise alone. Then the seconds came up, and they didn't seem a bit surprised to see us unhurt. Then they proposed that we should settle the matter with a game of poker (cards) to ascertain which of us was in the wrong. Blood held both jacks, and won. So I apologized and went home. The next day Blood called to say he was sorry about the affair, and to ask me to lend him seventy-five dollars, which I did, and I have never seen him since. And now I regret that I didn't aim at that tree three hundred yards to the right of Blood and kill him.

Punch gives the following advice to an Amphitruon.—At your banquets never allow the wives to sit opposite their husbands. Not only flirting (i. e., fun) is rendered utterly impracticable under such conditions, but there is a gorgonian in each other's eyes which petrifies their tongues, when they catch sight of one another. Let every wife be seated on the same side as her husband, and as far from him as possible; then, although it may be mostly carried on in undertones, you will never find the conversation for a single moment cease.

A Chicago lady who wants to improve her mind, has ordered "one marble figger of Apollo."

The only thing that consoles one for receiving an injury is the pleasure of telling it.

FITTED TO A HAIR.—Some time ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. R., we fell into conversation on the uses of a microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position, owing to my acquaintance with it."

I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hair appears very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different. The white man's is round, the negro's oval, the mouse's apparently jointed, the bat's jagged, and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:

I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I made the investigation. "Oh, yes," I said, "there they are; you will find them and their description in this envelope," handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena to attend as a witness on a trial for murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said, but there was no help for it now.

The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in possession of the supposed murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised, was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science, to convince them that they might set upon it.

One jurymen in particular, an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy. "Does this mean to say," said he, "that these can tell any hair of any animal?" I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could. "Well, I'll prove that," said he.

The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home, and in the busy life of an extensive practice, forgot all about the old farmer. About two years after, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine and report on.

"Is this another murder case?" I inquired; "for if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I've had enough of that sort of work."

"No, no," said he, "nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged if you would solve. And if you will do it, I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time." Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation.

When he was gone and I had leisure, I put the hairs under the microscope and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of the Norway rat.

Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my consulting room, an old farmer looking man was ushered in. "Well," said he, "has thee looked at them hairs?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I find that they are from the back of the Norway rat."

"Well," exclaimed he, "so they are. Thou hast forgotten me, but I have not forgotten thee. Does thee recollect the trial for murder at L.—— a few years ago?"

"I said I would prove thee, and so I have—for their hairs come from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway." So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer proof as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope.

A Baltimore woman has taken time by the forelock. A few days since she brought to the register of wills in that city a will made by her husband, and which she desired to file for probate.

"When did he die?" inquired the sympathetic clerk, to whom the document was handed. "Why, bless you," responded the woman, "he ain't dead yet, but he gave me that (pointing to the will), and he drinks a quart of liquor every day, and I guess," continued she with a laugh, "he'll play out in about three months." The officer had no more to say, and quietly filed away at the will.

The PRAYER GAUGE.—Two little girls, cousins, not a hundred miles from Providence, went to bed the other night in high glee over some secrets. After they were asleep, the mother of the younger going into their room had her attention drawn to two little slips of paper, pinned to the wall, one over each little head. They proved to be crude attempts at illustrations in colored crayons, and ran thus:

"O dear Jesus Christ, send mamma a baby; and may it not be twins. Amen."

—Providence Journal.

—And now a man in Hadlyme, Conn., has a violin which he says used to belong to Paganini. Judging by the stock now on hand, Paganini must have owned all the violins that were manufactured during his lifetime. But this Hadlyme man cannot get even the Connecticut papers to believe in him.

A FORTUNE MADE BY A WAIST-COAT.—Some people have a fancy for fine waistcoats. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now. Stirring public events were apt to be celebrated by patterns on waistcoats to meet the popular fancy. I remember that at the capture of Mauritius, at the close of 1810, was followed by the fashion of wearing waistcoats speckled with small figures shaped like that island, and called Laid de France waistcoats. It was a galling thing to the French prisoners of war on parole to be confronted with these demonstrations. At court, highly ornamented waistcoats have been the fashion for generations. George, Prince of Wales, while Regent, was noted for his affection for a single waistcoat, and thereby sowed a tale. His royal highness had an immense desire for a waistcoat of a particular kind, for which he could only discover a piece of stuff insufficient in dimensions. It was a French material, and could not be matched in England. The war was raging, and to procure the requisite quantity of stuff from Paris was declared impracticable. At this juncture one of the Prince's attendants interposed. He said he knew a Frenchman, M. Bazalgette, carrying on business in one of the obscure streets of London, who, he was certain, would undertake to proceed to Paris and bring away what was wanted. This obliging tailor was forthwith commissioned to do his best to procure the requisite material. Finding that a chance had occurred for distinguishing himself and laying a foundation for his fortune, the Frenchman resolved to make the attempt. It was a hazardous affair, for there was no regular communication with the coast of France, and no letters under a cartel. Yet Bazalgette was not daunted. He could but land safely in a boat all would be well. This, with some difficulty and manoeuvring, he effected. As a pretended refugee, he landed in a small boat, and was allowed to land and proceed to Paris. Joyfully he was able to procure the quantity of material required for the Prince Regent's waistcoat; and not less joyfully did he manage to return to London with the precious piece of stuff, wrapped around his person. The waistcoat was made, and so was the tailor's fortune and that of his family.

A SAD STORY.—A little boy having heard a beautiful story about a little boy and a hatchet, and how, because the little boy wouldn't tell a lie, he in time got to be President of the United States, was very much impressed by it. Now, it so happened that on the last day of March, he was just ten years old, and his father asked him what he would like for a birthday present. Very naturally the boy's answer was, "A little hatchet, if you please, papa."

The father bought him a little hatchet that very day, and the boy was so delighted that he actually took it to bed with him.

Early the next morning he got up, dressed himself, took his little hatchet, and went out into the garden. There a luck would have it, the first thing that caught his eye was his father's cherry tree.

"My eyes!" exclaimed the little boy to himself "what a time my father would make if a fellow were to cut that tree! It was a wicked thought, for it led him into temptation. There was the tree—tall, straight and fair—standing invitingly before him—just the thing for a hatchet—strong, sharp and shining—just the thing for a favorite cherry tree. In another instant, the swift strokes of an axe were heard in the still morning air, and before long, a small boy was seen running towards the house. His father met him at the door.

"My boy, what noise was that I heard just now? Surely you have not been at my favorite cherry tree?"

The boy stood proudly before him, but with downcast eyes and flushing cheeks.

"Father," he said, "I cannot tell a lie. That cherry tree is—"

"Say no more," said the father, extending his arms. "You have done wrong, my son; and that was my favorite tree; but you have spoken the truth. I forgive you. Hatter to—"

This was too much. The boy rushed into his father's arms.

"Father!" he whispered, "April fool! I haven't touched the cherry tree; but I'm chopped the old apple stump to pieces."

"You young rascal, you!" cried the father, "do you mean to say you haven't chopped my cherry tree? April fool your old father! Will you? Take off your coat, sir!"

With a suppressed sob, that little boy obeyed. Then, shutting his eyes, he felt his father's hand descend upon his shrinking form.

"My son," said the father, solemnly, as he stroked the little shoulder, it is the First of April. Go thy way."—St Nicholas for April.

An exchange says that the Rev. Dr. Prime took a ride with a family named Nightingale at Newport last summer. The ride was prolonged into the evening, and the doctor, in a letter describing it, says: "The stars and the nightingales saw us home." Forthwith, there are no nightingales in that country, and some one comes forward to prove there are nightingales. And all pitch in on one side or the other. Meanwhile, Dr. Prime and the Nightingales of Newport kept a mercurial silence, and let the great joke go on.

A Detroit policeman in the western part of the city heard that a resident of Twelfth street had been badly injured, and he called at the house to obtain particulars. He found the man lying on the lounge, his head bound up and his face badly scratched, and he asked: "What's the matter? Did you get run over, or fell down stairs?" "No, not exactly," replied his wife, "but he wanted to run the house his way, and I wanted to run it my way, and there he is."

A lady desiring to purchase a pair of boots, objected to the thickness of the soles. "Is that the only objection?" inquired the salesman. The lady said it was. "Then I can assure you, madam, that the objection will soon wear away," said he.

If you want your DRUGS PURE and GENUINE, and your ROOTS and Herbs Fresh and of full strength,

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JAMES BUEL, JOHN R. FLINT,  
Woburn, May 24th, 1870.

**A. B. COFFIN**  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
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Opposite Common, Woburn

**BOSTON AND LOWELL R.R.**  
ON AND AFTER THURSDAY,  
Jan. 1st, 1874, Trains will leave  
BOSTON for—  
Lowell, 7:30 A.M., 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:00  
P.M., 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 4:30, 5:00  
P.M.  
North Andover, 7:10 A.M., 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:00  
P.M., 6:30, 8:30, 10:30 A.M., 2:30, 4:30, 5:00  
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Winchester, 7:10 A.M., 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 5:00  
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